

# Young God

Left Boy

I'm Matthew McConaughey  
Tapping my chest on a horse  
In the prairie, the Wild Wild West  
Tessy on the phone, sounding real real stressed  
Yeah, the label want an album, but the album don't exist  
I don't work under pressure  
I mean, I really don't work, it sucks  
I'm laying in the sun with the bag, case is shut  
With an account balance of minus 40 thousand bucks (wew!)  
I should've worked in the winter  
I looked in the mirror: "You don't work, you're a winner"

No, I'm a Dillinger, man, I never surrender  
Young God, Young God  
Back in December  
I buy my tour, this is how I do it  
You got me in the store right now, let me rap good  
This is how I sound like when I fucking make - music  
Drop it at the club and they lose it

It's all it is  
Recorded on my phone  
A sample of me slapping on my chest and going "Oooh"  
I make a beat like a bolognese  
I just throw a bunch of shit in the microwave  
And it come out real hot like Caitlyn Jenner  
So hot that I make 'em kids pray for winter  
In the middle of Ramadan, am I [?] a sinner  
Eat steaks for lunch and pork buns for dinner  
I'm in Marrakesh, baby, put that shit on Twitter  
I move real quick like a lazer printer  
Your girl real cute, but my chick is fitter  
With an ass so fat, got these bitch hoes bitter

Back On Top Soon  
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