

Nasty

YFN Lucci

Uh, uh, oh-oh (It's Budda Beats)
Yeah, look

A young nigga, I never had shit, uh
I'ma wreck the Porsche, damn near crashed it
When I'm in that big body, I gotta back in
Ayy, when I'm in that big body, I gotta back in
I got a trey poured up, shit nasty, yeah
I just gotta fuck with her 'cause she nasty, hey
I got like two million in a Gucci bag
I'm at the Four Seasons countin' hella cash

Okay, look, money counter on the dresser
The way she pop that pussy, I just had to tip her, uh
The way I work that Glock, they think I'm Brian Niccol
You would've thought he broke a bone, put all that iron in him, yeah, look
My lil' dawgs killin' for a hobby
Them my lil' dawgs, them young niggas with dreads up in the lobby
Them my lil' dawgs, them young niggas don't play about shawty
Yeah them my lil' dawgs, them young niggas ain't scared to get it poppin', u
h, uh
They got pistols, huh, and we got pistols
I'ma smoke one of your homeboys, we don't smoke Swishers
He got kicked out of the whip, I just can't roll with him
Old rattin' ass nigga, I just can't fuck with him, uh, uh
Huh, Greedy doin' ten 'cause of your man
Ju gotta go sit down again
I'm tired of losin' my niggas to the pen', yeah (Nah, I swear)
I'm tired of losin' my niggas to the lead (Fuck)

A young nigga, I never had shit, uh (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'ma wreck the Porsche, damn near crashed it
When I'm in that big body, I gotta back in (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Ayy, when I'm in that big body, I gotta back in (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I got a trey poured up, shit nasty, yeah (This shit get nasty)
I just gotta fuck with her 'cause she nasty, hey (Ooh, this ho nasty)
I got like two million in a Gucci bag (Yeah)
I'm at the Four Seasons countin' hella cash

I just left my plug house, twenty bricks, I'm cashin' out
Porsche truck got totaled, shootout, I'm shootin' back, I'm crashin' out
Big body Benz, on Lord, I'm talkin' 'bout ho, her ass be out
Every time I see them boys, I'm goin' for it, no backin' out
My stack be tellin' me to chill like, "You ain't got music, you rappin' now"
Told that bitch Justin so real, I just go buy they casket now, ayy
Luwhop, and we got Guwop, ain't talkin' 'bout my bills
Stackin' fetty, green cash, mula, and ain't talkin' 'bout myself
Fast forward, B done smoked all of your last boys
Boolin', passport, fly your bitch out, she ain't even ask for it
The work god, kickin' shit out fast as landlords
Your bitch goin', I'm Mike without that badge on Bad Boys
She got a rich nigga, I told her keep him
Nothing is guaranteed, so I promise you we might need him
Creepin' and we gon' sleep him
Now I'm back up and all my people
We servin' and workin', fiends hit my ho raw 'cause she got Fiji
On the plate, then they gon' eat it

A young nigga, I never had shit, uh
I'ma wreck the Porsche, damn near crashed it
When I'm in that big body, I gotta back in
Ayy, when I'm in that big body, I gotta back in
I got a trey poured up, shit nasty, yeah
I just gotta fuck with her 'cause she nasty, hey
I got like two million in a Gucci bag
I'm at the Four Seasons countin' hella cash