

Thug Kry

YG

Sippin' on that drank daily, I ain't livin' right
I'm all but built, two kids is really I'm livin' that life
They tryna connect the dots, but they don't connect like pinstripes
Why you call my phone when you know it's tap? Nigga, that's a indict
I need a vibe, so we can vibe, lil' thing that's gon' get me right
She tatted on her face, so you already know that YG type
You can hop in the Maybach, my seats laid back and ride dick all night
I need me a freak who wanna fuck all week with some pussy that's wet and tight
I need me a thot who gon' ride to the end
Some money and some time, you and I, we can spend
I gotta keep it on me, I'm at war with my friends
Is you down to take it for me or get behind this bitch?
Is you down to go to war for me, fuck up your life in these streets?
Put it down to the floor for me
Put you in some ice and some mink
You be wantin' more from me
Tryna make me strong when I'm weak
You be wantin' more from me
But I like you more as a friend

I been thinkin' 'bout it over and over again (Over and over)
I been stressin', baby, we was way closer as friends
Think about me comin' home, but this road never end
I think I've been done with love, I'm not hurtin' again
And this is what it sounds like when thugs cry, ayy
I just had to break free from my tie, ayy
Told that boy just take heed when y'all slide, ayy
I can't let him take me from my guys, ayy

And I think about it over and over again
Momma say "You should come home, you too close to the edge"
Wanna play 'round with that dough, but some bones on his head
And a young nigga swing that dope, see the road through the glass
And we came up from that floor only more was to get a bag
Wanna play 'round with that .4, then he know that he dead
Swear the God I miss my bros, wish they rose from the dead
I done got rich and I know that these broke niggas mad

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Yeah, lil' bitty bitch and I fuck with' my chains on
'Member I was buggin', she told me to get on
Ain't see my mama cry in so long
They keep callin', so I don't keep my phone on
Designer waist, hop in a whip and I race
Hope my nigga okay, throw racks up in his face
Didn't take long, but I knew that I would be here
Cup felt gone, so I felt I need a refill
If it wasn't for God, then I swear I wouldn't be here

Holdin' on, swear I know I don't need no pills
If you ain't gon' slide, lil' nigga, don't even go there
Flooded my ice 'til the point I can't even see still
My bro right next to me, we wipin' these diamonds clean
There ain't no finer me, I moved to a private beach
We hit 'til the bank close, Transfer with Rico
So what do we know? Blew up on Vevo

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Take me high when I got mob ties
Over time I got slides
Block gon' be his camouflage
Can't leave my babies traumatized
Bad apple, I got a bag
Expensive thing, scholar bag
Do his family proud [?]
They don't know how to gang