

# Hey I

Young Thug

I think she ready for a kiddy  
She told me she gon' make me miss her  
She let me wear her whole lil' ceiling  
My dick like crack so yeah I'm dealing  
She gotta love him, Peter Griffin  
Nut on the front of her head like I'm Eddie Griffin  
I make it count, I'm a star and she can make a wish  
I'm going down with her hard till I'm addicted

Where the fuck you going girl? I miss you  
I wanna bang like a pistol  
I wanna bang like a crip do  
I'm banging red like soo woo, ooh  
Brand new rollie I'm living sporty  
Flood you with gold like a trophy  
She still the bomb, call her lotus  
Hey, racks keep me up with that Folger's  
I'm up, I'm up  
I might hit 'em with them bucks just incase he out luck  
This a Crime Mob lifestyle nigga knuck if you buck  
Just cause I'm in New York with a puck  
Don't mean you won't get stuck up, up  
Ay, I might just tell these hoes my secret  
First I like them red like a demon  
A purse, every time lil' momma catch me cheating  
Starburst, I won't eat it unless she creamy

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I, done completed my little mission  
I, put something in your stomach next to your kidney  
I, want nothing to do with none of these lil bitches  
I, want something to do with everything and I'm willing  
To go to church and ask God there for forgiveness  
For everything and tell that preacher that I'm gon' remember  
Him bringing You in my life and that's on my children  
Fuck all them other hoes talking, they Wendy Williams  
Now your wrist got ice like December  
I pour out the paint like Mutumbo  
I'm a fucking lion like Simba  
And, yeah my girl ballin' like Kendra

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