

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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