

Cry Like This

Young Thug

I was sitting on them lil toes
I was rubbing on my street, just up the road
I turned fifteen and turned to papi
Got sick and tired of runnin' from my daddy
He retired a football player, so he gone run after me
I remember he made a sale running the factory
When he said Taco Bell, he mean't bag of weed

I was inspired by that shit, and no you never never heard a song
Cry like this (Woo, aye)
I told my niggas you don't wanna go out to die like this
I had a dream, it was my opps, I pray to God I don't-don't-don't
don't wanna die like this
I got a cold heart while I got that shit
And if I die, my momma gone slice her wrists
I don't wanna see my momma die like this (aye)

What the fuck you mean put my gun down motherfucka' (Huh)
You must've heard about Treyvon Martin you motherfucka' (Go)
Yeah, have you heard about lil Haiti in Atlanta
Do you know he swapped the thirtys out for the nanas hm (brrat)
Do you know he got birds in Hannah Montana hm
He go for my brother, get sucker faced by the whole crew
Hydraulics them big body I don't got no dough (Hydraulics)
My partners, the most G niggas like tough, strong
Got a cougar suckin' my dick, blowing me like a Trombone (Yeah)
I leave her, she gone call me like I'm Tyrone (Yeah)
Everyday my motherfuckin' life foldin'
Ain't got time to be makin' all these sad songs
I got my clout up yeah
Good hair bitch yeah her scalp up, yeah (Hey)
Yeah, hit my cup on em, yeah
Take it to the stream bro
Molly make my cup warm (Molly make my cup warm)
Nigga I did pitt pour
Watch me mix it with some Red Bull (Red Bull)
Hop on top of my dick and do a split

I was inspired by that shit, and no you never never heard a song
Cry like this (Woo, aye)
I told my niggas you don't wanna go out to die like this
I had a dream, it was my opps, I pray to God I don't-don't-don't
don't wanna die like this
I got a cold heart while I got that shit
And if I die, my momma gone slice her wrists
I don't wanna see my momma die like this (Oh, aye)

Philippe town, my main girl go wild (Ha)
Money in yo pocket, the same shit I spend on my blouse uh
I'm shed real tears when they caught [?] in Austin (Facts)
No power, now I'm the pilot
I'm sippin' red til the resort came straight back for the Activis
I told them if it was fate, imma fucking kill him no cappin'
Gave him a chance to bring my money back in my James Bond nap-sack (C'mon)
I feel like I'm the best shooter, I'll peel James Bond cap back (Drift, drift)
I go Max Payne on the bitch, yeah pure cocaine
I was high as a train, I was higher than space

Hop off off a plane uh
It's a private too, I told your bitch get over here like Ryu
Hop out the Lamb, bout to put 'em in a bag like a tycoon
[?] no Fubu
I re-upped all my tooth and I'm a new dude

I was inspired by that shit, and no you never never heard a sound like this
(Woo, aye)
I told my niggas you don't wanna go out to die like this
I'm tryin' to tell ya, I had a dream, it was the opps, I pray to God that I
don't-don't-don't-don't die like this
I had a cold heart how I got like this
And if I die, my mom gone slice her wrists
I don't wanna see my momma die like this (Oh, aye)