

Odd Future

"Everything That's Yours"

Visit "[Everything That's Yours](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Mike G]

Chucks on the feet, hundreds on the laces
You ain't sayin' nothin' 'less you talkin' big faces
Same on the T, L's on my jeans
Everythin' clean so I'm fly as angel wings
And I got a bunch of dreams but they don't mean
nothin'
B*tches tryna kick it like they Vicki B's husband
See we stuntin', trees he be puffin'
Got nothin' on me, baby you don't need substance
And I ain't pursuit 'less you Mike Jack Bad
Complex like math, smooth like jazz
Never lose my swag got my back like a sponsor
Iceberg cool still burn like contra
Name another n*gga that could take off without a
launcher
Fresh, and all my bombs atoms like Yolanda

[Verse 2: Mike G]

Probably the sickest n*gga spittin' that isn't really
known
And they think that I'm from Houston cause I like my
music slow
Got a high school diploma, I'm gettin' every dollar
Rough neck n*gga had to fix my collar
Wake up in the mornin' feelin' big like Texas
Death to any n*gga tryna take my breakfast
No hesitation dog you shouldn't even bother
Ask my father even he know I'm a king like Arthur
Gave you a warnin', now you facin' hazards
Shit they fiend for I call it blue magic
Pure shit n*gga I call it blue magic
F*ck Maybach Music, this is brand new Jag shit
F*ck Teddy Pain this is Teddy Pendergrass shit
It's like I've never been healthy, sicker than your
average
Game on lock, chain on the same
Screens in the whip and they goin' fall like rain
Ice in that b*tch, so it's cold like hail
Like hell find a n*gga that don't feel me like rail

[Verse 3: Mike G]

Yeah, I'm a know-it-all, can't tell me nothin'
Greedy genius I just want it all like my cousin
I don't need it but I still take the cars and the girls
Went from bout gettin' the money to about gettin' the
world
I'm a real n*gga man, I ain't dealin' with the haters
Only time I start writin' is when they run outta paper
Even then my flow sick, so I probably won't need it
Say you're makin' moves, but I probably won't see it
N*gga you could rap, but you like to front
See me in the 'lac, tell your b*tch bring a blunt
My n*gga I'm back, meet me in the front
Call this everythin' that's yours cause that's everythin' I
want

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

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