

Ratchets

NAV

Talk, talk
Young Freeband Gang, yeah
ATL Jacob

Got the bags from LA, took a PJ to Miami
Lil one got the stick, he got that Draco automatic
Went to Avianne and put them birds on a Patek
12 just hit the spot, we put the birds in the attic
Zone 6 nigga, you steal them pills from my granny
I just kept shit real, now your meals, Freeband bandit
I done got that damn deal, now they got chills, we want static
I just went up a hill, finna stop fuckin' ratchets

I just went top rope, Guap Mode on a baddie
Plug Life chain around my neck, finna get the bird tatted
I'm the same young nigga, used to get gas from my daddy
In high school, nigga, in every class, I kept that ratchet
Yeen gotta know, put them racks up
I just spent a dub at the down club
Them ain't real diamonds on your wrist, boy, hold your Rollie up
Young Freeband Gang, we in this bitch, so please don't act tough
Put them racks on her back, back that ass, bring it back
In the Wraith, me and NAV, keep Hi-Tech in the lab
A hundred bags, do the math, run up a bag, warrin' sad
A hundred racks, me and NAV, got in my bag, no cap

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Got a Zone 6 ratchet, she be sleepin' on a mattress
Fuck her in the attic, spend like 80 on a Patek
Ridin' with an address and a semi-automatic
Don't do it, no pillow talkin', I am not a chatty patty
Your girlfriend call me zaddy 'cause I'm richer than her daddy
Prada shoes with the strap, I can't wear no Ballys
My fans be screamin' louder than the crowd at March Madness
Pourin' up the mud, I'm stuck, I'm tryna keep my balance
I went halves with Cash and took a jet to ATL
Me and Plug got 30 bitches sittin' in a hotel
Never mind my haters, let 'em watch my pockets swell
XO FGB, you diss, you runnin' from these shells

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