

January 1st

Young Thug

DY Krazy

I got diamonds on my toes, all up on my nose
You know how it goes

I'm fresh as fuck, I tell that bitch I should've came in a hearse
I put Chanel on her ears, and on her neck, and her purse
I'm number one my birthday should've been January the first
I got diamonds from my toes up to my top
I got pink toes runnin' 'round the house
I thank God, I understand the way it go
She a damn crew hopper XO

I got diamonds on my toes motherfucker
I got diamonds in my nose (I got diamonds in my nose)
I been rocking Kenneth Cole motherfucker (Ken Cole)
My bitch is clean as Pine-Sol motherfucker
Pop a school bus, bitches tryna screw us (Yeah)
Fuck you old school niggas, ain't no schoolin' us
I let my son whip a Ferrari like it's Toys-R-Us (Ah!)
I rock Hermès, I'm designeder up ('signeder up)
Can't get rid of, I got hitters, drug dealers, 'cause bitches
I got bitches goin' brazy no Ritalin, I get money ain't no shady for real br
uh
Wheezy outta here

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I told my momma we ain't goin' broke 'cause we done been there before
Sleep on the floor till my arm hurt, now we dealin' too long
We at the top right now, we came so far from the bottom
Now we ballin', Harlem Globetrotter, we ain't boring nobody
These niggas nobodies, they ain't got no bodies
Bet a half a mil in the trap, what you niggas know 'bout it?
Got a bag and fixed my teeth I feel like Cardi B
They say talk is cheap, so I put flawless on my teeth
Like my bitches boujee, still a fuck a booster
Double C C, Gucci, Fendi, Prada, Louis, Givenchy shoes with the toolie
Rich nigga eatin' noodles, fuck on you, call an Uber
Bet on me like a casino baby, I'm number one like January

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High speed chasin' in that Lamborghini turbo S
How come these niggas tryna tell me that they been fresh?
I got money tied up in Kidland, tryna let bygones be bygones and

Thinkin' I'ma lick it choppin' off your tongue
Get over na-nanana ayy
I can't seem to get over the sound of guns (brrrt)
I'm a drug addict, I know I got dead lungs
I pop baddies, my diamonds black, Akon
I can't get over these hoes, I'm my momma's son
I keep it drastic, she can only stay or run
Fresh as a casket but YSL look alive
If I get mad I promise they all die, I told the boy to behave he a small guy
Brown diamonds chillin' no fries, couple green diamond apple, no pies
I'm drainin' and strainin' my voice until it get right
This money control us, yeah one of us will pick a fight
I told all the opps every time I see 'em it's on sight
I caught your lil lady down bad and ride her like a bike
No cap, uh huh no cap (Hey)

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