

# Relationship

Young Thug

Shinin' hard 'cause we back up  
Rose gold from your neck up  
You know you gon' get stopped tryna check us  
Pop an X pill like we Malcolm, yeah, hey  
I'm in a relationship with all my bitches, yeah  
I need to cut some of 'em off, I need help  
I got some bad tings, I want 'em to myself  
Had to take the time to cut 'em off, I need help  
I know how to make the girls go crazy  
When you treat her like your number one baby  
Put my bitches on yachts, we don't do jet-skis  
Put your ice on rocks, they need to help me

No baby, your collection, won't stand for it  
You know you're in relationship with all us  
I get a few texts a day sayin', "It's all yours"  
I got a few states on speed dial like good drugs  
Get in your bag, uh, yeah, get in your bag, uh  
Hundred new purse for a brat, uh, come to the street, new Jag  
Chart broke, bitch 'bout to drag  
Nigga had M's 'fore ass  
Got a brand new bitch, who that?  
Rock the flooded AP, all black  
White toes, give me a tan  
Cocaine, kilo tan  
All a bitch wanna do is shine  
Audemars, pick which kind  
I made you a starter  
You went from a dime to a quarter  
I cheat code the projects  
I'm leaving that loud in apartments, yeah  
Don't play with a sergeant, I'm ready to spoil it  
She suck on my dick, I'm hidin' in the closet  
I'm hidin' the dope, three mil' in the room  
You get silver spoon, I bought you some goons

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I bought the jet-skis  
Bring the yacht please  
I made you queen status  
Check out my lean status  
I'm in a relationship with all my bitches, yeah  
I put my dick inside her mouth before she left  
Yeah, I built relationships with all my bitches, yes  
I put my dick right in her mouth before she act

I got your bitch in a backpack  
I paid extra for the crib, it got a kid shack  
I paid extra for the crib, it got a game room  
Got a penthouse in the back, it ain't my main room  
Tamika, Jo and Porsche kept it silent  
That's the only reason I let 'em fly private

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