

Ninja

Young Thug

This is the most of them
This is the one that you see the shadow in the back of the room
He's the one directing traffic
He is the one that we're all afraid of
He's the one that's King Slime, he's pulling the shots
He is the most dangerous of the twenty-eight, judge
And I, I implore you not to grant him a bond, he is dangerous
The setup they've given to you is actually going to be less control, not more
If he gets a burner, judge, and the court may know this
A lot of the communications that Mr. Williams is on is on FaceTime
Because it's not traceable, it's not trackable
And we know that to be their MO
He gets a burner, he gets in there
He runs his gang from inside
And he won't get that, and no one's gonna throw his cell
I know what the investigator said, with all due respect
That's not the jail, that's their job
It's not the job of twenty-four officers being paid by Mr. Williams
That's not their job
The job is the sheriff of Fulton County or any other sheriff where our sheriff decides to put Mr. Williams, that's their job
He is dangerous
And, and I
I normally don't do this
But I don't hesitate in this case
Respectfully, judge, I believe if you give him a bond
We're gonna have more witnesses in danger or gonna be missing
I believe he's that dangerous, judge
Yeah, Spider
King Spider
Yeah
Oh, yeah

Drop-top Rolls-Royce, kickin' up no dust
Nigga, you ain't on your shit
Big dog right now, fuck nigga talkin' 'bout?
Bitch, I ain't hittin' that bitch (No)
Lil' bitty bag, you niggas ain't gettin' no cash, my niggas are rich
Lil' bitty bag, you niggas ain't gettin' this shit like us, nigga, we gettin'
' it
On the way to the party to take they hoes
I come straight from the ghetto, my big dog trappin' loads
We got a lot of pink toes, they wanna sell they soul
Lil' bitch got choked out tryna send the lo' out (Huh)
We trappin' and rappin', you bitch (Let's go)
We puttin' that shit on head to toe (Woah, woah, woah)
We sell out the stadiums, yeah (Let's go)
We puttin' baguettes on the hoes (Woah, woah, woah)
My nigga, I'm trench as it get (Let's go)
These fuck niggas sellin' they soul (Woah, woah, woah)
We pop it wherever we go (Let's go)
We sellin' these lil' niggas hope (Let it breathe)

Yeah, it's King Spider, man, these niggas look up to us (Let it breathe)
That's a fact, everything we do (Let it breathe)
But everything we do is a translation (Let it breathe, yeah)

Rolled me up some stanky fuckin' dank, yeah
They follow us 'cause it ain't nothin' we can't get, yeah
Big baguettes on a ship, I sanked it, yeah
Every time they play, we spankin' 'em, yeah (You want a whoopin', son?)
When she can't get ahold of you, she call me, yeah
I'm the one left the Gucci socks in your sheets, yeah
Talkin' cars, I got every animal in my fleet, yeah, yeah
I chop off the beat
I chop down a freak (Woo), the spot got a reek in it (Hey)
It's smellin' like Baccarat (Woo), Victoria's Secret shit (Okay)
I bought her the Birkin, the Kells, we doin' Chanel
They wanna be just like us and all they bitches can tell, nigga
Nigga, nigga
I'm callin' my opps nigga
They better not play with me, nigga
I sleep with the K with me, nigga
Some bad shit lay with me, nigga
My kids, they straight, you nigga
I'm not fake, you nigga
Black diamonds today, I'm a nigga
Nigga, nigga
I'm callin' my opps nigga
Nigga, nigga
I'm callin' my opps nigga