

Curtains

Young Thug

In the streets niggas say what's the word on 'em
Nothin' much, know that I'm worthy, homie
We in the new Bentleys with the birdies on 'em
Hop in the car and pull the curtains on 'em
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A nigga bitch? I'm flirtin' on 'em
The plug? Puttin' my workers on 'em
Big Peaches, what's twerkin' homie?
Nigga rich, ROC Crew still lurkin', homie
Kembe, he got it, Big Twan, he got it, plus Bobby got it
Ain't no way to stop it
I am the best, whose up for next?
I'll eat your chest, I'll eat your flesh
ROC Crew's the streets, you dudes are meat
You dudes are feast, I am a chief
Big Bool's a chief
And they red light nigga talk about me
When I catch 'em in the street in Bentleys on V, I'm gone

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Bankhead, but I'm the king of the A
Failed school, streets gave me an A
I called my plug to say ay Jose
I need 50 and I need 'em today
Speakin' of 50, just signed with 50
We're in Atlanta where 10 more milli
Now I'm back with the Asanti Flip Flop
back I'mma bust your whole gat
And I'm from Bowen Homes
RIP and we gone move on
Shawty Lo, I rep for the real niggas
Young Thug and them Cleveland Ave niggas

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Nigga help me
The car's too big
Weed's too thick and your cigar's too thin (dumbass)

My bitch is the shit and yeah them broads do friends
You sweat the point 5's, my cigar is two tens
Fuck they talkin' bout we get money then?
Rich kidz for life we still stuntin' bitch
Nigga playin'? I'll clip him
Hit him in his hip, he flippin'
Hit him in the leg, he trippin'
I'm trippin', did I kill him?
And I'm a big stunner
Thug you my big brother
Shouts out to Little Slugger
He'll spit a wing for ya

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