

# Fuckin Witcha

Young Thug

I love my fans and I love my clan  
And we stay with bands  
So if you love your man say, say  
I'm fuckin' witcha, even if you aren't  
Boy I'm fuckin' witcha, yeah let's fuck baby  
Cause you're up baby, you're so up baby  
You're stuck up baby  
And I ain't got money on the floor you can't step up under that  
I got one old school you might step up under that  
Yeah, I said yeah, yeah

And I'm ridin' down the street, I'm about to turn a ride in your ho  
I got xans mixed with syrup and all on my clothes  
And if you never heard about me boy, ask your ho  
I'm listenin' to the Lil Mike, I mean Ca\$h Out so touch your toes  
Ohhh, live life like a rock star baby  
Born in Jonesboro South, but I live with pop stars, baby  
Your ho look scary like a cop car baby  
I'm so high if I had a gun I could pop stars baby  
What the fuck you mean baby girl you trip  
What the fuck you mean I'm broke? You need a whip  
Come here let me see that ass ho

I'm fuckin' witcha, even if you aren't  
Boy I'm fuck witcha, yeah  
Let's fuck baby cause you're so up baby  
So up baby, you're stuck up baby  
And I ain't got money on the floor you can't step up under that  
I got one old school you might step up under that, yeah  
I said yeah, yeah

Umm, Verse 2, I love you  
I trust you, I'd fuck you all night, yeah  
I'll treat your body right yeah  
Buy ya black diamonds, no night  
Have you ever had your name on the seatbelt of your flight?  
Because that bitch belong to you  
Motherfuck who think they king, baby girl I'm thronin' you  
ass cologne for you  
And I ain't never, never had a girl like you  
I swear every girl can get some pearls for you  
I swear I just had to love the girl for you  
You're perfect, I might leave Thug's world for you

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Got goons on go, not friendly, bitch  
Pulled up in Haiti in a Bentley, bitch

And my whole crew buyin', not renting shit  
And I called the plug up, so you know that I sent for it  
Hundred bricks on the road the birds flock together  
Put some change on your head, call me "Money" Mayweather  
And nigga I can show you how to pick a feather  
Half a brick to a whole thing, remix, put it back together  
And I got my Adidas on, but I got more stripes  
And what these niggas rappin' bout, hey man that's your life  
And I bet these niggas feel left cause I went so right  
And if I turned this four into a nine it'd be so right

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