Solid

Young Thug

Ayy, slip, slide, tryna provide for me, for me, for me

Find me somewhere out in London, you know that's the hideaway
I need some head and some moral support from you right away
Since I been makin' donations, see you like United Way (You know how I do)
Stories you told me 'bout him, I can see that it's night and day (He told me the truth)
Walkin' from here to my bedroom, it feel like it's miles away (There's too many rooms)

And I'm still hard body, I don't fear nobody
Phantom whips I'm ridin', all my friendships solid
I get big deposits, all my whips exotic

Revin' the engine, whoa
City dependin', I gotta finish it
I want opinions, why?
She want a demon, yeah
She want a ring or some sort of arrangement, yeah
Something's that's dangerous
I wanna change it, I wanna claim it, yeah
I want it painted, yeah
She quick to say, "No," 'cause she know she a diamond, yeah
She gettin' quiet, yeah
She on a diet, she want a massage, yeah
I'm tryna get intimate, ayy
Bank account never diminishin', yeah
Niggas are changing they images, yeah
Niggas act hard but they innocent, yeah
Hop in a tank and move militant, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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Trunk on the engine
I'm on a mission, the Bronco two-fifty
I'm out your division
I got 'em excited, know it's been a lil' minute
I left her delighted
Man, I love all of her Chrome Hearts, these suckers despised it
The touch is the Midas
She said, "Fuck me and cum," I just do it like Loverboy Nike
Ordered the jet just for you and your friends
Chauffeur you 'round in that big body Benz
Got a lil' bitch that came up from nothin'
We shoppin' in London and doin' it big
Been in private, but we out in public
I know we the topic for you and your kids

Life's Monopoly, goin' broke not an option
If they could've stopped it, they would've been did
They would've been dead
She could be the wig, don't play with my head
Don't you test my emotions
Don't be textin' my phone every day, I'ma leave it on read
I'm diggin' and strokin'
My new bitch pussy wet like a ocean, I need a new spread
The solid one, chosen
Young Gun' Wunna stay focused, I can't let 'em put me on edge

No, they can't put me on edge
I just bust down my wrist, and it's rose gold, and it's ahead
(I just put pointers on fifties)
I just counted ten million, all cash, and got head from the Feds (Woo)
Yeah, I just told 'em if he play
Then we stoppin' the growth of they dreads (Stoppin' it)
I just had a talk with the peppermint Porsche
Damn, I'm never gon' drive 'em this year (Skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr)
Feel the panoramic doors (Doors)
We got fours and deuces, toast (Uh oh, yeah)
I'm the big dog of my coast (whoa)
Micro minis with the scopes (Uh, uh)
Ain't tellin' this bitch my goals (My goals)
Had her living at the Montrose (Montrose)
I'ma peep, but a player not poor (Yeah)
I been thinkin' 'bout selling my soul (Woo)
Take me out the country and drop me in apartments
She won't see me cry
I just put macaroni cheese in my pocket
And it came with the sides
I just put twenty mil' inside a escrow
I don't give a fuck 'bout your life
You had a buzz, but that shit was too little
I promise you never was hot

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