

# Stranger Things

## Joyner Lucas & Chris Brown

[Verse 1: Chris Brown]

Bottles in a bucket full of ice (Yeah)  
Better make room, vroom, hear the Lambo (Celebrate)  
Bitch, better believe that I'ma snuggle (Yeah)  
You know I'm 'bout to take you from your man though (Celebrate)  
Pop up with the chopper at artificial niggas actin' like bitches  
And it started up a epidemic  
It don't make a difference, nigga, we winnin', I'm plenty grinnin'  
Hunnid million platinum, fuck it, you ain't gotta listen (Celebrate)  
You better step down to me  
Feel the dick, bitch, open up your mouth to me  
Now choke, talk to the dick, honestly  
I'm dope, bitch, comin' like Eenie Meenie Miney Mo (Celebrate)  
I don't like when I lose (I don't)  
If I don't buy her them shoes, I don't like those (Regulate)  
Do anything that I want to  
Think I'm gon' dance on the moon like Michael (Elevate)

[Verse 2: Joyner Lucas & Chris Brown]

While I'm drivin', I'm moonwalkin' in the sky with some shooters  
We jump inside of the Buick, you duck and hide from the Rugers (Brp, brp)  
A couple choppers, acoustic in the guitar with no music  
Guess I'm alive and I use it, get stuck inside of the cubics (Buck, buck)  
I never lie, but the truth is I'm fuckin' tired of these losers  
And all my life want the food when it's supper time and the juice (Brp, brp)  
But I'd rather die than to lose, it's a matter of time 'fore I lose it  
And strategize with the movement-t-t-t-t (Buck, buck)  
Walk in the trap like a boss, ooh  
Ho, you know I'm drippin' with the sauce, ooh  
Pretty, with a face full of scars  
All they did was build me up, tried to take me apart (Buck, buck, buck)  
They ain't ever wanna celebrate like you have a label  
Call the doctor, heard the chopper make 'em do the Macarena (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
All you niggas sweet as candy, chocolate chip and Now and Later  
Jolly Rancher, stick of bubblegum, it's watermelon flavored (Woo, woo, woo!)  
Get the paper, I'ma (Celebrate) on the corner  
Heard you niggas got the juice, but I got Corona  
Got a little Spanish bitch, I call her maricon  
Joyner Lucas, bitch, I'm hotter than a fuckin' sauna (Woo, woo, woo!)  
Yeah, I make you niggas (Elevate)

All you new niggas don't do it for me, look (Woah)  
Bitch I'm the professor, you a student to me, woah  
Designer shades on, like you cooler than me, wait (Ayy)  
All we do is win, you a loser to me  
Rappers wanna talk about battle me (Joyner)  
You can't give me neck with a mouth full of cavities  
Bunch of lil' niggas tried grabbin' me (Grabbin' me)  
Five foot five, boy, you niggas like half of me  
You don't wanna see the other side of me (Yeah)  
Hard to make 'em happy, all these bitches stay mad at me  
I just might take her out to Applebee's (Applebee's)  
Give her long dick and a strawberry daiquiri

[Verse 3: Chris Brown & Joyner Lucas]

Order Cheesecake Factory, bubblin', why you mumblin'?  
What you utter? Stop stutterin', what you spend? Let me double it  
Lime green 'Rari, two twins, call 'em double mints  
If all you pussy niggas my kids, I'm in trouble then  
Shut up 'fore I spank you for actin' up  
Now I'm wakin' up in cabanas 'cause she bad as fuck  
And all gorillas don't want bananas 'less your chain is tucked  
You wiggity-wack with the strap, you cross Chris, make you jump  
I criss-cross with the pump, ain't no bricks in the trunk  
Leave that shit for the chumps, I still get what I want  
Don't wanna believe in my mind, but you believe in my dump  
I'm takin' a knee for my side, could give a fuck 'bout the owners  
Nigga look at my eyes, you 'bout to give me my bonus  
And every motherfuckin' record, that's a hit, I record it (Celebrate)  
And e'ry motherfuckin' snitch up in this bitch, they report it (Celebrate)  
You paid your way for this fade and can't even afford it  
75 mil', look at me now (Celebrate)  
And all these bad bitches can't keep their feet down (Elevate)  
You don't really wanna see Brown  
Need to stop all that shit talkin', put the seat down  
Joyner, I don't really feel these niggas  
Hol' up, I ain't gotta pay to kill these niggas  
Time is money, need to fuck around and bill these niggas  
Vet, so I'm finna good will these niggas (Celebrate) (Buck, buck, buck)  
I'ma kill these niggas, I should grill these niggas  
Take flex, Fresh Prince, Uncle Phil these niggas (Brap, brap, brap)  
Oh shit, I'm the shit, you could smell me, nigga  
Break ribs, yeah, you don't want no real beef, nigga  
I say As-salÄ•mu Êalaykum when I tear apart some bacon  
Hoe, you actin' like a pig, you fuckin' filthy, nigga (Woo, woo, woo!)  
Now the police tryna lock me in the prison, said, "I'm guilty"  
I said, "Da da da da da, come and kill me, nigga" (Buck)

[Verse 4: Joyner Lucas, Chris Brown & Both]

They must have forgot that I'm psycho (Jheeze)

Oh, you want war? Say no more  
Turn your fuckin' block into a light show (Joyner)  
You better be sure, better be sure  
I'm the realest nigga that I know (Hey)  
And I'm so bored, I might switch cars  
I saved a lotta money on Geico (Jheeze)  
The neighbors knockin' on my door, what the fuck you want?  
Bitch, I'm alright (Jheeze)  
Listen, nigga, mind your business, I'm so sick of niggas  
Tellin' me how I been livin' my life (Joyner)  
Sick of bumpin' shoulders, now I'm runnin' over  
Every motherfucker who ain't wanna get in my ride (Buck, buck, buck, woo!)  
I was watchin', you was shoppin'  
Ain't never had the shit in my size (Jheeze)  
Now I'm poppin', I'm poppin'  
And your bitch keep hittin' my line  
It's complicated, fuckin' up with my main bitch  
Givin' it to the side bitch at the same damn time  
Puttin' my face in it, never wastin' it  
I'ma lay in it, hit it, hit it one more time  
And I'ma proceed and play with the pussy  
You know I don't keep my cape on a hoodie  
But I keep a Uzi, it's a doozie, make a movie if you're actin' stupid  
So (Celebrate)

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