

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'm a sniper (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
It done started up a epidemic
They 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 for 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
A couple choppers, acoustic in the guitar with the music
Guess I'm alive and I use it, get stuck inside of the cubics
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
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-t
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, try to take me apart
They ain't ever wanna (celebrate) like you have a label
Call the doctor, heard the chopper make 'em do the Macarena
All you niggas sweet as candy, chocolate chip and Now and Later
Jolly Rancher, Snickers, bubblegum and watermelon flavored
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 maricona
Joyner Lucas, bitch, I'm hotter than a fuckin' sauna
Yeah, I make you niggas (elevate)
All you new niggas don't do it for me, look (woah)
Bitch I'm a 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 you 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 they 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
Seventy-five 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)
I'ma show these niggas, I should grill these niggas
Take flex, Fresh Prince, Uncle Phil these niggas
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-sal?mu ?alaykum when I tear apart some bacon
Ho, you actin' like a pig, you fuckin' filthy, nigga
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 [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
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
I was watchin', you was shoppin'
Ain't never had the shit in my size
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'
So (celebrate)

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