

My Boys

YFN Lucci

My boys, my boys, my boys, my boys, my boys
We hard, we hard, we hard, we hard, we hard
My boys, my boys, my boys, my boys, my boys
We hard, we hard, we hard, we hard, we hard
Hop out the coupe, hop out the coupe season
Hop out the coupe, I got the roof leavin'
And you know I'ma shoot, I'ma shoot you for no reason
I ain't playin' no games, I'ma do this shit here for my boys

Yeah that my boy for sure, we finna ball for sure
I'm whippin' up all the dope, my nigga want all the smoke
My gang gang, that's gang, new AP, new chain
New Lambo, new Range, these bitches they all the same
Hit from the back, she gon' call my name
Fuck her while she got on all my chains
She got that water, Fiji, Fiji
I had to wait for my season, season
My young nigga got stopped, no season
Turbo push start, I ain't gotta key it
Nigga walked out for no reason
Drank so much my nose bleedin'
My lil nigga caught in a jam, he finna go to the slammer
We gotta go do the business, we gotta kill every witness
We gotta go get them toys
They ask me why I did it, I did this shit here for my boys

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I got that dope dick, yeah, they all fiendin'
I got a cold wrist, yeah, my shit freezin'
I got it on me, yeah, and I'm gon' squeeze it
See them my boys, I'ma be there whenever they need me, huh
Drive-by, let off a few shots
Damn Lu got the block hot
We gon' put them guns in milk spot
We ain't got no problems shootin' it out
Ayy, uh, we can fight or shoot it out, yeah
You the type to do a lot, yeah
Cape or coupe gon' pull it out, yeah
Wait until we pullin' out
Oh no, walked in with all my jewelry on
My boys got all they jewelry on
My diamonds they clearer than Patron
I feel like Don Corleone
Don Corleone, Don Corleone
I got that forty-one millimeter on
I got that one-point-five milly home
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