

September 7th

YFN Lucci

Fake ass world
Fake ass niggas
Fake ass bitches

Fuck all you
Motherfuckers
Look uh

I swear I used to have a heart
It went ghost on me
I put my trust in a nigga
And he stole from me
I said I can't let no nigga
Take my soul from me
All I need is money
I don't need no woman

Yeah
You can't save everybody
You gotta pick and choose
My daddy always tell me
Not to be a fool
My auntie died when she was young
It left me critical
Muffin died when she was young
It left me miserable
Look
Was a free agent
Now I ball crazy
Huh
Big cuban link
Bust down
Bracelets
Look
Maybe we could fuck
But that's all baby
Huh
Married to the money
Bitch
I'm taken
Look
You only got one time
To slip up
You only get one shot
Nigga what you miss for?
Nigga making diss songs
We out here hitting their shit up
That money got too heavy
So I started doing sit-ups
Look
If it ain't about a bag
I probably won't pick up
Talkin' bout a bitch I probably had
I could give two fucks
She say she tryna be boo'd up
Fuck her then I boot her
Pockets on buddha

Holy hallelujah
Look
Rollin' like a scooter
Gotta free my main man
Shawty was a shooter
Two hundred thousand on the airplane
I probably should've flew
Private
How the hell you made it
Out the zoo?
Grindin'
6AM
And a nigga in the booth
I ain't got love for no buster
Ass nigga like you
I show love to all my thugs
I salute all my troops
Aye if you thug how we thug
Then I know what you been through
Long live nut
Free Ju

Stiff on a regular bitch
These hermes seats
This ain't no regular
Shit
A number two on a jet
This ain't no regular
Shit
Like number two on a jet
These ain't no regular
Kicks

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