

## Immature F/ Da Boy Wonder, Mr. Mike Nitty "Okay"

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(Ali)

St. Lunatics and we here now, we never give up  
Swallowin Cris' 'til we spit up, put your shit up 'cause  
now  
We navigatin, wood grain, hood slang, collaboratin  
God over satan, no debatin, so I'm celebratin  
This new life, off the block buyin stock  
Divin off the dock in Bangkok, I used to slang rock  
And it was so hard, but now the wallet sport a gold card  
Bitches goin nuts when the rims hit the boulevard  
Hustle hard, the whole inside glowin  
From the T.V.s, diamonds went from hard to see to 3-d  
Double VD, bubble Lex with the CD  
Puffin seaweed, I'm free, hit the slope and ski  
DC to France, finance is too advanced  
Wit' plans to 'cause a trance, money stands yellin  
"romance!"  
I never stop comin, gunnin, runnin and sunnin  
With Cuda spinnin them hun'neds on hun'neds spinnin  
and blunted

(Chorus - Ali) 2x

I'm like okaaaay, niggas brought they cars out  
Thick broads out, all the stars out  
We ain't been here two minutes, mami already yellin  
"What a nigga gon' do with it, can we hop in the  
Infinite?"

(Murphy Lee)

Five deep in a Yuko', we struggle by toes, we still  
ghetto  
Float St. Louis, fake insurance, with no petro  
Nuts are heavy, Teddy Peddy tell 'em to let go  
'Tics are ready, Kevin Law tell 'em I said so  
I let go, sixteen out of sixty-four  
And the forty-eight bars left'll have you keekin for mo'  
Women be like "who do y'all think y'all are?"  
I'm Mr. pull up in big trucks, I'm far from a star  
'Cause I'm the sun, the reason why the day gon' come  
One out of five reasons why they hatin on us  
Tracks is like a gas tank, I fill 'em on up

And my shows is robbery style, they givin it up  
I'm like a Michael Jackson concert, a milli' and up  
And these haters are like a comedy, be buggin me up  
They women treat me like cows, they be pullin my stuff  
And to get that up outta me more, they be suckin me  
off

(Chorus)

(Kyjuan)

Now you know Mo, I stay equipped with a zip  
And the soles of my Air Force One's on e'ry trip  
And on e'ry whip I choose those D's to roll  
(What them niggas 'round the corner gon' start shit  
for?)

When they know, oh, he keep a stash in the Nav'  
Pop a half and take out your Ave. on my behalf  
My whole staff love to laugh and count the money  
On the couch, hands in our pants like Al Bundy  
I love smoke ganjÃ, Monday to Monday  
And e'ry other day a nigga fuckin with gun play  
It's ok, since all the dogs out  
All my broads out, gon' and bought the bar out  
And we rollin, Henny holdin and blunt rollin  
Money foldin, been in more rings than Hulk Hogan  
It's official, Nelly Hummer clean as a whistle  
You boys signed to Fo' Reel, you doin your thug thizzle

(Chorus)

I'm like okaaaay

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