Netflix (feat. Fergie)

2 Chainz

Yeah, uh-huh...I smoked a blunt for dinner, another blunt for breakfast
2 Chainz, got 'em staring at my necklace
Let's make a sex tape and put it on Netflix (word)
Let's make a sex tape and put it on Netflix
She got it, I want it, I want it, she got it (got it)
I'm dodging paparazzi, my outfit from Versace (AOOOWW)
Copy, copy, all these niggas just copy (copy)
I just bought me a new watch and these new niggas just watchin' (tell em)I know you had the time of your life
I know you had the time of your life
You know I'm gettin' money, ten, twenty, thirty, forty
I'll be countin' this shit all night
I know you had the time of your life
I know you had the time of your life
You know I'm gettin' money, ten, twenty, thirty, forty
I'll be countin' this shit all nightWhen I die, bury me inside the liquor store
Cause when I die, Fergie still gon' be gettin' dough (ohh)
You do what you can, I do what you can't
You smoke that Bobby B-B-Brown, we on that Shabba Ranks
I got it, you want it, you want it, I got it
My girls go shopping, that ain't a mall, that's my closet
So copy (copy), copy, all these bitches just copy
Honor student wit' double Ds, that ain't the bra, that's my ta-tasI know you had the time of your life
I know you had the time of your life
You know I'm gettin' money, ten, twenty, thirty, forty
I'll be countin' this shit all night
I know you had the time of your life
I know you had the time of your life
You know I'm gettin' money, ten, twenty, thirty, forty
I'll be countin' this shit all night{*coughs*} Yeah...
{*coughs more*} YEAH.
I'm gettin' to the monies, with an apostrophe (yeah)
Fucked her on a pile of clothes now she a closet freak (tell em)
Yeah I bear arms, I got something up my sleeve (BOW)
And when she wit' me, she don't wanna leave (no)
She just wanna freak (she do), she don't wanna sleep
Put it in her mouth (mouth) now she don't wanna speak (Tru)
Yeah I'm at the club, I got strippers at my table
I call doin' the 69 a favor for a favor
From the cradle to the grave (uh), shoot a nigga from his ankle to his waist, you can tell that I'm paid

Cause I'm high-class, fucked a bitch in her eyelashes (WOO), we in a jet, who gon' fly past us?
Tint all on my eyeglasses, I don't see ya hater (yeah)
And bitch I don't get dropped, bitch I drop the label
Goddamn!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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