

Family Don't Matter

Young Thug

Yeah, whaddup
I'm tryina put my dick inside of yo panties
And when I tell this shit I be rolling loud
While they rolling loud
Smokin backwoods and moving baggage
I was getting protected by my savages
Yellow school buses that's a Xanax
Causing me to sleep and I ain't plan it (yee haw)
I got some jobs all day
Roll out the jar all day
I be on Mars all day
I'm with the stars all day
Boss all day
Roll up the raw all day
Babysit your dog all day
Boutta watch you jog all day

Like family don't matter, oh, oh
What's poppin', what's the deal?
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Bagged a bad bitch, I got a foreign son
Tommy gun, found a real tommy gun
I dropped a milly on my chain, I got no Barry Bonds
And I got a head full of hair like I'm from Amazon
Uhh, light that ass like a candle honey
Uhh, Ferigamo shower shoes for me
Uhh, light pole and it got jewels on it
Uhh, like an ol' school I got some pooled on it
Huhh, Satan, abracadbra, abracadbra
Kill all you bastards, I want no wrestle
The bread ambassador, no nuttin else matter to him
I'm ballin' like Patrick Ewing
Turn up on you bastards
Hop in a ghost like Casper
Everything go smooth for me, like I got my Masters
Fubu platinum up, birds in the Acura
Albums platinum up, I kill any bastards

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Country Billy made a couple milly
Tryna park the Rolls Royce inside the Picadilly
All he had couple strikes (of course)
Got another half a milly in white tees, of course
Don't you panic, don't you take this shit for granted
Don't you panic, when I put my dick in your panties
Don't you panic, when I catch up with yo bitch you know I'm smashing
I, I can put her on her feet, oh, oh head You gotta tell me what's wrong
I can't wait to deep stroke in the morning
I gotta put my dick in yo mouth right when you yawn

You gotta put that puss on my lips whenever I'm on one
I think the red dot, so I put my bum, bum
I'm bout to fuck somebody girl off this rum, rum (Go head)
I'm chasing all of these rats like I was Tom (yeah)
But it ain't e'en matter, I was trying kill these bastards

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Rolling through the W6
You feeling me
I'm feeling you
Falling deep, too deep
Purple dreams of Cashmere silk
I be havin' nightmares shaped like you
You be blowin' smoke out shaped like me
I be havin' nightmares shaped like you
You be blowin' smoke out shaped like me
Two cups can I drown? And I might too
Hear the track, spin it back, catch a vibe
This the shit that be bad, so bad it's good for you
I just thought that you should know
Take a hit, we can sip like it's medicine
Chemistry, remedy, there's no better than
This the shit that be bad, so bad it's good for you

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