Bubbly

Young Thug

Wheezy outta here

My career 'bout to blast like bubbly
I'm not waitin' for her to say she love me
I can tell she fuck with me, man, trust me
I got a ten-year-old mink still ain't fuzzy
Three-twenty-five on the dashboard
Ridin' in the Porsche, rockin' Tom Ford
I ball at Barneys, new Christian Dior
I took the jet to the New York store
She lick while I'm drivin', I'm stainin' the floor
I took it off track, now I'm ridin' in sport (Yeah)
You stay in your feelings, you never my boy
I can't come to the hood, I pull a decoy
Another body drop and they screamin' my name
I'm goin' to L.A. on a private plane
Could never come back and my family straight (Grrah)
I'm touchable? No, I'm too rich and too paid
Skeleton Cartier, black diamonds face
Pull up too deep like a fuckin' parade
Old jealous-ass niggas tryna fuck up my pay (Ha)
Blast off, Rolls-Royce Cullinan rain (Broke niggas)
I put baguettes in my wrist and my neck and my ears and my motherfuckin' cha
ins (Chains)
This drip out the trenches, I know you gon' dig it, I come through this moth
erfucker plain (Woah)
I cut up my wrist, soakin' wet (Yeah) and Coachella keep callin', they won't
 see the face
I took her to China and changed up her climate and now she ain't talkin' the
 same (Woah, yeah)

Five nights up, still poppin' and ragin'
The SVR still lookin' deranged (Yeah)
I want her, she wanted the same
Hit 'em both same time, both glad that they came (It's lit)
Keep me a vibe, but can't keep it contained
Know I keep me some dawgs, always keep 'em in training (Oh)
Tat' a logo on the back of my brain
Don't ask me what the fuck am I thinkin'
Back of these walls, I'm full of that drank
Eric came through with a little entertainment (It's lit)
829, got her lookin' like space
Houston it's a problem way we bust in her face and shit
I came with the snakes, no squids (Straight up)
I broke out the game with a 456
She lovin' the fest', I see it
She lovin' the fest' (Straight up, straight up)
Yeah, I see it on her face, and I'm lovin' that body
And lacin', I love you, lil' Spider and Drake
Yeah, I know you got taste, if you love you some, take shots with me
If I love you, I'll drop you a pin to a time and a place (Wait)

YSL'll put a nigga six feet
I ain't beggin' when I tell a bitch, "Please"
Me and lil' Thugger on fleek
Now that lil' ho wanna meet, ayy
What, what, what, what?

Fuck her on beat
OVO life not cheap
I'm a young boy too T'd
Wire just hit my account, never seen that amount, oh God, I'm geeked
Been on the charts for five hundred weeks, so somebody love when I speak
Doin' this shit just to show we get down in the 6, man, it's bigger than me
Texas ranch so big, that shit is perfect for the dippin'
I don't care how wet I get her, she won't catch me
Three-twenty-five on the dashboard
Ride in the Porsche, rockin' Tom Ford
Rockin' her bed and the headboard
What, what, what, what?
Buyin' out Louis and Christian Dior
I took the jet to the New York store
Park at the regular airport
You stay in your feelings, was never my boy

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