King Troup

Young Thug

I just asked God why he called for Troup
When it's time to ride, if you love 'em, nigga, prove it
You know all your lil' niggas gon' shoot shit up for you
I thought I seen a ghost because your son look like you fool
King Troup

Action
I hop out, I'm dabbin'
My old lady classy
We onto this fashion
My coupe sit on dabs
Hop out with a bad bitch
My faculty braggin'
My briefs, they high fashion
She naked, I walk through the door
I promise, I promise she know
I pour up a four and got more
I'm cold as the North fuckin' Pole
I came a long way from the stove
I hop in the foreign, go slow
Iced out, ain't no time in it, oh

I just beat the case
I hopped out the Benz
I just fucked some twins
Had the jewelry in
I hopped out again
Pulled up in the Range
Got drank in my cup
Like I'm Kirko Bangz
From ashy to classy
Keep up with my ice and my fashion
I take care of my kid with a passion
I pray to God that they stay happy
Lil Roscoe, he sleep where it's nasty
They could've freed him cause he grew up with no daddy
But instead they took advantage and did him badly
Ain't give no fucks cause we were saddened
Gotta camera from the club and that's all they had
They also knew that lil' nigga didn't have a wagon
(Free the Goat)
Damn

Action
I hop out, I'm dabbin'
My old lady classy
We onto this fashion
My coupe sit on dabs
Hop out with a bad bitch
My faculty braggin'
My briefs, they high fashion
She naked, I walk through the door
I promise, I promise she know
I pour up a four and got more
I'm cold as the North fuckin' Pole
I came a long way from the stove
I hop in the foreign, go slow

Iced out, ain't no time in it, oh

Stop it, stop the killin'
We, we get millions
We together, get the cheddar (get them racks)
Fuck them niggas, keep a Beretta
Let 'em have it
Ask God for forgiveness for them babies
You know Slimes with it, baby, baby
Stack them racks up to the ceiling, hey, hey
Fuck you a nigga's old lady
Keep 'em mad and that's how you know you doin' good
Keep embarrassin' them with racks that look like books
I'm so finished, with these bitches
I need me a real one, I need commitment, where ya at?

Action
I hop out, I'm dabbin'
My old lady classy
We onto this fashion
My coupe sit on dabs
Hop out with a bad bitch
My faculty braggin'
My briefs, they high fashion (Versace)
She naked, I walk through the door
I promise, I promise she know
I pour up a four and got more
I'm cold as the North fuckin' Pole
I came a long way from the stove
I hop in the foreign, go slow
Iced out, ain't no time in it, oh

She know it, she know it
She know it, she know it
She know it, she know it
She know it, yeah she know it
She know it
She know it
She know it, know it, know it, know it, know it, know it
King Troup

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