

YMCA

Kodak Black

We was posted by the Y
We was scopin' out the Y
Yeah
We was thuggin' at the YMCA, hey
Scopin' and pokin'
At the YMCA, ayy, yeah

Want you to love me 'cause I'm runnin' low
Do you say fuck me when I tell you no?
We was back then at the YMCA
Now we in a black Benz on I-10, we piled up on a play
You can go ask Fred, Greg, Marcus, and Tracy 'nem
We made eighty bands off scopin' out at the YMCA
I'm wonderin' why you need to surprise me 'cause that's how you feel
Did I really expect them boys to keep it real?
This for the street niggas after paper
Young niggas tryna snap, we tryna pull a caper
I done got too comfortable in this hotel
Shout out T-Stunna, D-Size, Sunrise, and that whole dell
My lil' niggas thirteen, we fuck with Odell
26136, we rep them ZML
Know you see my wrist, I hate to say I told you
I dreamed of this back at the Boys & Girls Club
Hope you don't hate me 'cause I got you nothing
Ain't send me nothing special, so I just said fuck you, baby
Reach for my waist, you already know what I be saying
I bet I could call me some young niggas right now that all been layin'
In the booth, I do my thing, but I'm a fool with that poker
Got baby on a leash, that's why I buy her chokers
I been alright ever since they let me go
So fuck it, I went all white, I feel like Sammy Sosa
I miss my cousin too much and it hurt, boy
We was in Hawaii, I was tryna surfboard
Back then at the Y, we tryna steal a purse
Don't need nobody thinkin' I'm tryna get 'em murked
I'm just tryin' not to catch a body
She want some money, I told her I ain't got it
We was back then at the YMCA
Now we in a black Benz on I-10, we piled up on a play
Hmm, them jiggas kickin' in, I got it done
Everybody 'round, them niggas got a gun
Ain't trippin', baby, I know you havin' fun
Ooh, ooh
I ain't really sayin' you gotta be a one of one
But you gotta go beyond and show me that you love me, baby
Come and fuck me for this whole week straight
Turn your phone off, tell your people 'dem we straight
We was back then at the YMCA
Now we in a black Benz on I-10, we piled up on a play
Put your man on do not disturb tonight
So he won't disturb us
We was back then at the YMCA
Now we in a black Benz on I-10, we piled up on a play
All of the baby Snipes, they come up like how we grew up back in the day
Don't think my lil' niggas some lil' niggas, get shot up all in your face (F
acts, that's on the baby Snipers)
We was thuggin' at the Y

Scopin' and pokin'

At the YMCA

We gon' do this, like, we gon' do this video at the YMCA
We get enough of them lil', lil' white people doin' the lil' YMCA thing
Know what I'm sayin'?

Glee, glee

Real gleeful, real Z-ful

Heaven's obligatory

It's all kinda extras and Yerc-ular shit goin' on, yeah