

For Y'all

Moneybagg Yo

Yeah, man
It's Stupid Doo', man
From the street to the city, man
We really here, man
Fire, man, this shit a motherfuckin' case
Trap house do what I wanna do, bro
And that's how it could go
Fuck you talkin' about, yeah?
Hahaha
My nigga ain't done shit, man
Get all guys 'round here, man
And empty both of 'em
(Yeah, hol' up)

I got niggas down the road, collect they call (Call)
Bought my diamonds on my bitch, ain't got no flaws (Real shit)
Whole belt without a steel, nigga, I ball (Ball)
Seen that fire up on my ad', these Versace drawers (Slime)
Bitch seen me with all them trainers on, she like "God-dawl" (Dawl)
When I pull up and I hop out, they like "Hell nah" (Nah)
Ooh, I'm drippin', ooh, I'm drippin', yeah, spaghetti sauce (Sauce)
Shoutout to my whole block, I did this shit for y'all (Hey)

I was havin' money problems, now that shit resolved (Straight now)
I've been rockin' sold out shows lately, walk the walk (You think my shows l
ouder now?)
You weren't fuckin' with me in first, that was a red call (That's what I rem
ember)
Sixteen zips in the paint, drinkin' pallasol (Haha, lean that, lean that)
I'm on the move, you hall (Hey)
Got niggas ridin' for the calls (Calls)
Ain't fallin' out about no broads (Never)
I really do this shit for y'all (Who?)
The dope boys gettin' bands (Yeah)
The niggas all in the can (Who else?)
The ladies in the kid fans (For real, I love 'em)
Ayy, ayy, it say Versace on my drawers, dawg (Stylin', dawg, ooh)
That bitch you love in my call log (Look, look, look)
Yeah, up that Glock and make you pause, dawg (Hol' up, hol' up, I ain't do n
othin', hahaha)
I'm the shit, I need a stall, dawg (Hey, hey)

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Mane, I really got them hit up from behind a wall (I do)
They hit me up, I run that shit (I love 'em), it weren't nothin' at all (Get
it)
I'm a boss, before I walked, you know I had to crawl (Didn't stop me)
I'm in her mouth, I'm in her throat, she suck me like some halls (Uh, uh, uh
, nasty heels)

She slob all over my balls (Wow)
My drawers soakin' wet, dawg (Dawg)
I'm on a fifteen minute fed call (Hello, hello, hello-lo, hello?)
(What it do, yo? I'm tryna make stove), yeah
It's a green light, nigga, go (Go get it)
I got my money right and that's for sure (Hey)
Four-seater, that's the feds (Yeah)
West hot, that's attention (What up?)
Pit 'em for 'em in the mainframe (What?)
And them young niggas, they be bangin' (Wylin')
Don't give a fuck 'bout what you claimin' (Up)
OGs can't tame him (No)
They'll murk a nigga for a name (Dead one)
And they did it all for the fame
Ayy, free my lil' niggas (Hol' up, hol' up)

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Yeah, man
Had to tell a motherfucker you goin' hard
Mic like Eazy, that's why you keep goin'
Don't stop, I told you to get that nigga
Stop reppin', it's over with him, man