

Figure It Out

YN Jay

(Fuck the fire, we got grease)

Shit

You know what I'm sayin'? (It's a Wayne beat)

Like, I just sit back and just think about shit, you know what I'm sayin'? And I just

You feel me? Ayy (Like I just put this shit together, like)

I'm good at figurin' shit out (Yop)

Bitch suck dick, I'm good at figurin' shit out (I knew it)

I know she got some good cat, I'm good at figurin' shit out

I go and get it on my own, I'm good at figurin' shit out, damn

I don't want no handouts

Young, but I'm a man now, they just let my mans out (Ooh)

Auntie in the kitchen cookin' soup at Uncle Sam house (She is)

Lightskin bitch named Gina, we at Pam house (Damn)

How the fuck you stand out? Livin' at your man's house

Baby, let me hit you from the back and pull your hair out (Hah)

Brodie Shawty D got out of jail, they let the bear out (Big bro)

They just love the eight-ball, guns in the safehouse (Damn)

Finna buy my eighth house

Finna throw a seven or eleven, I can't crap out

WWE, she get smacked down (What up, Jay?)

Nigga, you ain't blowin' on no gas, you got a Black & Mild (Boy)

Leave a fake nigga drinkin' somethin' (Man)

All I know is that these niggas hoes (Boy)

Might hit a slip like Kim Kold, snuck in with the pole

It ain't shit to get you gone, late nights on the road

Early mornings, gettin' it gone, I'm sellin' flapjacks, you ain't know?

Trap nigga and I keep some big shit around (Brirt)

Fifty stick with a switch on it, quick to blow you down (Brraow)

Boy, and I keep this shit by the pound

Ain't gotta be in the hood, could still hold the hood down

Black pretty bitch, French tips, white toes (Mwah)

Economy fucked up, so I get my dope low (So I get my dope low)

Catch an opp slippin', ooh shit, up the score (Up the score)

I'll up a roll, but I'll never up a ho (I'll never up my ho)

I ain't duckin' smoke, but you know I duck the folks (Know I duck the folks)

I'm a street nigga, so they fucks with your baby (So they fucks with your baby)

I play the Eastside like I'm 80's

I never quit the game like I'm Brady (Nope)

When my pockets slim, I get shady (I get shady)

Never let a hard time faze me

Comin' back off my last, that's what made me (That's what made me)

Man, I swear the dope game raised me

I just got a call for a four and a baby (Brt, brirt, brirt)

Hahahaha

Terrell shit

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