

# Mims, Cop It

[Woman:]

Cop it

Object

Put it in the pot

Then rock it

Put it out

Look how I profit

Haters tryna knock it

But I won't stop

Cuz they know I'm about to blow

[Verse 1: MIMS]

Yes it's me

The underestimated MC

So, ill with the flow I need a M.D.

Somebody call a doctor

I make 'em all sick when I hop out the phantom of the opera

Oppo-site to what I call a failure

I am the reasons y'all can't look in the mirrors

But don't worry I see shit a lil' clearer

Go ahead and act funny but you ain't stackin' money

And therefore we ain't here for the best

Matta fact, homey I can't hear y'all

I'm deaf

I spit it in sign language, mob language

Keep me around bread like a sandwich

Dammit

The plane done landed

The plan unveiled

Now, gimme some space, I'm outta this world

Some niggas say they just tryna get a nut

That may be true, but, I'm a very big squirrel

Y'all niggas get in some shit and just bail

I'm at the precinct like fuck it it's just bail

Me, I'm a very big deal with some very big work on a very big scale

[Chorus: Woman]

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[Verse 2:]

I heard it was, squeeze first ask questions

So which one of y'all is the next to ask?

Be the same one of y'all, up next to blast

I suggest you raise up, like Exxon gas

You bullshittin', I'm talkin' what I could do

MIMS is hotter than some cooked food

I'm a good dude, so usually I chill

But if you look close enough, you can see my steel

Yes, I'm concealed

Yes, I'm the shit

You think his paper long, you should see my deal

I'm Microsoft MIMS, I rock wit' Bill Gates

First week, shipped a mill out the gate

And I ain't tryna brag, I just set the record straight

My shit push 4, I'm just tryna move 8

You tryna catch up with me, ya too late

All you do is lose weight  
IIIII move weight  
Driiiiive through states  
Push [?] like every day was a Tuesday  
Wow, that's real  
Y'all, iced grill  
I'm laughin' on my way to the bank wit' a nice meal

[Chorus: Woman]

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[Verse 3: MIMS] I'm a Range Rove rapper  
Plain-clothes rappers  
Need to stop actin' like the thang won't clap ya  
I am not a killer, nor do I defend 'em  
I don't swing at dudes, I am not a pendulum  
I don't write laws or rules, nigga I bend 'em  
I don't start careers when I beef, nigga I end 'em  
You don't want it with me, I can see clearly  
You match up with I?  
Please, barely  
Dog, I'm nearly as high as it gets  
I get weary in the sky when I fly like this  
I'm so high, it's gettin' kinda hard to top it  
So imagine when the album drop, I'ma make y'all

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