

## Da Brat

### "I Think They Like Me Lyrics"

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Oh, I think they like me  
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Yeah, these niggaz like me haters want to fight me  
Yeah, these niggaz mad 'cuz I came up over night B  
Yeah, I switch it up I got 9 kuff tightly  
So you betta do the right thing like Spike Lee

Yeah, I'm superclean, rock jeans with a white tee  
Niggaz round here soft but like niggaz want to fight me  
If you had some figures you will be just like me  
Yeah these niggaz mad 'cuz I'm shinin' like a light B

Niggaz talkin' yeah, in there muthafuckin' throwback  
And you real you know, that's Muhammedz where they  
sold dat  
We steppin' on these niggaz like a muthafuckin' door  
mat  
When I hit the scene they take pictures call me Kodak

These hoes goin' crazy like think they need some  
prozac  
We the hottest thing in the marker and you no dat  
If yo bitch chosed up and she don't want to go back  
We stackin' big faces 'cuz we still spendin' throwbacks

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Haters want to fight me I'm snatchin' ya ass up  
First nigga act up first nigga get bust  
Just ta gettin' shredded, while I'm twirlin' an' switchin'  
swords  
T-shirt stravaganza, franchise the white tee boyz

Self made, self paid we latch around in our white tee  
Ashy black shirt well get down in ya brown tee  
My hundred throwback we sport a jersey by Ali  
And if he make one hell naw dat don't sight me

I'm all about my cash ride around with a nice peace  
Ear piece icy they straight up like me  
You heard pimpin' they shine so brightly  
Don't stand so close vision burners with ice blingers

Respect my whole squad no you can't even touch us  
'cuz  
Role out the red carpet high five to show us love  
Carry barretas count cheddar we trend settas  
I'm a franchise nigga have a mil or betta

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A young nigga I love to muthafuckin' fight  
But when shit get thick I grab the K he grab the pipe  
So when my muthafuckin' partnas when they rumble  
when they right  
Strap up in all black, so make them suckas see da light

Some people say I'm crazy, my eye stay lazy  
The neck so sweet, ten bricks for the eighty  
Killin' fuck niggas when they don't wanna pay me  
Ones on my shirt, stay clean so I made it

We back on the block, servin' glass to the jay  
Nigga gotta glass jar, swappin' shit, breakin' face  
Gotta yays and a bar, clean ones, stay laced  
Gotta king fitch tell her get the fuck out the way

Wet paint, big shoes, move motors lets race  
Young nigga tryin' to get it, what I care about a case  
If you want me come and get me bitch I gotta AK  
See y'all nigga, me and my click and we don't  
muthafuckin' play

Oh, I think they like me  
Oh, I think they like me  
Oh, I think they like me

[Incomprehensible] shine so brightly  
Oh, I think they  
[Incomprehensible] shine so brightly  
Oh, I think they  
[Incomprehensible] shine so brightly  
Oh, I think they

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