

# Slatty

Young Thug

(Southside on the track, yeah)

Yeah

Yeah

Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt  
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Slatty, slatty, slatty, slatt, slatt  
Slatty, slatty, slatty, slatt, slatt, slatty  
Hop in a Benz (What?)

Hopped out a Porsche (Skrرت)

Hop in your friend (Yeah)

After your daughter (Yee)

Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt

I'm in the gym, of course

I can't even care, whore

I'm out the scene, yeah

Knock off your boy, yeah

Keeping it clean (whoa)

Drac' with the beam

I got your team

Popping a bean, yeah

I got a bag, it ain't enough

My left wrist bling, yes, it is tough

I killed his man in front of his mama

Like fuck lil' bruh, sister and his cousin

Now I kick my shit, that ain't no punt

Like fuck my wrist, it ain't enough

Now I fuck my bitch 'til it ain't nothing

I shoot out, blank, still ain't cuffin' up

Proud of my money

Kill 'em, not leaving a trace, yeah

Kill 'em, not leaving a trace (Brrرت)

I'm 'bout to cut off the K, yeah

Black diamonds, Martin Luther King (Black)

I had to break in the safe, yeah

And I didn't leave 'em a trace (Yeah)

I had to break in that safe, yeah (Yeah)

Coppin' lil' mama the Range (Yeah)

Hop in the Jag, I just been doing the dash, whoa

Today my Margiela was big, I look like a dad, whoa (I look like a dad, whoa)

She got gator on her purse, it look like a rash, whoa (Look like a motherfuc kin' rash)

Three hundred K out in Turks and I'm still in my bag, whoa (Still in my bag)

Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt

Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt (Yeah, yeah, woo)

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I'm in the gym, of course  
I can't even care, whore  
I'm out the scene, yeah  
Knock off your boy, yeah  
Keeping it clean (ManiYak get 'em)  
Drac' with the beam (ManiYak get 'em)  
I got your team (ManiYak get 'em)  
Popping a bean, yeah (Yak, Yak, Yak, Yak)

Dissect your body like science class, nigga  
Give you my word, then I gotta deliver (I gotta)  
Bet they gon' know when the slime in the building  
Hot as a iron, I mean, hot like the skillet  
Creeping up, crawling, know I was just skipping  
Gangster 'cause you got a body, lil' nigga  
Magazine clips, so you might get your issue  
You think you gangster 'cause you got a pistol? (For real?)  
Bye-bye, Felicia  
Look for your body, so they gotta eat it (Okay)  
I am Yak Gotti, but I'm not a vegan (Hell nah, nigga)  
Flathead the pull up, the Honda, the Civic (Skrرت)  
Running from twelve, then I jumped the defenses  
Blood on my bottom, like Roddy Richie  
Look at my trigger, my trigger start itching  
Ride with that chick, she say point blank and period  
(Point blank and period)  
When I aim at you, it's point blank, no missing  
(Point blank, no missing)  
Lay in your grass and come out of your bushes (Let's go)  
Pick up that trip and I bet I'll start tripping  
Bet I'll start tripping like I get a rush  
My slime, he a crip, keep that stick like a crutch

Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt (Gotti)  
Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt (Yeah, yeah, Yak, Yak)  
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We can't relate  
We from the hood, I was renegade (Renegade)  
Stepped in the spot, had fish parquet (Yeah)  
Can't be a slime, he got bitch boy trait  
She wanted to fuck, but I left L.A. (L.A.)  
My savage, I bought him a new AK  
My birthday, I ran up that STK  
We smoke out the good and don't care what they say (Care what they say, slat t)  
Baguettie wrist  
I done got rich off of politics (Politics)  
Canary yellow, I gotta piss (Uh)  
Rich nigga brunch, I had fish and grits  
Want nothing back, I don't penny pinch

Told her, "I'm pissed, come massage this dick"  
I paid the high for that Glock with the switch (Glock with the switch)  
Guaranteed me, if I pop, it won't miss (Pop, it won't miss)

I shot at your mans  
None of that shit wasn't planned  
I fucked this bitch and her friend, both of them bitches done came on my pants  
Louis V dripping, lil' niggas, ain't none of my niggas ain't rocking no Vans  
He mad at me 'cause his bitch is a fan, do what I want and he do what he can  
I put that bitch in the figure-four, too many vibes, so it's hard to pick a ho  
Came from the bottom, I used to be broke, I was trapping, and I used to trap out the liquor store  
I bet it all on the tin and foil  
Drop off the pack, that's a give and go  
Now when I rap on the track, it's a ten or more  
I'm in the club with a Glock, it's extended  
Tint is so dark, they can't see who is in it  
Niggas ain't cashing out, these niggas rented  
YSL, we going overboard  
Plugged everywhere like extension cord

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