

## Jamaican Slang

Young Thug

I guess I got your respect  
Cuz the Indian got your back gyal, yeah  
I want you to drop it, low pick it up and bring it back, gyal  
And I know you see me in this club with these bands on me  
Stayed for four songs till she ran down me  
Powder of what else on me  
I got rose gold chains 'round my neck cuz I'm a black dude  
She didn't wanna f\*\*k me, she wanna f\*\*k my tattoos  
I'm a tat dude, I was splat dude  
My blunts the largest, smokin' Pee Wee's garden  
In the club wit 50 hoes ain't nan one of them arguin'  
Weed give me the munchies might just eat Them all I'm starvin'  
Give 'em Biggie, still ballin'  
Shouts out to GM, free UnkFunk, G and Marley  
Ooh, and I'll miss you baby  
You know I-I love you babe  
She runnin' circles 'round a nigga like the equator  
I gotta date, I wouldn't rape her, I gotta skate her  
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Powder of what else on me  
I got hoes breathin' all over my dick like it's a heart  
I got tons of that weight livin' in my house like Barbra Spark  
Got a tall light skin ho that like to get touched, she a work o  
f art  
Got a bitch number in my phone  
Don't call her phone unless I need her car, ooh  
You flyin' wit me, or you gon' stay with them  
Baby, use your head, you can't lay with them  
Not a kid, baby play with 'em  
That nigga, that boy say one assist that's a pair of Timbs  
And I'll miss you baby, I love you baby  
I was leanin' when I mugged you, babe  
And you know I was horny when I rubbed you, babe  
I guess I got your respect  
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