

# Thug Melodies

YNW Melly

Hey

I had to go get it and flip it and run it up, fuck it I stacked it  
Lil Melly a savage, he ride in a stolen car, bustin' in traffic  
Can't fuck with the bitch 'cause the bitch is a pussy bitch, she got a daddy  
And I might have to kill her daddy, we put pistols to your pappy  
No we are not from where you from, we don't care, we gon' dumb  
I am before the bitch, I might abort the mission, whoa  
I cannot fuck with her, we like to flip the pigeon  
Desert eagle on my waist and you know I keep it with me  
Fuck the society, bitch I'm a savage  
My bitches flawless, your bitches average  
Don't run up on none of my niggas 'cause we whackin' shit  
That forty make a pussy nigga moonwalk like Michael Jackson did  
Who, pullin' up in a new car  
Melly why you go so far?  
I just want to go so far  
I had to remix it and flip it and run in your house and I stacked it  
Lil Melly a savage, he bustin' at pussy niggas all in traffic  
Ain't nothin' no pressure, I swear to God if I catch him I'ma blast him  
No I do not give no fucks lil bitch, fuck school, I don't go to classes  
Thumbin' through a check, got a hundred bands, and on my mama the mansion  
You say that you want it, you want it lil jit, I hope you 'bout that action  
Bitch I got bloods from Miami all the way to damn Sebastian  
Pussy nigga why you asking, uh, hit his ass with a spatula  
Whip it up, whip it up, flip it and then we gon' run it up  
Remember when all of them bitches didn't even fuck with us  
But now they be suckin' and fuckin', them bitches some bust 'em ups  
The bitch is a patient, she suckin' that dick, man that bitch is a customer  
Bust 'em up, lay 'em down  
Automatic SK hold a hundred rounds  
Don't say a word, don't make a sound  
Just hit the ground, it's goin' down  
Bitch it's a robbery, get the fuck on the floor 'fore I have to bust you  
These fuck niggas say that they on it but these niggas sweeter than some gus  
hers  
Melly got the SK, that bitch gon' sing like it's Usher  
You ain't with it then fuck you, chopper eat you for supper

I really came from them trenches, yeah I'm straight out the bottom  
Any nigga want problems, load up them choppers, we gon' go solve 'em  
They don't know how it feel, when I was broke, yeah them tears was fallin'  
Plotting on them licks, slidin' in stolen whips, back street, we was really  
crawlin'  
Anything for a dollar, that's where my mind was at  
All I know is hustle, seein' my mama struggle, I wasn't fine with that  
Keep a deal if it ain't a mil, I ain't signing that  
Saint Pete, bitch I'm born and raised, that's where I'm grinding at  
You don't know how it feel to be shackled, physically and mentally  
These hoes be problems, they just want a dollar  
Tell me is you really in to me?  
Other things aside, you can smoke and ride  
Put my problems all on this beat  
It's gon' be a problem when lil Melly free, ayy, this thug melodies  
Gettin' money, we be kickin' it  
You just internet thuggin', ain't with the shits  
Mention my name and we gon' get them sticks

Bust your brain, hit you with the blitz  
For some change I'ma send a hit  
Know they keep them dicks, call Ray and Nick  
Really in the field, we be shaking shit  
You don't how it feel, you just takin' pics  
I really came from nothin' but I'm ballin' now  
Two years later, Project Youngin who they talkin' 'bout  
Couple hoes ain't wanna let me fuck, they be stalkin' now  
And I hate a bitch always starting shit, tellin' lies like what you talkin'  
'bout  
Yeah, yeah, can't tell me nothin'  
Yeah, I came up hustlin', yeah  
This that thug melodies, they be feelin' me, hey  
Lil Project Youngin man, can't tell me nothin' man  
This thug melodies, and I can't wait 'til all my niggas free

Yeah, hey, hey  
Hey, yeah yeah, Youngin ho  
It's lil Project Youngin man, can't tell me nothin' man  
Lil Melly what's up man? 772 to the 727, you feel me