

Flaws

Young Thug

I be the Thugga
Who are you?
I don't know, I don't know
Ay, ay

Rosé goin' right inside the kitchen
I might be a lame if I don't pay that ho tuition
I find out like two weeks ago that I was pimp
I don't stack that shit by the four 'cause I'm not a shrimp
Man I do it, put that shit on everything she know I do it
Fuck that work I might not do it (Psyche!)
Like my daddy or the school, I might listen to it

My clothes they by Elizabeth Taylor baby
Fuck on your lil bitch and get to moving with the skaters baby
I can go around the bitch like equators baby
And I feel free like the mothafuckin' nature baby
That lil bitch fit the description like a blazer baby
And she from L.A. just like the mothafuckin' Laker baby
I'm a fire shots off like I know Brian Nichols
I just might ride or die for my niggas
They talkin' life sentence I'll try with my niggas
And I will beat trial with my niggas
How you gon' eye my niggas?
Tell me, how you gon' try my niggas?
How you goin' back and forth 'bout my niggas?
Flaws and all my nigga

Flaws and all, fell in with my dawgs
Flaws and all, even with my paw
Versace drawers for your broad
Flaws and all

Rosé goin right inside the kitchen
I might be a lame if I don't pay that ho tuition
I find out like two weeks ago that I was pimp
I don't stack that shit by the four 'cause I'm not a shrimp
Man I do it, put that shit on everything she know I do it
Fuck that work I might not do it (Psyche!)
Like my daddy or the school, I might listen to it

Tell me how you see a nigga take the spots, and knock a nigga straight off h
is spots
I mean how the fuck you think you gon beat the Thugger
Defeat the Thugger, Don't bleach Young Thugger
I mean how the fuck, you'll need the Thugger
You'll please the Thugger, you'll eat the Thugger
No leasing Thugger, yeah, No leasing Thugger
The bitch so clean it's a shame no one love her
Yeah, never love these bitches
When I ran my' money up I started duckin' these bitches
She eat the dick so much, I ain't never seen the bitch in the mofuckin' kitc
hen
Baby I love you, in a house full of grown folks, baby I love you
Swear to God, you my bread & butter
You can get my all if the Feds destroy us
I'm a keep my feet in these streets

Like a "d" we can go straight overseas
Put purple in my brain just like a leaf
If the bitch got class, yea she can come with me
I ain't gotta tell these hoes, they know I'm prince of the city
I just might pull up with bad bitches and take em to the trenches

Rosé goin right inside the kitchen
I might be a lame if I don't pay that ho tuition
I find out like two weeks ago that I was pimp
I don't stack that shit by the four 'cause I'm not a shrimp
Man I do it, put that shit on everything she know I do it
Fuck that work I might not do it (Psyche!)
Like my daddy or the school, I might listen to it

Flaws and all, fell in with my dawgs
Flaws and all, even with my paw
Versace drawers for your broad
Flaws and all