

Quaterback

Young Thug

Ninth grade
Listen nigga
Yeah
Gah

Ninth grade, quarterback, Washington High
When you in the trap, all these rules apply
Keep it in your lap, not to the side
End up successful, all your cars glide
Breathe easy, bitch I might just teach ya
Not a pleaser, I might Mickey Ds her
Top rope, I might John Cena (scene her)
Got in a nigga, aye, no meal

Momma duck eating good, like she 'posed to
Spent a dub on my teeth and my Ghost too
Spent a sixty on the bracelet call it old news
Spent a dime on the red carpet oh, oh
So many black chains on, look like a goatee
Pop pills every week
Your bitch gon' suck me, look like she don't got no teeth
She even suck it better than the time she ordered me
Bring a Molly, yeah I'll see
I'm smoking pack while you smoke weed
Just cause I'm signed, don't mean treat me

Ninth grade, quarterback, Washington High
When you in the trap, all these rules apply
Keep it in your lap, not to the side
Been so successful, all your cars glide
Breathe easy, bitch I might just teach ya
Not a pleaser, I might Mickey Ds her
Top rope, I might just seen her
Got in a nigga, aye, no meal

Fifty bands on your head, my niggas take the charge
All of my niggas one thousand, they get it
Your niggas, you flexing, and fraudulent
Two bitches with me they ménaging
I fuck them, then smash them, put them on the market
I make them go cook and they bring me the money back
Move in silent like camouflagin'
Shoutout Skippa tha Flippa, came up from nickles
Green diamonds like a dill pickle
Everybody know that I'm in the field
Drinking and pouring a double seal
Remember the days when I would roll one
And taking trips across the country just for money
You fuck with my squad then they start thumping
Take the pot and slam dunk it, Tim Duncan

Ninth grade, quarterback, Washington High
When you in the trap, all these rules apply
Keep it in your lap, not to the side
Been so successful, all your cars glide
Breathe easy, bitch I might just teach ya
Not a pleaser, I might Mickey Ds her

Top rope, I might John Cena
Got in a nigga, aye, no meal

These niggas be watching, they speculate
Feeling myself but no masturbation
I'm 22, rich with no education
The world's gonna end one day, read it in Revelations
Good girl she deserve a scholarship
The pistol like lighters, you know that I pocket it
These bitches be callin' my phone
And I'm making, I'm dabbing
And know my diamonds came in from Africa
Smoking on Salvia that came from El Salvador
Got on my Cartier eating on caviar
She be super licking on a nigga
Double down FN shooting out missiles
Cowards get attention like a nigga when he whistle
Them niggas caught you slapping cause you didn't have a pistol
OG gas bag and I flip it like a nickle
Two bitches with me nigga, call me Malcolm in the middle

Ninth grade, quarterback, Washington High
When you in the trap, all these rules apply
Keep it in your lap, not to the side
Been so successful, all your cars glide
Breathe easy, bitch I might just teach ya
Not a pleaser, I might Mickey Ds her
Top rope, I might just seen her
Got in a nigga, aye, no meal

Ninth grade I was serving quarterpound
Trap rules, nigga scrap, juggling pounds
Make them move it like John Cena
Catch a nigga bitch while I'm eating
Diamonds on my neck, blinging
In the phantom opera leaning
Two double cup got me feigning
I dream of genie bitches in bikinis
They dreaming for the fettuccine
Pull up and drop my top off like Houdini
Giuseppe's on my feet, some foreign zebras
Motor fitted, dabbing in the Lee
Sit ya ass down like I'm Beanie Sigel
What's crackin', crippin' nigga, twisting fingers
Longway and Thugger jump in the nina
I slip in your club with the forty and nina
Look at his head call it buzzle bee
Smoking OG Moon Rocks that I mix with the Diesel
Gavanchi walking on the stars
Look at these bitches, just eat it up
Choke on the dick, she just clean it up
Pull up in a fuckin' Bentley truck
Longway bitch