

Out the Bowl

Young Thug

Cut my bitch off, wash my dick off
In a bitch mouth, make her kiss your boy
You ain't ride, so you bitched out
Shorty so fine that I can't put the bitch out
But she got me pissed off, damn I should of tricked off
Slick sauce on my clique boss, this ain't Kriss Kross
Brick loft, get it off like the real Rick Ross
1017 boss, bitch call me gold mouth
Big Guwop in the house and he showed out
Disrespect Brick Squad, and you get drugged out
Every time I look down the street, that's a plug walk
Gucci used to be the shiznit, can he still lift?
10 tell 10 that I got your bitch ten pills
Telling everybody in the place, can't sit still
Sorry to say that I know where your bitch live
Gucci used to be a rich man, and he still is
Bag came wrong, Imma show them what the deal is
Rolling like motherfucker, 45 X pills
She make me say (my my my) easy

Woah, woah, woah
We got that fish scale dumping out the bowl
15 hundred climbing out a nigga's nose
Spend 30 thousand dollars on her clothes

Brand new Bentley, Young Thug in it
Her hair extended, my clip extended
Me and her twinses, Ferragamo and Fendi
Jimmy call for the Lindsay's, mouth gold, no pennies
Got to keep up my image, so therefore I got birds flying
Birds over your head, no pretending, I got plenty
Freeze, bitch get in position
Knees, please, suck me till I'm empty
S double M, we gon squeeze it till it's empty
They are like Arthurs, we are like Binkys
Dollar for my cologne, never catch me stinky
Ooh look at her winky, at young [?], oh my G

[Hook x2]