

Never Had It

Young Thug

Pussy niggas actin' like they never had shit
All these bitches actin' like they never had shit
I got a bad bitch, she said she always had shit
All these flawless diamonds, yeah they're lookin' glassy
Catch that nigga slippin', I'm a do 'em nasty
Check out my attire, this expensive fabric
We can wrestle just like Randy Savage
My jewelry as cold as an attic
The kush that I smoke'll blow your lungs out
I'm a walk in and clutch it like it's a war house
All your bitches that's busted, they live in your house
What goes up goes down, my nigga, north south
I done ran up them M's without a tour now
She done stepped up her game, Christian couture now
These niggas thought that they knew it but they don't know it now
I swear to God they're pursuin' at all my shows now

Hopped out my bed and hopped right in a foreign
Bitch don't get close, this a mothafuckin' warning
Suck that dick good, I'm the mothafuckin' warden
She runnin' away from my weed like it farted
She don't wanna swallow so I put it on her neck
I beat that pussy up, she loud as a parade
I got 1 million but only 10 in the bank
I taste a sample, I only buy if it's dank
I cook fishscale, and sang to her at the same time like Tank
I was born in '91, 23 with a whole lotta stain
5 star mothafucka
Baby can you feel my pain?
All my diamonds need to be drained
I got a gangsta bitch that's gon' bang
And I got racks up, I can't complain
And all my dogs, they're dirty, check for mange
And all I gotta do is reserve your brains
And I'm a gangsta, my nuts, they gone hang
Who said you was straight? Boy you need to be retained

Took the Rollie off, put the Breitling back on
Walk in the room and I cut the lights on
Why you spending like that? Cause I ain't ever had shit
This that real nigga PaperWrap, YSL shit
Never loved a bitch but I love money
In the church payin' my tithes with drug money
Went and got a new plug, got mama a new house
And a couple new coupes, that's how a young nigga live
Couple bitches, good weed that how a nigga chill
Top floor, penthouse, still crackin' seals
Them Houston niggas be like, "That young nigga trill"
Them New York niggas say that young nigga ill
My mama always told me dress to kill
My uncle always told me pack the steel
That nigga Thugger, that's my mothafuckin' brotha
From a motherfuckin' other, I'm a show you how to make magic
The fuck is you mad at?
Got your bitch dancin' all in my spot with no panties
I said, "Bitch where your mothafuckin' man at?
Fuck that, where your friends at?" Dammit

Sold 50 p's, hold it, have to bag it
That little bitch you lovin' on, I been had it
Pull up in a new drop, that thang nasty
Mama call all my big booty bitches trashy

[Hook]