

Yeah, '09 our year, hahaha
Mixtape status, YouTube, hahaha
Teyana Taylor, what's good?
C. Breezy in the buildin'
Yeah, man
Let's go in

I'm in the clouds, homie, no gas mask
Paper long, stacked higher than giraffe ass
I'm used to drivin' spaceships so I'm landin' wrong
On some ugly shit, ET with a bandana on
Dolce book bag, Louis rag, hangin' out the right side
Red lightnin' in my hair, I'm lookin' on the bright side
Listen to my music, yes, I highly recommend it
But if you ain't messin' with it, why the hell you commentin'?
And I'm really lovin' rappin' now, know I had to get it in
Listenin' to rappers and some of 'em soundin' feminine
Any stage or any show I been there or I done it
Too big and these girls run from it, haha
These young niggas here now, yeah, we 'bout to shut 'em down
My little sister Teyana Taylor and yeah, I'm Chris Brown
And ain't no goons with me, gon' act silly
Don't forget, mothersucker, I'm illy

Uh, I guess the magazines just ain't enough, still wanna play with us
When that beat get murdered, right away you know they say it's us
Blog sites, web sites, they all know I'm dead nice
Porsche at the red light, you Honda chicks is dead tight
Money steady generatin', haters give me inspiration
Swagged out generation, got your child board skatin'
M.O.B so solid, Ray-Bans so poppin'
Multi-colored fingernails, cranberry phone posse
Killin' every beat I touch, body everythin' I say
Pen game, whip game, I just bought a car today
Jealous of my one of a kind swag, you're dumb match
Shorty tried to copy and paste my style, she's dumb gas
Scared of nobody, I push it to the limit
You rap chicks is burnin', here's a number to a clinic
CB is with me, get familiar with the movement
Neglect every instrument to my body and abuse it

Alexander McQueen jeans, I'm on that mean shit
Super sweet 16 clean, my magazine clip
Yeah, you a hater now, check, check out my gators now
Rockin' goose downs and I'm with a belt crocodile
Can't forget my fur coat, shawty name Merlow
And she mad wild and I like the way it purr yo
2012, yeah, I'm rockin' new denims
With the temperature control all in 'em

Yeah, I'm gon' go hard, flow hard
Every time I spit is up to par, you know I show off
Lyrics is impeccable, you know I'm gon' act the fool
Yo, he and my model swag, Y-3-2 cool
Yeah, my block is forty left, you know we don't play no games
Timberland, hard denims, wife beat swag flames
Harlem is my birthplace, L.A. where my work lay

Haters check my profile, naw, this ain't MySpace, ow

Let me laugh in they face, ass, hee

CB, hahaha

Yeah, stanky leg

Aight, I hear you

Old hungry, hungry hippo ass, hee

Laugh in they face ass, cow, face ass everything

Harlem school of rat ass, hee

What is it thumpin'? It's beautiful

Yo', yo' hair real like mine, man

Bark like a dog

Ha, a big dog

Woof, woof

Ayy, we illy, we illy

Yeah, man, we just doing this for fun

We love y'all

2009 on everything, you already know

Hey, what you gummin' this? Oh