

## Told Ya

Summrs

Yeah, pull out a stick 'cause we not finna fight (Yeah, uh-huh)  
Yeah, pull out a stick 'cause we not finna fight (Yeah, uh-huh)  
Yeah, pull out a stick 'cause we not finna fight (Yeah, uh-huh)  
(Yeah, yeah, uh, yeah, yeah)  
Yeah, pull out a stick 'cause we not finna-, yeah

Pull out a stick 'cause we not finna fight  
Sell out a show, that's a day in the life  
When niggas be hating, they words filled with spite  
And they not gettin' money, they don't got a life  
That shit really funny 'cause I never cared  
I'm at the top, at the highest of tiers  
You is not scarin' me, don't got a fear  
If anything, nigga, I'm makin' it clear

Callin' up Slump, he gon' bring a lil' choppa, that choppa gon' shoot, we go  
n' bring out Dakota  
Give that boy a fuckin' Wonderman, heatin' them lips, so you better say I do  
ne told you  
I know that you is not 'bout all that shit you be talkin' 'bout, nigga, I kn  
ow that you foldin'  
I do not wan' talk to you if you not talkin' 'bout no money 'cause that shit  
not important  
My brother keep that G-L-O-cock and that shit might spray at the opps  
Finna cop me a new fit, I don't give two shits 'bout price, give a fuck 'bou  
t the cost  
Better put your chips on 'cause I'm gon' shoot the fuck up like some mo'fuck  
in' stocks  
We gon' pull up on that boy, we not stoppin' no shit, nigga, know that we no  
t finna pause  
Hit her then pass her, know I'm finna dump her  
Mixin' that Prada with that Undercover  
Not from Louisville, but this choppa got some sluggers  
Know I don't want a bitch, I just wan' fuck her  
Go to a show and then count all my money, and repeat that shit every mo'fuck  
in' day  
I gotta make one call and my niggas runnin' up on you, they shootin' them K'  
s

Pull out a stick 'cause we not finna fight  
Sell out a show, that's a day in the life  
When niggas be hating, they words filled with spite  
And they not gettin' money, they don't got a life  
That shit really funny 'cause I never cared  
I'm at the top, at the highest of tiers  
You is not scarin' me, don't got a fear  
If anything, nigga, I'm makin' it clear

Yeah (Huh), FN goin' through doors (Huh)  
Nigga, you repo poles (Yeah)  
I'ma be rich either way it go (Yeah)  
I'ma keep on spreading these, yeah (Uh-huh)  
Thirty thousand on my left wrist  
You ain't actin' right, then you'll get left quick (Yeah)  
That ain't my ho, man, that's your bitch (Your bitch)  
I done run out of Oxy', I'm dope sick (Do)  
I'ma put a watch on both wrists (What?)

Better put a lock on your bitch (Yeah)  
Way too fed, I can't show this (Nah)  
Knowin' I'm carryin' them ghost glicks (Yeah)  
New pack in the mail, it's new switches (Huh)  
I got new poles, I'm finna go fishin' (Yeah)  
All my guys gon' stand on business, yeah

Pull out a stick 'cause we not finna fight  
Sell out a show, that's a day in the life  
When niggas be hating, they words filled with spite  
And they not gettin' money, they don't got a life  
That shit really funny 'cause I never cared  
I'm at the top, at the highest of tiers  
You is not scarin' me, don't got a fear  
If anything, nigga, I'm makin' it clear

Yeah, pull out a stick 'cause we not finna fight (Yeah, uh-huh)  
Yeah, pull out a stick 'cause we not finna fight (Yeah, uh-huh)  
Yeah, pull out a stick 'cause we not finna fight (Yeah, uh-huh)  
(Yeah, yeah, uh, yeah, yeah)  
Yeah, pull out a stick 'cause we not finna-, yeah