

## Let Up

Young Thug

I'd like you tell you about the strangest secret in the world  
What's that?  
Some years ago, Albert Schweitzer, the late doctor  
And Nobel prize-winner was being interviewed in London  
And the reporter asked him 'Doctor, whats wrong with men today?'  
TK

They scared? Oh, yeah!  
They sell? I bet  
Saboy? Retail!  
Mexico, mix the dough  
Wheneva god give me my moment  
I ain't gon' led up led up led up  
On the bed, inside my coffin  
I ain't gon' let her let her let her  
Got yo bitch inside the office  
She gon' lead up lead up lead up  
Anotha show up in da car  
You know they leno leno leno

I'm on a Holly David  
I'm on a choppa Nemesis  
I got a lot of babies  
They go for 34 a piece  
I feel like Tom Birdy  
I got them nines in my feet, nigga show 'em  
I'm on a high speed chase  
I ain't gon' led up led up  
Take the penitention fuss  
Tryna run up on my fun  
Young thugga pimping bitch  
Feel like fucking dough off  
And the clock talk language  
Kamikaze on the limbo  
I trait my hoodie on  
She say see me, she no bingo  
I spit gel like bird man  
Put my steering wheel in mirror  
The kids who got my spy field on  
With builds'zls, can you dizl?  
My Dk got my spot filled with bitches, can you dizl?  
You talk a million dollars, where you paper and yo pistol?

I feel like Tarazan  
My fucking spy field of a tree  
I got a newer plan  
Might fuck the streets, take over the beat  
And this is fuck insane  
I build a kinsel and a man  
Bitch ain't got no class  
You know we call her true assass  
All the flesh be like P, LATT  
You know my jury, I see water like the AC&T  
My bitch bad but I'm the bongie, I'm like TNT  
You wanna reclamate the starter, mac the END  
She need a trophy cause I mellow just like Mela Vanilla  
I drink that adivicial spider they got starburstin' skillers

I got a big meat on, I'm a walking gorilla  
Every tech on all these bitches, many nigga done killers

[Hook]