

## Okay Greg

### "Think About Tomorrow"

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[Chorus:]

Me and my friends man we all do the same shit,  
Always havin' fun it doesn't matter who we came with,  
We just like bitches, drinkin' out the bottle,  
So let's get twisted don't think about tomorrow.

Think about tomorrow t-t-t-think about tomorrow [x4]

[Verse 1:]

Chillin' in my basement,  
Fuckin' with some music,  
Chasin' all my big dreams,  
Nike just do it,  
This is the movement,  
Please don't confuse it,  
Tryna play catch up then you better get to it,  
Girls checkin' out like I'm a straight up OG,  
Homies gettin' bitches just sayin' that they know me,  
And I'm just chillin' low key,  
Sippin' on some OE,  
Scrollin' through my phone about to hit on ya shorty,  
Step into the party set a goal to get delirious,  
Puking in the fridge like "bitch are you serious?"  
Catch me in the kitchen mixin' laughin' like a child,  
Let's head out to the backyard light up a black and  
mild,  
Dude's walkin in like "pick a chick, I'll snatch her"  
See her on my lap and that's a picture you should  
capture.

Yeah...

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

(Hey greg why don't you speed it up a little bit?)  
Sometimes I just spend my nights with my best friends,  
Sittin' around talkin' about all these life lessons,  
We get the message,  
So we'll address it,  
Everyday you're living life is something of a blessin',  
Keep it interestin',  
No microphone testin',  
Bitches always sextin,  
Let's dim,  
All the competition before it sets in,  
And I'll be the best since,  
You livin' in the past tense,  
Fuckin' with my last bitch,  
If she was a car,  
I kinda sorta crashed it.  
When it comes to my raps they say that I'm the fastest,  
Twista Busta Rhymes ain't nothing to my magic,  
Talent,  
Rock a mic like a chalice,  
Um, just go ask alicia,  
I'm busy in my palace,  
Cookin' up a salad,  
Tryin' to find something in life that's a challenge,  
So I need to throw down,  
Lyrics for my hometown,  
Tacoma is the shit never speak of as a ghost town,  
Cuz we rock the show now,  
Me and my bro's down,  
To make all dope sounds,  
But first we need to let this beat... slow... down.

Cuz I just schooled you,  
You should get the message,  
If you haven't got it yet,  
I'll re-address it,

It goes...

[Chorus:]

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