

Can't Tell

Young Thug

Eh
Can't tell, yeah

Niggas say they f*ck with you, I can't tell, \$500,000 Chevelle
I got bricks and birds for retail, I got 100,000 worth of belts
These bitches and these niggas know that they can't play around here
I call the spot elementary cause I keep a K around here
All my Aces if you play they make you grady baby
I might shoot you in your head and then it's no more thinking
p*ssy boy I'll leave you dead and call it dead-ication
I put Act inside my drink, they call it medication

Hold up, pull up, roll up, pour up, ounces in a soda
Push up on your bitch and shawty I didn't even know her
See this hood I throw up, realest one I ever seen
ATL, call it XXL, cause we stay spittin' shells outta long magazine
Real nigga got a crown, better own that thing
If the game got a throne, bet I'm on that thing
Beloved dope dealer and a well known King
And a killer 'pending on how you put your spin on things
You know how many suckers get ahead I've seen?
Bout the same amount of p*ssy niggas dead I've seen
You know how many bitches in the bed I've seen?
That like asking me how much bread I've seen
More than enough, in God we trust
You love a real niggas then f*ck with us
But if you got a problem with it then f*ck with us
It be ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Got your bitch riding everything but the bus
She let me put it everywhere but the butt
I always tell the bitch don't talk so much
She said "Who I'm hidin' from? What the f*ck, for what?"

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Man I'm leanin' so bad
I can't do a push up for a million
(Lean, lean, lean, lean, lean)
Catch a nigga baby mama
Make her give me nothing but ceiling (head)
Never had time to rap and cap
And dap these tramps, my ice a lamp
I can't adapt, I'd rather slap
I rather pop his cap and naps
His mom, his aunt, his dad, his cat
2004 I was screaming everything Gucci, no Big Cat
And we was skatin' up, ridin' with the K's
Shootin' at all these big racks
f*ck a officer, Akon what it do bruh?
Keep these f*ckin' hoes off of you

When you get some new money turn new or

You gon' wish you would've, could've (waaaaay)
Sit down and get rich like a booker
Might drop the top up off it
If I don't get into the helicopter
Feeling like I'm on a blue dolphin
Nigga ridin' round with like hella choppers
Every time I need new surgery I gon' call up my head doctor
5 more thousands cause she ain't got no head problems
(She the best, she the best)
Yeah, all my niggas they be bleedin' nigga
They ain't gon' never cheat a nigga
Pop a watermelon any season, nigga
I'ma bag her every time I see her, nigga
Fishing hoes with my hook
Pockets all swollen, no book
Glasses on, she don't know how I look (nerdy, nerdy)
Since I'm on how the f*ck do I look? (I'm on, I'm on)
You ain't got no milli, you can't tell me how I look
I'm a big old Blood over here, I'm Suge

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You ain't read the paper, you ain't seen the news
Got a team of goons bout action
Never start it, but I finish it so nasty
Ask em, they know bout me
I'm so Keyshia with the 9, rock a bye baby
So smooth, so fly baby, rock a bye baby
Let me turn up now, 4 shows a week
100 thousand a piece, we getting bread now
Mama don't worry bout nothin'
You can kick up your legs now
I ain't lying, got hitters on top of hitters
Got hitters on top of hitters
Rest in peace to my nigga Lil Bleek
I miss you, I miss you nigga
Just tryna live and have a lil fun nigga
Nephew just came home, half a million dollar bond nigga
I got fans that bust yo ass, you talk bout Boosie baby
Got off my ass, went got that bag and Boosie made it
Hate that, nigga

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