

Pacifier

Young Thug

Cut the chase, I wanna nut in this place
And I know she liked a nigga taste, I can see it in her face
Now don't make me a cute little Christian, I don't feel like Ma\$e
Ride for a nigga, step inside the house got my mentals erased
I ain't tryna roll no dice, I just wanna make it right
When I fuck her I'm a turn her, turn her over
Turn her, turn her like Ike
I'm on the burner, on the burner, still concerned her
Shit ain't steak like a burger, or nothing
Mortified, I need a Pope, need a coroner, or something
Better yet watch a

Pacifier, pacifier, pacifier
Nigga need a pacifier, pacifier
Shake your rumidi bum bum
Bleed the block, bleed the rock
Bleed the bumbaclot rock, bleed the cops
Bleed it, bleed it, bleed it, bleed it, bleed

Bad lil bitch with some bad lil tits
Need to put a little hip in it
Damn, climbing up the pole because she put a little split in it
If I whip the dope up I'm a put a little whip in it
When I whip the dope I'm looking to break my wrist the way I'm spinning it
Got a bad little date, swear to God I got a bad little date
Young Thugger Scrappy... okay!
Bought the little bitch a black mink like George of the Jungle, she's a ape
And I don't care not what they say, I eat that dinner plate
Nigga hotter than the summer, still catch a player in the street
I'm a catch your momma, then I might just fuck your momma
All because I made jam of the week
MTV young living, stop that like they stop my digits for odd reason I never
end up weak
I sell Miley Cyrus, ain't no meeting Miley Cyrus
You get Miley Cyrus can't eat nothing for weeks
So pass me a molly, new

How the hell they got me lean
Nigga living life so foul and it's a crime scene
I don't ball for decoration bitch I'm tryna eat
Niggas sit inside the trenches, all my couches bleed
All the niggas diamonds going dumb like I'm Arnold Schwarzenegger
Nah it ain't Drake but my community gated
Niggas falling off cause they communities hated
But the community wouldn't be hating if they were atin
Oops I mean eating
My niggas eat for no reason, they feast for no reason
I do not got on no mink but I'm beasting
I swear to God bitch I'm beasting
And I'm a pull up in the 9-11
Then I'm pulling back up in the Drophead
Make her drop pants
Make the bitch drop dead
When it come to this shit, I'm a Pro, no Ked
Drinking on this Easter pink, I feel like an egg
Attracted to these drugs, I feel like a fucking fed

And I know you ain't bout that, but I'm bout that
Where the fuck the Sprite at?
It's a baby bottle, not a

The streets ain't ready, yeeaaaaa
All your bitches want a piece of me
I swear to God these hoes want a piece of mine
Whooo, nigga think he want piece of me
No you don't want a piece
You not ready you need you a