

Spartan

Young Thug

What time it is?
What time it is?
I'm hot for real
You grinding still
I'm a doctor like Phil
I'm a Spartan for real
I'm trained to kill
I'm trained to kill
And I'm hot for real
You grinding still
If you trained to kill
If you trained to kill
Say I'm trained to kill

I got 'em

Head ain't shit she must have dropped out of high school
Song on her ringtone, got it from iTunes
Instead of sayin' "Bye", you need to be sayin' "Hi" to him
Don't walk, don't run, bitch fly to him, dumbass
What you mean we ain't eating, girl you know my crew obese
And I smoke that strong every day like Wiz Khalif'
3 5 for the cheese shouts out to my big homie Pete
Let me talk Chinese, shouts out to YL & Wee Wee
Niggas talk bad, but they really want to be me
Threw 35, 000 on him, Dirk Nowitzki
Joc in this bitch with me
8 in the Benz with me
Yeah, they got red and blue flags on it
And if they talking bills, I put that on it
And if the bitch burping, put an ad on it
I call [?] up, can I smash on it?
And he like "Smash on it"
So I smash on they freak the ho
Yeah
I smash on they freak the ho

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Yeah, hey Joc
I'm trained to kill
And they grinding still
And I'm hot for real
And I know you trained to kill
So say I'm trained to kill