

Sir Michael Rocks

"Madness"

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

[Hook]

All this madness Â– shopping bags with some shit
froms Saks Fifth
Please don't think that you won't fuck around and
get your ass kicked
Cool shit, keep a smile Â– bad chick, cheeks is out
I just hope this movie that we make gon' be a classic
You know life keep passing, them lights keep flashing
You know life keep passing, it might speed past ya
'Cause life keep passing, them lights keep flashing
And these nights keep lasting, I might not last it

[Verse 1: Rocks]

I'm stupid faded with your lady watchin' Paid In Full
She said she wanna have my baby, but I ain't a fool
Bitch you crazy, please don't call off your
engagement
This is all for entertainment, don't be fallin' for the
same script
And I'm blowin' my money 'cause Miami is sunny
And my girls've been good, they don't want nothin'
from me
They just lovin' my aura, so I take 'em down to
Florida
You just can't afford it, that's why you never
explored it
(That clique form, be doin' the most)?
(It's jammed up, I'll shoot my side)?
I'm layin' up, I'm scoring one
Kind of like some sort of gun
Passin' out the acid tabs, 'cause I'll probably take
me some
You mad at the money 'cause you probably just ain't
makin' none

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Mac]

All I see is big lights, New York City nights, how I
pictured life
Go down to Atlanta where them bitches sniff that

chipper white
Drugs, drugs, rubber, drugs Â– like to love, but love to
fuck
Livin' in the lives, nothing to her, coming from a trust
Fund, late as fuck, and I've been through 80 blunts
Got a bunch of blonde girls around me, they the Brady
Bunch
I'm throwin' vinyl at your head, bitch, I'm breaking
records
I had to get it now, wasn't 'bout to wait forever
So if I'm talkin' 'bout the times, that mean I'm
having some
Won't you stop hating? Get your ass up and go have
you one
Concrete, pave the way Â– go ahead and make my day
Glass of chardonnay, that's in your face, bitch

[Hook]

[Bridge: Both]
Young as hell Â– rich as fuck
Set it down Â– pick it up
We ain't goin' nowhere
Nope, you can't get rid of us
Young as hell Â– rich as fuck
Set it down Â– pick it up
We ain't goin' nowhere
Nope, you can't get rid of us
Young as hell Â– rich as fuck
Set it down Â– pick it up
We ain't goin' nowhere
Nope, you can't get rid of us
Young as hell Â– rich as fuck
Set it down Â– pick it up
We ain't goin' nowhere
Nope, you can't get rid of us

[Hook]

Visit [Sir Michael Rocks](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.