

Tyga "Maybe"

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Bitch I'm the shit
Bi-bitch I'm the shit
Repeat it to yo bitch, tell yo bitch I'm the shit
Im so dis-disrespectful, ask them bitches that you next
to
Prolly hit it if I met you,
I dont remember none of yall names
This aint legal in yall state
This that firearm, that cherry bomb, I light it in yo face.
Mr. Edison, I put it on
That jury in my state, now your vision gone.
My bad my dog, I'm sippin on that case
Might go corozone my face
So watch yo step nigga,
What you deaf nigga, dont you ever greet me with yo
fuckin left nigga
Tinted up, I can spot you way quicka
Im in that fashion district polo fuck that hilfiger.
Ya
Maybe you some bullshit and I talk that real shit
Im bout to hit that kill switch and burn this bitch like
chile
Im illa-est so evident, I just threw my evidence.
In the crowd I dont give a shit, too many people just got
them tits.
Im hoggin, slim skinny nigga dope ballin
Pay cash for the kashmir ralph lauren, carlton
You're just a square in the office
Arlis ima need agent I'm spalding
Big donky butt
She can be my target
I pinned the tail

I did it well
Well done
So applaud me
This beat got me jogging
Easy for a cave man
Im inline you talkin
Cooler than my ray bans
Darker shades rain man
Get the cash rain man

Killa j's space jam
The motherfuckin son of sam
Ughhh
Pull up in the all white ice box
Hottest out the sweat shop
Pull a bear mink out
Ugh
Nigga
Im the motherfuckin truth
You aint noticed what I do
You don't do this how I do
I be rollin 3x2
Yes that beat enough this spoof
I got that photoproof
Photobooth no photoshop
Redbean I'm super hot
Wait till my album drop
Nigga.
I'm through

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