

Too Much

YFN Lucci

Evil G
Think It's A Game
She gon love me tomorrow, bitch gon love me tomorrow
Ooohh, oooohhh

Too much on a nigga mind
Too much money in the safe
Too many straps in the ride
Too much hate gotta play it safe
Too much hoes too much pride
Too much strength to be tired (yeah)
Too much strength to be tired
Too much Ace, too many bottles can't feel my face
Too many lies told to my face, too many times (uh huh)
Too many times all too much pain nothing side too much came at one time

Feelin' like my luck fucked up
Shit I ain't had much
Shit I been thinkin' bout them times when I ain't have none
Lately I been thinking bout the grind you know that had much
Due with my success shit I got a whole lot on my chest shit
Plus a lot of jewels on it, your bitch tryna lay her head on me
I ain't even gotta say it homie I got the type of money you can smell on me
Ridin' round in the V12 screamin' "Fuck 12" I got the twelve on me
Gauge nigga, we was broke but we prayed nigga
Too much came I had to save nigga
Couldn't come on this, gotta change wit some grown ass man
If we don't then we never gon win, can't be scared to lose you never gon win
Ran it up went and bought a Benz, now my house a pent, you can get lost up i
n it and my office bigger than the house you in (in the house you in)
Off of rent, young nigga ball like J Kidd
Plus I done did it all shit you never did
And it too much worked out I couldn't never get it out man nah man

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I got my wallet on me, both eyes on you
And Ima prolly OD, spend a little time on you
I got too much sauce for too many these hoes
Somewhere in Georgia bout to get me hoes
I'm in a jag and wit Lucci rockin' that Gucci bomber that ain't at these sto
res
Too much too much, too much on my mind
We don't boo love we do what's next stack grind
Too much hoes bring too much hate
Just got twenty two that ain't too much weight
Too much clout around my way
YFN around my way

Too many hoes got my name tatted, I should have a offseason bitch too much game
Wale

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