## **Keep in Touch**

**Young Thug** 

Won't you keep in touch with me? Don't lose it, don't lose it Won't you stop beatin' up on me? Ay, don't abuse it, don't abuse it Won't you fall in love with me? I say, stop losing, stop losing You gon' end up winning with me Ay, don't lose it, don't lose it

Ay, ima ride it like a Kawaski bike When you feel down, ima be the one that make you feel right If he gon have you riding, I'ma be the one that make you catch flights Ima flood you in the black diamonds, they gon' think you a knight Ay, I got them dark blue true's with the buttons like Walkin down Rodeo, you r real hair like Indian remy Mix match bottoms, pockets fat but the true's will fit it I got pounds of the kush, and I sold tons of the midget And everytime I think about you I want sex baby Dancing down the pole, you the best baby I know you kinda busy but I want next baby I-I want next baby, have my next baby yeaa (Hoodrich!) Fuck what they saying about me and you Cause I'm on garden food, and you on garden food And I done did so much wrong in these streets God gave me back, cause I'm miss you and you ain't missing me But try to just

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Ay, ima fuck you like I never did tonight Choppas everywhere, you have no reason to fright If I try to talk to you, you were mad we had skype You gon' get the text I sent said "everything gonnabe alright" Ima come to you right home when I get back Girl you know your loving got young thugga like Girl you know you kill me wh en you act like a brat You said the only noise you wanna hear when they rub is br-aaaat And Imma treat it like it's never ever been treated I say Imma beat it like it's never ever been beated I say Imma And Imma eat it like it's never been eaten, yeaa Ay, and Imma come back for it Oh, that roadblock? Imma ride past for it Oh, I will bust my ass for it I ran my money up, now I can afford But you should

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