

Trey Songz "Right Above It"

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And she keep tellin' me; you know you the shit
Ladies throw your hands up, that's if you the shit
Walk up in the club and they knew I was the shit
Shittin' on everybody that's up in this bitch
You know you the shit
You know you the shit
You know you the shit
You know you the shit
I know I'm the shit

Pledge Allegiance to the shit, hands where ya hearts
are
Matter fact, salute the shit, hands where ya parts are
Still make a fuckin' movie, girls know what their parts
are
I get brain in the whip, who needs a smart car?
Call me when it's real beef, fuck alla this tartar
Niggas don't touch key, 'cept for when they start cars
They just talkin' out they ass, those are fart bars
I bring the toaster wherever you pop tarts are
Play with funeral, getcha ass burried
You should shut you fruity ass up, raspberry
Just got that Rolls Royce
So this black man,
Got bitches chasin' a ghost; Ms. Pacman
I know y'all listenin'
I trace all taps
I buyin' Audemars to match my baseball caps
White and navy joint
Let's watch the Yankees
I'm gettin' big deposits
You gettin' bank fees
You lil nigga just remember that you ain't me
Write ya award speech and don't forget to thank me
Yeah
What an I to do now?
They try to be me on wax
These fuckin' Madame Tussauds

And you know I'm the shit
And you know it don't matter whatchu think about, bitch
'Cause ain't nobody, ain't nobody, ain't nobody like me

Ladies askin' questions like; "Trigga one night, please"

Ain't nobody getting' married, but I am the best man
I will be the greatest
I can't except nuttin' less than
I had eight of 'em
And that's just in a section
They all swallow and gobble; call it digestion
Women dance on my sac; call it dickonics
The shit read lips until it's hooked on phonic
I'ma brag at ya shawty; you know I probably had her
I'ma born star
Porn star; she's a ghetto gagger
Rockin' platinum, I never got the plaque
Still I drop 30 grand up at Sacs
I made it out, nigga
You know how the hood be
I got the game sewed up like some good weed
You got it all fucked up like a lace front
I got the girls gettin' low like a bass drum

I got some rich shit
You on a bitch trip
Grab ya purse, nigga
Get ya lipstick
I'm suck a dickhead
They call me arrogant
One question ... what the fuck you starin' at?
I'm the shit, boy
You can ask ya home girl
I'm gon' hold yours ... that's until I get my own girl

And you know I'm the shit
And you know it don't matter whatchu think about, bitch
'Cause ain't nobody, ain't nobody, ain't nobody like me
Ladies askin' questions like; "Trigga one night, please"

I made 'em a believer, now my head big; Gina
Like 'em with they ass big; Trina
Beat it up in private, and they like it
So I'm Ikein', call 'em Tina
Me, her and her girlfriend
They dykin'; have you seen 'em?
I swear I'm doper then these mu'fuckas realize
Hit the club; all balck
Like seal eyes
I am hell on earth
I'm tryna live in heaven
Come fly wit me; MJ 2K11
Look in the mirror and it's clearer than it has been
I talk shit to the homie like he my glass twin

I say "don't let the get ahead of me
They want them instead of me, but I'm so much better
Aye, you know how it better be
I'ma sail past niggas; cruise to a better sea
Same light, same night, but I'm in a better B
Plus my hoe hotter than Huxtable sweater be
And she talk dirty like a thrown away berretta be

Now come and fuck wit 'im
And if you don't really, I don't give a fuck, nigga
I'm on
So catch me if you can
And if you ain't know, I don't really give a damn
Shout out to the girls in the club shakin' asses
Shout out to the hood
And with the furniture with plastic
Now we carry wads of the cash in the plastic
I got this whole shit mastered

And you know I'm the shit
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