

Thoughts

Moneybagg Yo

Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, you're cool
And fuck you, I'm out

Fuck your thoughts, you ain't been crossed
Took no loss, you ain't no boss
Fuck you thought, murder talk
Take 'em off, clear the vault
They showed you off, threw you off
They'll do it again, them just my thoughts
I don't brag 'bout what I bought
Fuck the cost, fuck you thought, hey

Ayy Sky
If I say anything that's not raw as possible
Stop the song, yeah (facts)

Fuck a feature, I can't vibe with 'em (I can't)
I got secrets, I'ma die with 'em (die with 'em)
I got niggas on the stand, I'ma lie with 'em
Any action, bust fire with 'em
It don't cost a penny just to keep it real
What the fuck money go to do with loyalty?
First they pushed me to the side, ignored me
Now I'm a young legend, reward me
New whip, new chain, I spoiled me
Then I go get fly like I'm soaring
Fake niggas somethin' like poor gin (you do)
Upgraded from hood bitches, they too noisy
Never perfect but at least I'm solid (fire)
Left the trap but at least I'm 'bout it ('bout it)
Back then all they did was doubt me
Plenty chains on, my neck look crowded
Go on this mission, don't say none' you saw (shh)
Made up my mind, gotta take dude off (kill him)
Catch a body, get a Bread Gang chain (chain)
Since he dissin' we gon' give him some fame
Murder talk, murder talk, closed off
Never tell, fuck the law (never)
Bite my tongue, neverer dog
Give it to 'em extra, fuck your thoughts

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She threw me off, ran to the blogs
Spread lies on my alias (baby mama)
Had to make my circle smaller than ever
Time to break down my radius (circle)
Got a bag and I distanced myself
I wised up, can you blame me? (huh?)
I'm just a call away if they needed help
I won't let that shit change me (my family)
Diamonds Blu-ray, HD (HD)
Rockin' black stones, Beijing (black diamonds)
I'm a star now, Macy's (Macy's)
I'ma give it to 'em, make 'em hate me
They want to get me on the phone and press record
Want to break me down like a karate board (never)
Confrontation somethin' I don't avoid (never)
I'm just slicker than niggas like olive oil
At the studio makin a hit (that's an alibi)
Send a hit, get 'em hit (clear 'em out)
We didn't miss, now he missed
At his repass fresh as shit (stylin')
That what you get for the name droppin' (name droppin')
Face on the shirt, now your name poppin' (name poppin')
They playin' both sides like they ain't oppin'
And I ain't stoppin'

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