

2 MUCH

YBN Almighty Jay

I got off my ass and got a bag
That's why I brag so much
And my bitch to bad her boujee ass
You want that bag or what
I start coming first got tired of last
Was playing around too much
I switch my style too much
They said I change my sound too much
I still got racks they ain't stop shit
It's on the ground too much
They want a song like 'Chopsticks'
I ain't like that sound too much
I then had to cut some niggas off they hang around too much
Wear my forces one time they can't touch the ground too much

Put my hoes on first class usual niggas hating and broke as usual
They ain't never heard not one of my songs but still find a way
to go hate on my music
I'll never go back and forward on line cause he won't have that
energy when I run into him
Stand on that shit that you saying and do it
You don't even think your mans will do it
I don't ever got to say what I'll do to a nigga because I know
that them bands will do it
Fuck around and pay your mans to do it
You ain't on nothing why you gang influenced
We got FN's, Chops, Draco's, & Glocks
If you wanna bang let's do it
That lil boy a bitch he wouldn't come step if he got paid to do
it
I had a talk with my uncle last night and he told me be smart and
start using my head
I had to sleep with a gun up under my pillow
I thought monsters was under my bed
He was talking shit way back
He probably forgot what he said
I'll never go back and forward with no bitch
On God I'll leave her on read

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