

# I'm On

Young Thug

Aye  
We got London on da Track  
You should loosen up a little bit  
Girl, you should loosen up a little bit  
I just thought  
You should know  
Thought that you should know  
It's a whole new world  
You can be my girl  
You should know  
Foreign, we could go  
Got a lil' molly and coke  
Use your nose  
Gotta use your nose  
Use your nose  
Got a lil' molly and coke  
But you gotta use your nose  
Fee-fi-fo  
G.I. Joe  
We can go high as skies go  
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I never seen no bitch that won't go on a UFO  
Ay, ay, oh  
Yikes, I know, aye

I'm on, on  
I'm on, on  
My bag and me, a bunch on  
No more public homes, mama  
We on, on  
Turn the crunch on, I gotta stay on, on  
I'm on, on  
I'm on, on  
I'm on, on  
I'm on, on  
I been racin' from the start  
Only [?] park the car, yeah

Me and you should roll  
We should go  
I ain't washin' my clothes  
I'd buy these new clothes  
I'd rather buy new clothes  
Saint Laurent on my toes  
Fifty racks in the store  
Fifty more in my coat  
Big bank Slime, ho  
Spent one or two dimes on her  
I spend time with the owners  
Big bank, Slime owner  
We a different breed  
We just tryna succeed  
Got some diamonds on my teeth  
Tell me who do it like me?  
I'm 'bout to tease it  
First, I gotta eat it  
I got my reasons

I got some reasons  
Everyone 'round me bleedin'  
Yeah, the top floor of the Four Seasons  
I was this close to servin' them keys  
Now twenty hoes on they knees

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Hope your girlfriend got on green, ah  
Hit a lick in all black, Reebok  
Come down the block in a tank top  
And y'all gon' kill the scene, yeah  
Need the money just for what I fiend, yeah  
I'ma try just 'bout everything, yeah  
I'ma go all out for the green, yeah  
I'ma ball out with my team, yeah  
I'ma pull up in a 'vette (skrrt, skrrt)  
You know that I'm reppin' my set (I'm reppin' my set)  
I just hopped out the jet, yeah  
Now I'm headed to the check, yeah  
Whole lotta money right up in my jeans  
I'ma get up and go get what I need  
Beat the game, somethin' like Billie Jean  
Mixin' red in a pint with the green  
Hit the gas, I'ma tear up the scene  
[?], you ain't tryin' me  
Walked in with a slime with me  
Hit up Ellie for a brand new ring

Yeah, bails like south, yeah  
Dick in her mouth, yeah  
'Bout to fuck her on the couch, yeah  
Fuck her slow like slouch, yeah  
'Bout to get in my mouth, yeah  
Hopped from Ferrari to couch, yeah  
Bankhead bounce, yeah  
None of my diamonds got clout  
I got a car in the house like couch  
I got a key to your main bitch house  
I steer the Rolls Royce today, ain't feel like gettin' rained out  
Philippe's on me today  
I got a bitch, I ain't trustin' her mouth  
I 'bout to kick shit sideways right now  
'Bout to say something right now  
I got a pill in my stomach right now  
I got a lotta new money right now  
Blue face, hunnid by the low  
Inside out, white nose  
Hol' up, baby girl, move  
Everybody cut my bros  
Put my dick in her nose  
They might pass that hoe to my bros

I got 20-dollar bills, we cold  
Got five, put it right up in her nose, yeah  
I know she about the green hoe, yeah  
Got Jeffery workin' on these hoes, yeah  
Eenie, miney, mo, which one I'm 'bout to floss  
Eenie, miney, mo, which one don't got draws  
I'ma pinky roll, pass her to the dawg  
Scottie pimp these hoes, show 'em Michael Jordan  
All my diamonds bought without the clout  
I put it up as if it was a drought  
New York niggas call me without a doubt  
I'ma ride for 'em like we at the house, uh  
Ain't got a beat in my trunk, yeah  
Like factories, I gon' ride these cars, yeah  
Ride a Maybach like a hump, yeah  
Backseat turn to a bunk, yeah  
I take a trip to ya chain gang, I wanna go to ya compound  
Love for every rich nigga except Donald Trump, yeah  
All these rap niggas daddy  
I should buy some Vans  
Money long as a caddy, yeah  
All these rap niggas daddy  
I should invest in vans  
I don't do no dabbin' fresher than some ranch

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