

## Sex

## Blac Youngsta

Young Lan on tha track  
Hotwheelz on tha track

(Gang, Gang, Gang, Gang, Gang)  
Foreign Car, (Gang) like a Jet (Gang, Gang), we can have (Gang) all kind of  
sex (Gang, Gang)  
I just run, tryna text, why you act girl lemme [?]  
Young nigga flex (Gang, Gang), make her wet (Gang), Young nigga stretch, hit  
her leg  
Girl where you at I'm tryna hit, swallow, gargle, spit, spit (Gang, Gang, Ga  
ng, Gang, GANG)

Baby let me know if you really do love me  
Big baby know I really do trust you (I put you through to much)  
Baby you know you bought a real, true thugger  
I been down with the gang from the jump  
I been running with them thangs in my trunk  
Had a strong campaign from the jump  
And you dissed me for the fame, from the jump  
You fuck boy, you going to jail, dropping so fuckin pumps  
Broke is a game, nigga you'll get slump  
Hundred kush bowls in the trunk (Gang, Gang)  
And I ran the money up with [?] bitch  
Why I open sit on double pump  
And that nigga you were in the cell with  
He was sucking your dick on your bunk  
If you a man you gotta stand for something  
Real bosses don't pass the blunt  
If you gonna brag on another nigga  
You might as well kiss his ass of something  
I won't wast my breath on you niggas  
But I don't even got my ass in the pump  
Bitches getting their asses pumped

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My nigga he just cam up out the dirt (Dirt, Dirt)  
I pay my dues, but nigga I put in work (Put in work)  
My nigga he in feds, he doing time (time, time)  
I lost so many my niggas, I lost my mind (My mind)  
I his restitution, so he fine (Fine)  
I hate they gave my little nigga all that time (Time)  
I jumped out that drop, that's perfect timing (time, time)  
I jumped up off that block I work for mine  
I'm thinking' bout success, that's on my mind (My mind)  
I'm thinking 'bout these murders and them crimes (crimes)  
I'm thinking 'bout my fam that's on my mind  
Fuck with masses going down, yeah

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