

# FYM (feat. Mystikal)

Joyner Lucas

Picture me putting my city all over the map  
They wasn't believers, I had to get even at math  
Be coming, I'm pulling and jumping all over your grass  
So tell all my bitches I got a new girl  
Tell the police that I'm robbing the bank and I want all of my fifty's in cash  
Bitch, I'm tired of living, check the cheque  
I need twenty models and some extra sex  
Smiling in my grave, bitch I'm fresh to death  
I've been drinking Wu-Tang with Inspectah Deck (getting drunk)  
Yeah, I got some shit that I gotta just get off my chest  
I can admit I got lots on my list and you next  
Take it how you want it  
I ain't famous like I want it  
But I think I might just skrrt off  
Blow the speakers and turn up  
Pop a bottle of Smirnoff  
Go to church with my shirt off  
Tell the Lord that I'm here now  
I've been waiting for so long  
I've been patient for so long  
Breaking rules like there's no laws  
And I did it for a long time  
If you don't like me, take a ticket, there's a long line  
Nice to meet me, hoe  
I think the pleasure's all mine  
Shit, they've been clocking me so long, I think they lost time  
Ooh you lost your mind, nigga  
Fuck you mean, hol' on  
Goddamn it, nigga  
Fuck you mean  
And I don't trust a muthafucking soul  
What the fuck you mean  
Hol' up, whoa whoa whoa whoa  
What the fuck you mean Don't know what you think, compare me to niggas is nothing  
Adrenaline pumping, and blood will be leaking and running  
Shit, I do what I do, I don't care if you like it or love it  
Tell all of my bitches I got a new girl  
And tell the police that I'm robbing the bank and I want all my money in hundreds  
Bitch, I'm tired of living on the edge  
I wanna sell drugs but they gon' call the feds  
I just bought a brick and that shit cost an arm and leg  
My momma told me take it back and get a job instead

(Where's your common sense, nigga?)  
Me and the devil got too much in common, I swear  
Born in the ghetto I never had nothing to fear  
Take it how you want it  
I ain't famous like I want it  
So, I might just throw a hissy fit  
Call up Cassie, ask her if she broke up with Diddy yet  
I said shawty, if she's talking I ain't hitting it  
Cause she gon' call her friends up and brag about the shit we did  
Whoa  
I ain't into pillow talking, go chop off your lips  
If I ain't in your top ten, go dive off a bridge  
My block boys got Glock fours that'll knock off your lid  
I doubt you gon' pop off, so hop off my dick  
Whoo!  
Nigga, fuck you mean, woo!  
Goddamn it, I said fuck you mean?!  
Listen, I don't trust a muthafucking soul  
Nigga, no, nigga, fuck you mean?!  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
What the fuck you mean?! You thought I was finished, you thought it was over  
You thought I retired, you thought I went fishing with Kobe  
Nigga, I'm still as the illest considered as one of the coldest  
Still-a put a part in a rapper head like Moses  
I'm throwback like I'm Motorola  
But hoe, I'm cooler than a cup of yogurt  
Black flag Crip boy truck soldier  
I'm cool with drug lords and Ayatollah's  
Rap god cyclops and all the  
Bitch I'm King Kong ain't no body told ya  
Fuck you think throats still smooth  
Aww fuck it I'm Bobby Brown, I'm bout to go get loaded  
Retarded Paul McCartney bitch I'm rich  
I'm Muhammad Ali i talk shit  
I'm James Brown bout to tear down this bitch  
I'm Michael Jackson bitch I'm bad as bad gone get  
Fuck You Mean? Yo wassup, this is Joyner  
I'm unable to take your call right now  
Leave me a brief message and I'll get back to you, peace Yo, this is the third time this week that  
you failed to pick up your son  
And I'm just so confused  
Like I find it funny that you stay in the studio laying something down  
Slanging mixtapes but you have yet to bring home diapers and lay your kid down and go to  
sleep  
On Snapchat talking 'bout, "Where's the plug?"  
Like I'm showing you got national  
Bitch better cut my lights back on  
Like "a dollar and a dream" ass career and you can't even come home and give us a dollar for  
milk

I'm not doing this with you  
Keep it 100 my nigga

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>