

# Post To Be (feat. Chris Brown & Jhene Aiko)

## Omarion

Omarion  
Breezy  
Your chick  
Your chick  
(Mustard on the Beat hoe).If your chick come close to me  
She ain't going home when she post to be,(no)  
I'm getting money like I'm post to be  
I'm getting money like I'm post to be, oh.  
All my niggas close to me  
And all them other niggas where they post to be ohThe hoes go for me  
Have your chick send a pic like pose for me,(oh)  
That's how it post to be  
Yo that's how it post to be,(oh)  
Yo that's how it post to be  
Everything good like it post to be.Pull up to the club and it go up,(go up) lol  
Make your girl fall in love when I show up  
It's not my fault she wanna know me  
She told me you was just a homie  
She came down like she knew meGave it up like a groupie,(true)  
And that's facts, no printer,(no printer)  
Cold nigga turn the summer to the winter  
She save me in her phone as bestie  
But I had her screaming oh  
Yo girl wasn't supposed to text me,(nope)  
You want to know how I know what I know.If your chick come close to me  
She ain't going home when she post to be  
I'm getting money like I'm post to be  
I'm getting money like I'm post to be, oh.  
All my niggas close to me  
And all them other niggas where they post to be oh  
The hoes go for me  
Have your chick send a pic like pose for me,(oh)  
That's how it post to be  
Yo that's how it post to be  
Yo that's how it post to be  
Everything good like it post to be.Got your girl in my section finna blow up  
A nigga smoking loud, I'm about to roll up  
She ain't never got high like this with a guy like thisWhen she pop tell her hol' up  
Better believe she gone leave with a real nigga  
I dick her down can't put it down like I do  
I get to bussin' no discussin', gotta deal with it  
Team us, we ain't worried about you

Murder she wrote  
Yeah yeah when I hit it I'mma kill it I'mma get it like  
Murder she wrote  
You want to know how I know what I know.If your dude come close to me  
He gon' want to ride off in a ghost with me,(I'll make him do it)  
I might let your boy chauffeur meBut he got to eat the booty like groceries  
But he gotta get rid of these hoes from me  
I might have that nigga sailing his soul for me  
Ooh, that's how it post to be  
If he wants me to expose the freak ooh  
That's how it post to be ooh  
That's how it post to be ooh  
That's how it post to be  
Everything good like it post to be ooh.If your chick come close to me,(if she come close to me)  
She ain't going home when she post to be,(oh yeah)I'm getting money like I'm post to be,(post  
to be)  
I'm getting money like I'm post to be, oh.(I'm getting money)  
All my niggas close to me  
And all them other niggas where they post to be oh,(yeah yeah girl)  
The hoes go for me  
Have your chick send a pic like pose for me,(oh)  
That's how it post to be,(yeah)  
Yo that's how it post to be,(girl)  
Yo that's how it post to be,(ay)  
Everything good like it post to be.  
She 'bout to ride down with me  
And I don't even know her name,(no name)  
But I know that she your girl,(your girl)  
She chose up, are you mad or nah? Bruh  
Don't be mad about it  
These chicks be for everybody.  
Omarion  
C-Breezy  
I'll make 'em do it!  
I'll make 'em do it!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>