

I love the Private Club  
24hrs

Ask about young Twenty, we was never lame  
I'm sittin' in this coupe, I got on every chain  
I'ma keep it real, don't gotta lie 'bout me  
And if they took me out  
The world gon' cry 'bout me  
These niggas hear my songs  
They step they bars up, I'm eatin' Mickey D's  
In the back of the Benz truck  
And if you talk about my brother, you get bicked up  
And you be talkin' to your bitch  
Are you a simp, bruh? This nigga's Symba, pshh  
I been eatin' shit right in the jungle  
Emmitt Smith, I bet you I won't fumble  
Max these niggas doin' it, I'm humble  
I was off a thirty and I crumbled

Lately, I been sleepin' with my chains on  
Intercepted plays and we lost bags  
I can't talk to workers, where the boss at?  
You gotta show me where the boss at, boss at  
You gotta show me where the boss at, pshh (Haha)  
Nigga, show me where your boss at

Hey, where your boss at? Hey  
You a small dog, tell me where your boss at  
Fuck the other side  
They the ones we sendin' shots at  
My nigga put a body on the Glock  
I told him toss that, no cap inside my raps  
My nigga, I speak all facts  
Hope you understand me, I did this for my family  
Did it for my section, I don't care about no Grammy  
I remember nights when I was sleepin' in the Camry  
Didn't put me out, they slept on me like a Xanny  
Fuckin' this bitch with my chains on (Chains on)  
Where my niggas died  
I got my bankroll (Got my bank, yeah)  
Almost lost my mind, I had to hang on (My mind, yeah)  
Took a couple losses, made my game strong, oh, oh

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