

# Think About It

Naughty Boy

Got me up all night  
Used to start a fight  
You don't wanna think about it  
You drink about it  
You smoke about it  
Don't talk about it  
Every night, the same  
Who's the one to blame?  
You don't wanna think about it  
You drink about it  
You smoke about it  
Don't talk about it  
Don't make me forget, sir

13's on my Impala, rock chrome filled with chronic smoke  
Homie, I got game like the shuttles were fam  
Milk these lames for what they worth  
Puff signs, ashes on my shirt, three will motion all you motherfuckers  
The Porsche in the garage then got a life for my dogs  
I had nothing at all but now I take trips to Vegas  
Roll up, playing songs on my oldies playlist  
Diamonds on my fist, Rollie on my wrist, my life's the shit

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Standing over the terrace, made so much last year  
These lil' niggas should be embarrassed  
Claim we the same, but the difference is apparent  
Copy my style so much they got me like 'where the fuck is their parents?'  
Smoking so much that they probably think it's scary  
But I don't give a fuck, I'm rolling another one up  
And giving middle fingers to you little fucks  
You get on lying and say I'm stunting, all time you rolling paper and wearin  
g jocks  
And I ain't even had my best year, ten cars, 20 millions, fuck I'mma do next  
year?

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