

Fetty Wap, Why You Mad (Ft. Shy Glizzy)

Really tell me why you mad son
(Why you mad, why you mad)
Is it cause a nigga balling, cause a nigga getting rich
You don't want to make me mad son
(Nah, Nah)
Cause if I pull out this Tommy I'ma let it finna rip
For them bands I get you tagged son
Niggas come to your apartment, make your baby mother strip
So you best come with that cash son
I ain't trying to hear no excuses, I ain't trying to hear shit
/2x

One self starter, stayed on my grind,
[Nikki?] told me don't waste no time
Smoking big dope shit, smelling like pounds
I drive a foreign, and the wheels look fine
Niggas boring, his flow is not like mine
Couple hundred just to watch my time
Niggas boring, his flow is not like mine
A couple hundreds just to watch my time
Since I was young I was juggling
Nickles and dimes of the nuggets
Ever since they robbed me, best believe I was bustin
Smoking like a zombie, Zoo Gang my niggas or nothing
Dicey and Monty got me, All my niggas'll cut to bustin
Seven-ten behind me, fuck niggas ain't saying nothing, Squad!

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You acting like a Fed, tell me why you mad
Is it cause I got that bag, or it's cause I copped that Jag
This [?] moves fast, they might get on your ass
Can't fuck her she ain't bad so ya'll can get her ass
My bitch a trap queen, and my Aunt a dope fiend
I'm a CEO nigga, you don't know what that means
I put on my hood and feed my whole damn team
I just say the word they kill the whole damn scene
Who's these niggas, well I know they not me
They don't excite me, they so plain like white tee
My life is a movie, call me young Spike Lee
I know why you mad, cause I just touched like 9 G's

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