

# Death Of YOLO

Joey Bada\$\$

This the song I wrote if I died  
I was on the 50 mile doing 9-5  
Beating the pussy like he ain't got 9 lives  
And I'm high, mix Ciroc and some blunts, cause you only live once  
Cause you only live once Once, once

White girl wasted, my wife girl hate it  
'Cause when I'm faded I just wanna  
See her naked  
Adjust adjacent, like baby let me see your matrix  
Kama Sutra, back to basics  
Since I was on the go, back to the block  
105 on, started bumpin' Hard Knock  
I looked at my nigga Fly, as my heart dropped  
Sedan in front swervin' as the car stopped  
In that split second, my foot steppin' breakin'  
I thought to myself, I always knew that I would make it  
All it took was patience, and now I'm on the stations  
Luckily I made it right before my life was taken  
It was too good to be mistaken for happiness and riches  
People callin' my phone, like they happy that we did it  
Little did they know I was 'bout to meet my maker  
Till an angel came down and told me that my time was later

Riiiiiiight, fuck it  
Pass the deuce, 'member creepin' through the 'jects  
Had to, stash the deuce in my 40 'Low boots  
International, my bread is well earned  
L's burn, smash hoes in Melboure  
Light skinned jawn, look like Chanel Imon  
One night, got her hooked, like I'm heroin  
Vintage Vans and puffin' on chron  
Posted, lookin' like a slimmer Daron  
Give me some to a 112 song  
Smoke a nigga like a Newport Long  
Pass off to my man, be a baton  
'Cause it ain't no if fun if the homies don't get none  
Right, it's like ballin' on a bitty  
Bunch of bad bitches from different cities  
Illest niggas in New Yiddy  
Kush God, Joey Bada\$\$, relax and stack the skrilly

Late night cruisin', fusing the green with the cuban  
So swift we moving through clouds intruding  
Celestial Nubians, known them since  
I was a Brand Nubian and they influenced him  
And now it's new beginnin's, catch me sinnin' in Sin City  
Sittin' and spinnin' and spittin' in ya city  
Swimmin' in ya bitty, fuckin' the kitty and breasts  
Got protection in the vest, but still penetrate correct  
Confess, I got the remedy for these bitches  
The Jack and the sack and ejac and some intellect  
And all we do is flex on the weekends  
They upset cause I learned how to flex on the weakest  
And in my strength they drowned in they trenches  
The face of my terrace is gold, leaving fences and the coal  
And I know all you nigga's weaknesses

Through my threshold, sight on some instinctive shit

[Hook]