

Trey Songz

"Still"

Visit "[Still](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Still"

(feat. Drake)

Still...

Whippin the chevy, still gettin my tipped licked,
When I'm ready I still fall up in the party like confetti
It's still mad rappers, D. Dot Angelettis
Still just as skinny as you met me
Still keep it real, never will let another disrespect me,
For real, til deep in peace they rest me
Still smoke cess cause I swear that they stress me
And when I'm home a lot, I keep the chrome a lot
Cause even when I'm home I'm knowin there ain't a lot
of dudes
That like the fact I'm blowin
Like some runnin shoes on the track I'm goin
Tell these other dudes they slack I'm sewing
So don't get hemmed up, I think? up
Cause in my mind it's the winter time all the time,
I'm a grind
Tell em I'm a rhyme, told em that this sing got me
signed,
Try to put me in a box I will not stay there
And if I fall I will not lay there,
Grown man, this is not daycare
A big boy game, they do not play fair
But I still keep it trill and I got to share
Still uncomfortable if cops is there
My fam still disfunctional, we not repaired
Still got rhymes out the asshole,
Still wonder why are they mad for,
Cause I'm in the hood like the crack-ho diesel
Ask yo people, Trey still do it for the people
Ride with some illa straps your whole fuckin car is
illegal,
Still pick good over evil,
Still play the Jesus and it's wild cause I'm still sinnin,
Addiction still weed-puffin, givin it to women,
It's still my brain ready to bust up out my skull
To the mic, cause my mouth to be sayin shit right,
They sayin shit like, I don't be killin it

You niggaz is ridiculous, eat a dick or some cyphillis
Ya'll slow, still I done sucked it up,
Drake tell em what the fuck is up

I used to cut the porch lights on
And now I cut the porch lights on just to let em know
their foresight's wrong,
Where this nigga goin with that obscure ice on
He just lame, I'm tryna get my mature life on
I asked wat happen, no one's handin in, handin in
Hop up out the passenger and help me back the
phantom in
Damn, I never got to use that in a convo,
Never got the chance to put you back in a condo
And, and,
It couldn't be more true,
I always meant to get you that villa in Corfu
Women I pass off, and money I tore through,
Now all I really need is the number before 2,
Is it over, tell me it isn't over
They told me it was easy as I get a little older, yeah
right
And this is what my life outro sound like
Even though Dre did it this shit don't sound right
I was, born to do it, born to make bar music
I flow tight like I was born Jewish
Well, actually I was born Jewish,
I guess at this point you could say I was born foolish
(haah)
Yea, what about the grammys and the bubbly,
What about all my fans that be lovin me, I
Used to chill in them spots where the trouble be
But never ended up in that minage at the Double Tree
What about that girl Rita down in Basque
And I laced where I woulda never cheated on your ass
But you ain't give me yo number cause them niggaz
got to fightin,
Situation got me thinkin and that's when I got to writin,
hmm...
Change these hundreds for me cashier
Cause I ain't made it but I'm better off than last year,
yeahh
And what it look like hun
I never got to make it rain but it look like fun
And, uh, a king is what I'm fit to be
I don't get these niggaz, they a mystery
I mean they talk so quiet as if it sum'n private
And they don't ever bring that shit to me, but
Man I ain't live life so wrong,
I said fuck a couple dudes, cause I ain't like yo song
Least let me tell you why I'm this way

Hold on...

Visit [Trey Songz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.