

# Tyga "Involved"

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[Chorus]

What happens when you get involved?  
N-ggas start telling lies (start telling lies)  
Both wanna be involved  
But loves like suicide  
Now that your too involved  
Infatuated to the high

[Tyga - Verse 1]

Uhh took a deep breath, Inhaled this love in the air  
Only just to find pain cause its all that I feel  
Mothaf-ckas say they real, but they really aint for real  
I'll show you who's real, when you broke aint a thrill  
Got bills waiting on me, and its drama in my ear  
I wanna sit still, but I'm busy tryna live  
Forgiving all my sins, crucified now I'm fixed  
Road to eternal bliss  
Now they hate me like Chris, Rock on my arm  
Gotta keep a piece of mine, hot cherry balm, lip locking  
with a dime  
I make bitches scream for me like I'm Lil Jon  
Last king to flow, sweeter then a bon bon  
Quick sand bitches running out of time  
Got my shades on, I aint waiting in the line  
Whatever it is I'm on some better shit  
All black barreta shit  
Leather coat, leather mitts  
I dont leave no finger prints, Eddie raw, semi clips  
Violence aint for little kids  
But I keep something cause these n-ggas wanna test  
me  
N-ggas on that ice like Gretzky  
Montage chillin, life on a jet-ski  
Haters left I like Leslie  
N-gga ball hard, never been to the SB's

But now you walk alone, no holding hands  
Just wishing somebody could understand  
No father figure, taught myself to be a man  
Mama said keep God in all your plans  
Let the sun shine keep your head high  
Its always people after your spot, gotta stay high, gotta

stay high  
Dont let it stop, then ask yourself why?

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2]

Last king n-gga ready for war, jeep threw off the doors  
New paint now the car reborn, and I'm flying overseas  
Now my dollars is foreign  
And the Bentley got wings now the angels is calling  
uhh The good son Macaulay Culkin  
Getting money til my last show  
Word up to Oprah, the whips pull out like a leather sofa  
Coolest n-gga couldn't hang with me like Mr.cooper  
Super duper, need a pooper scooper  
I'm the shit clean it in the white loafer  
It's Young Mula hustle like an oompa loompa  
Young tutor teach you n-ggas how to do this  
Shame on a hater, we dont pop charts, so the bread  
pop up like pop tarts  
Red coupe, hot sauce, bitches getting locked jaw  
Big titties top off, ass like sasquatch  
The rap star, highlights, player of the week, gotta get  
five mics  
Clever when I speak, motivation for your life  
They under-rating me, Mike verses A.I.,  
But I'ma get mine mothaf-cka, sh-shootem in the line  
mothaf-cka  
Like hi mothaf-cka, head light from trucka, like dear to  
a hunter  
I'm aiming at something!

[Chorus]

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