

STS

Young Thug

Supa, aha

Two-door, double R, ridin' in the foreign, y'all niggas can't see me
If I pop another X pill, I'll be out my misery
Crazy presi' beze' on the motherfuckin' Rollie
You roll, you sip codys, I fuck around and roll
I'm gon' slide it up, slide it up, slide it up, slide it up
Slide the door up on the Aventador
Lit it up, lit it up, lit it up, lit it up, now I look like cockroach
Hop out with a Patek on my wrist and keep the.44
Hopscotching the thot, thot, I'ma fuck her at my mother spot

Steady chasin' the check, turned the bank into a nest
Cuban link 'round my neck takin' a bird bath
Cartier bracelet got pointers and the Audemar to match
If they talking 'bout my game, they speakin' all cash
New Bent, paper tag, I can see they envy and mad
I done fucked around and got in my bag (my bag)
I done stayed down and got me a bag (bag)
No calculators still doin' math
Gotta add up and tear me a tag
Rockstar, showing up with them bands
I just jumped off a jet to a sprinter (yeah, yeah)
I got Brazillians makin' me dinner
Took a loss and it made me a winner
Wearin' Monclear, it ain't even winter
And the wind got the clouds in the ceiling
Add the money up, subtract the feeling
They say, "Slatt," when we walk in the building
I can't save her if she going with the fishes
Copped a new gun to switch up my mission
Slime shit, I ran up the digits, count it with no intermission
Her best friend done gave me the dishin'
I mixed up the sherbet and cookie (yeah)
Off the top, roll with a groupie, have a menage when I land, ah
Today I did Dior and Gucci, my Off-White was lookin' like danger
Three white bitches, I'm a clansmen, Kendra, Khloe and Keira
Came out the gutter, I made it, yeah, Wall Street money like Madoff
Yeah, ahah, all that hatin' ain't phase us
Left to bank like phase on, still ain't takin' no days off

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Icy you feel it in her tits (two)
Money, money, callin in, when I answer phone like, what it do
I keep her wet, caught a pound or two
Big Ballencies, yeah, that's what the money do
Yeah, she swear to God that she love me
I was just pourin' out the bubbly

I was fillin' up drinks with this muddy
Draco with me, it ain't about my money
Dr. Dre, Eminem, we go and get them Ms
My house a exhibit, it's dim, I was rockin' some Off-White like Timbs
Let's go!

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Two-door, double R, ridin' in the foreign, y'all niggas can't see me
Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah, woah
Crazy presi' beze' on the motherfuckin' Rollie
Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah, woah
I'm on slide it up, slide it up, slide it up, slide it up
Slide the door up on the Aventador
Hop out with a Patek on my wrist that keep the.44
Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah, woah