

Tabernacle

Young Thug

Ho, ho, ho, ho, bitch, bitch, bitches
I don't need no bitch, I'mma still get all my riches
I'm with these Cs, firing shots out to Glizzy
I'm true to my religion, 50 grand in the back of my britches
Like woah, woah, woah, live from the tabernacle
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Young Thug, got plenty drugs
I'm friendly but I mean mug
I'm with my crew, we'll fuck you up
Can't keep me in trouble
I'mma up in Los Vegas, I need hoes, gotta call her double
All my young niggas shit, they fallin' off fast, yes sir I love her
Act like we on the move, and knock on the money, yessir I'm a cover
Yes you make her shoes, bitch you know they custom
Thugger, thugger, baby
T-H-U-G-G-E-R, kiss a nigga bitch perfect, no CPR
Old hundreds all up on me, DVR
Bitch seen them bands less, A-J-A-R

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We don't shoot buckshot, we like them slugs
Everybody die tonight, bitch except for us
And you know I'm not a crip
But I gave that bitch a C to suck my cock
You know when I'm mad it's a line for your bitch today
But, 40 extendo needs skinny jeans, no bitch and lil body
My all out players say if you play leave more stains than the OJ murder scene
Pullin' up extra clean
I can't do no tug of war lil nigga, you not in my league
There is no comparison, you a real rat like master splinter
Burrrrrr, I'm not Gucci, burrrrr, burrrrr, burrrrrrr, burrrrrrr
That's the sound of my trunk, I got birds inside of there, yeah

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