

No Features

Young Scooter

(Yung Lan on the track
Yeah
All I rap is like real life music, man
Day-to-day shit, man
We don't make party music, man
Haha, yeah)

[Young Scooter:]
I don't really need no features (Nah)
All my work, I beat it (Yeah)
Baby mama called me a cheater (Cheater)
Everything I do illegal (Yeah)
Used to ride in the old Regal (Skrrt)
Now I'm pulling up two-seater (Skrrt)
Backends, frontends, frontends, backends
I gotta feed my people (Count up)
Take your bitch home, I eat her (Yeah)
And I ain't worried 'bout you either (Nah)
I don't really need no features (Nope)
'Cause I really live what I rap (Street)
And I don't really no features (Street)
'Cause half of these rappers be cap (Cap)
Realest zone in Atlanta
Zone 6 where it's at (Street)

Backends, frontends, frontends, backends
What you gon' do when the folks start running?
I don't wanna rap if it ain't 'bout money
Zone 6 niggas don't play 'bout money
Fell asleep cookin' dope, burnt a half a brick up
Fuck her for an hour, you can come pick your bitch up
Put mil' in the shower, gotta wash the residue off
You don't wanna piss me off, I'll knock your whole crew off
Baby mama called me a cheater (Cheater)
I already know she a cheater (Cheater)
I told her like this, "We equal
But you got broke nigga fever" (Yeah)
I got rich nigga problems (Street)
And I gotta feed my people
I know you got your connect
But all my work a little cheaper (BMG)
By the truckload, all sixty-five backends
Direct deposit, I don't ever see the frontend
Pilot get a bonus every time he fly in
All I do is work, I'm a real black Mexican
Lost a hundred racks with Brady, I'ma bet again
Twenty-six a brick, you can them LeVeon
Damn, watch out for these niggas, half of 'em 12

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Now I'm pulling up two-seater (Skrrt)
Backends, frontends, frontends, backends
I gotta feed my people (Count up)

Take your bitch home, I eat her (Yeah)
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[Kodak Black:]

I don't need no bitch, I got racks
I'm a Zoe so I don't say slatt
Everything I rap, facts
You can get whacked, facts
Canali on my back, Panama hat to match
I don't need no friends, I'm rich
Sippin' on lean, I'm sick (Ayy)
I'ma drink all I can sip, uh
Water on my neck, come dip, baby girl
Tryna be lit, get killed
Fuckin' with me, get flipped
All of this drip, don't slip
All of these goddamn games
I don't fuck with niggas, they lame
Niggas ain't from my section
Niggas ain't out here steppin'
I be outside with the weapon

[Young Scooter:]

I don't really need no features (Nah)
All my work, I beat it (Yeah)
Baby mama called me a cheater (Cheater)
Everything I do illegal (Yeah)
Used to ride in the old Regal (Skrirt)
Now I'm pulling up two-seater (Skrirt)
Backends, frontends, frontends, backends
I gotta feed my people (Count up)
Take your bitch home, I eat her (Yeah)
And I ain't worried 'bout you either (Nah)
I don't really need no features (Nope)
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