

Sir Michael Rocks

"Great"

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[Verse 1: Michael]

Damn baby call me Mikey Rocks I hop in the coupe
Later on tryna see what's poppin witchu
And you know you saw them dollars I threw
I'm talking damn near two bands
Wanna get this paper girl don't stand there, you dance
She bust it open she shakin it and she standing on her
hands
I love life but I don't love these hoes
Swisher sweets man that's all I roll
Steady mobbin and the only problem when you young,
ballin and you on a roll
Lookin for that 2+ me
Goin in on the mic like tony kukoc III
She said this is probably somethin we should keep low
key
But see you tryna see the view and tryna see yo suite
Man the elevator keep goin up and it's goin down
Headin up to the top floor, there's more bottles to go
around
I seen your pictures all over town, take it off and then
drop it slow
Make her shake it I break the bank and you see how far
that doctor go
Just don't try to stop the show...

[Hook]

With all them badass friends you be thinking you a 10
but you a 8
(You a 8) Now that's great (that's great)
Girl I know that you a star and I see you goin hard for
the cake
(For the cake) Now that's great (that's great)
Got a room full of hoes and they said we can put em on
tape
(On tape) Now that's great (that's great)
With all them badass friends you be thinking you a 10
but you a 8
(You a 8) Now that's great (that's great)

[Verse 2: Casey]

She'll probably never let me go, my chick always want
me back
Running fast around that track, but we never overlap
Take your clothes off girl, this my world I'll show you
how to act
Peas N Carrots on her?, oh man I probably throw a
stack
Had her laying on her back, she was rubbing on my
cack
Had a dream that my girl a stripper you should run it
back
Up in bed throwing it back like a UFC match
Had that ass tryna tap, wonder how long it's gon' last
She said "Casey you that nigga, always said you was
gon' rap
And you got that shit done old boy you inspiring
I saw your potential when I used to give you problems
Now you just that nigga, boy I? "
She keep that money piling, but I collect the profit
I don't trust these fucking banks, got a lot of cash and
Started living fast wit it, baby shake that ass for me
I ain't know you had that in you

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Mac]

And you know I'mma ball, ?, new bank account, please
open that
Got Oprah cash, suite broken glass and I'm showing
my ass in my photographs
Got a fucked up past but it ain't that bad though,
fucked around with some fat hoes
Ho puff puff pass if you rolling my hash, imma face ths
one imma asshole
Knew a girl named Becky that give that dome, don't
have no job but live
Alone
Money from her mom every weekend she tend to
spend that on sniffing coke
Oh, you a nasty bitch, ain't no 10 way below average
Got other fucked up things to say but we don't even
believe half that shit
Got a beat off Cardo, all around money Wells Fargo
Got girls in my pockets, like 8 of them hoes, yea I got
cargos
I bet you gon' stop, Casey, Mac, and Mikey Rocks
She likes to fuck, she likes to shop, problem is she likes
the?

[Hook]

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