

Harambe

Young Thug

Mafia!

Yeah, peep game, bitch, you know what I'm sayin'?

Level up! Yeah

Yeah peep game

Catch 'em down bad

Beat 'em with a bat, hashtag that

I call it New Jack, yeah, yeah

Bitch, I got a blue Jag

I make that cash talk

Bitch, I got a new house

You wanna get in, need a passcode nigga

Two twenty five on the dashboard, nigga

Stack it up and until you get that foreign, nigga

Stack it up and and then take care of your daughter, nigga

Stack it up and take care of your son, nigga

Stack it up and take care of that money

You know I ran it all up by myself

And now your bitch drinkin' cum nigga

My diamonds yellow like a corn nigga

Double R at the prom nigga

Skrt, skrt skrt

Got some hitters all of 'em my cuz nigga

Girl I know you love it

Love me, I know, I know you love me

You love me

Yeahh

Bentley with a nigga, bear killer nigga, back it up

Bands kill a nigga, fast wheel a nigga, back it up

Ape shit nigga, Godzilla, nigga, act up

Don't let your chick go Godzilla, bae, back it up

I just wanna have sex

I just wanna have a baby by you, girl

I just wanna go crazy about you, girl

Gon' make your nigga act crazy over you, girl

Ayy, cause you know I will

And I'm on a perky pill

This shit can get ugly for you

I'll pull up and bust your mama

I'll pull up and bust your brother

I'll aim at your fuckin' family

I'll aim at your whole clique

I'll aim at your mothafuckin' mama

I'll aim at your fuckin' dad

I'll aim at your daughter, son, nigga

I'll aim it at everything

I'll aim at the bag

I got devil inside of me

Got the devil inside me

God tryna provide me

But I'm tryna decide

Do we wanna leave the assignment?

Um okay I know you're frustrated bout a nigga and

Every time I take you through

I know I did a lot of sinnin'

I hope you still let me make it through

Just cause I got me a spot in LA
That don't mean I'ma change the crew
My bitch trying to figure out
How she can tell me to chill without changin' you
Fuck it, I'm changin' up on 'em
But my fans, not changin' on 'em
Makin' a band, I'm sangin' on 'em
Whip out that bag, syringin' on 'em
Hey, we lock that bitch out with no passcode
I bought her summer doors
Damn, she already had 'em though

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