

No No No

Young Thug

No-ooo-oh
Rich Gang (birdman sound)
Thugger (No-ooo-oh)
Thugga Baby (Ahhhh)
No-oo-oh (Rich Gang) (Ha!)
We got London on the track (hey)

No, no, no
No, no, no
No, no, no
No, no, no
I won't live it up until I leave
You can't sweep my flyness like no witch
Wassup Nipsey, I got keys to the city
I'll love my bitch and tell me I know feelings

(Uh-uh Uh-uh) boy you not runnin (Oh no no no)
(Uh-uh Uh-uh) Tummy no stomachs (Oh no no)
Gold no mummy (Oh no no)
My racks are lettuce, my kush are onions (Oh no no) (woo)
I'm gone always say yes to my bitch never no no
I think that her pussy is tight cause she pigeon-toed (and)
I know all my diamonds are water because they soaked (and)
I might take that bitch out for martyr all cause she spoke
Stand up Harriet Tubman!
Stand up, what's her deal? no sub band
Bitch I 'm high off substance
I'm a bee plus I am buzzin'

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Never wanna be average (uh-uh)
All I wanna do is see Gladys
Never wanna see backwards, all I ever did wanna just see baggage
Never wanna ever be "daddy"
Never ever wanna be my daddy
All I ever did and wanna be (and what)
And all I ever wanna be was him (and what)
See I played in this game, and I laid in this game, all I ever wanna see was
gems
So I sure a nigga get stacks
Pretty Benz with the tinted rims
Big money nigga 100 stacks (big racks)
Bad bitches in them new backs (big whoa)
Guns up nigga fuck friends (click click)
A 100 niggas in a 100 Benzs

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