Celebration (feat. T-Pain)

Tyga

I ain't gotta do nothing, I ain't gotta say shit
Everybody put your cups up and roll the blunts up,
it's a fucking celebration
Yeah, everything is alright,
I propose a toast to the greatest
You be get up on this fly shit baby
It's a fucking celebration, bitchesBallin' in this bitch cause I'm better
Models at my table when they down for whatever
It's a cold world so it's heat in my leather
We gonna make it rain, we ain't tripping off the weather
Work day suit removed (?)
Jay baby baby let me put you on game
I got that crazy crazy eye drive you insane
Every play ten chains make these niggas know my name
T-Raw, young star, Gringo
Shining hard every second don't blink ho
If you ain't sipping and you tripping better drink more
Too many dicks on the field trying to get yours
What your home girl don't know
Won't hurt her so girl let go
They say they ain't tricking nigga got it
But we ain't tricking anything and we got it, so
I ain't gotta do nothing, I ain't gotta say shit
Everybody put your cups up and roll the blunts up,
it's a fucking celebration
Yeah, everything is alright,
I propose a toast to the greatest
You be get up on this fly shit baby
It's a fucking celebration, bitchesFly, fly niggas do fly thangs
Overseas, I can put you on my dream team
High king, Tyga-lajuwan 2 rings, yeah we on one
We ain't never done, it's small fun when you living how we living
Big living room, beautiful women
Baby take your shoes off, she just trying to kick it
Gone down town now, she gonna let me kiss it
So good, yep yep, Young Money and we all good
All my homies in this thang wish a nigga would
If a nigga could, I don't think he should
Getting money, rocking clubs like t woods
Bright lights like we living in the sky
Erybody put your hands high
It ain't tricking nigga got it

But we ain't tricking anything and we got it, so
I ain't gotta do nothing, I ain't gotta say shit
Everybody put your cups up and roll the blunts up,
it's a fucking celebration
Yeah, everything is alright,
I propose a toast to the greatest
You be get up on this fly shit baby
It's a fucking celebration, bitches I ain't gotta do nothing, I ain't gotta say shit
Everybody put your cups up and roll the blunts up,
it's a fucking celebration
Yeah, everything is alright,
I propose a toast to the greatest
You be get up on this fly shit baby
It's a fucking celebration, bitches
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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