Mastaminds Website Lyrics – I Stay On It ft. Chamillionaire

 Chorus (Repeat): We push it night and day taking off the Rictor Scale;

We’re going global while you other suckers make it rain

 I Stay On It, I Stay On It, I Stay On It, I Stay On It, Yeah…

Verse 1:

Last man standing, I like my chances, don’t do dancing not into romancing

Hit my prime while I’m still advancing, trying to by a yacht, plane, ranch and a mansion

Keep the heads bobbing while the girls keep dancing, who in the hell is Reggie? What’s your answer? Ladies want to grab him hold him up for ransom; See Chamillionaire and they just can’t stand him still riding dirty where the laws pick random; Mastaminds ran by a two man tandem, I pull up in a Chevy John pull up in a phantom.;

Talk about the streets, yeah we ran them, clubs can’t band him the cops can’t stand them

Trademark smart with the art, so I brand them, set it on fire like I Ku Klux Klan them. Ignite into a bomb so I might Iran them, Fiend a Hiroshima so I might Japan them. Mastamind hits so you know I be jamming, against all odds you know I be gambling,

Every girl I’m with I keep the head board slamming, hump and a pump and I shoot like a cannon, life is a test so you know I be cramming, look at my results man I’m so outstanding. Born in Grambling, live in Dallas, see it got to have it that’s a habit

Life of lavish with the fancy things, on the road to riches and diamond rings,

A music fiend living a dream stack a lot of paper cause I’m going green and by any means me and my team got to get this green living like a king! Come On!

Chorus: (Repeat)

Verse 2: Chamillionaire

Verse 3:

Ain’t gone stop till I reach the top, top notch figure I’mma claim my spot

When I reach the top you can keep the props, and I’mma keep the check in a stash spot

I’m a cash crop a bean stalk, talk the talk and I walk the walk, with the eye of a hawk and a trained thought to keep my mind on my money and the things I bought;

I’m an ass gripper, cash flipper, mic ripper a cognac sipper; from a country figure to a city slicker never been a myspace or a twitter nigga

I deliver like Fed ex when it comes to sex, I’m the best; from the east to the west to the Metroplex, put my name to the test make you all confess;

Yeah my life so vivid, work hard to live it, want it and I get it, sky is the limit, never been timid, stay strong to the finish, light the sky with my shirt everybody going to mimic; never been a gimmick, that’s my image, when everybody like Reg want you do something different, ladies want to hear it, suckers going to fear it, if you don’t like my shit, then don’t come near it, Got a King spirit, blood of a slave, now I get paid since the road has been paved, back on my hustle yeah I earned my way, from the better days to the everglades from the Dallas streets to the streets of Dade, Atlanta Brave when I misbehave, got it made stuck in my ways now I’m on the charts and I’m hear to stay! Come On!

Chorus: (Repeat)