

# Thief in the Night

Young Thug

I wake up and go get me some new money  
You know I'm living like a G  
These lil niggas ain't gonna take nothin' from me  
You know we do it like a G  
I swear to God I fuck on anyone  
Just like a gangsta, just like a G  
This Duct Tape and YSL  
You know I do it like a G  
G's up hoes down  
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Like a thief in the night  
I take anything but some pussy  
Suck that head like a dyke  
She got that head that I like  
Deep in your partner ain't right  
Put that lil babe on ice  
I make the paper like Ray  
Head on that bucket, your mothafuckin' life, Skoob  
I promise you don't know me  
I pull up bout my cake  
Where I'm from is not safe  
I got fish, I'm a lake  
Scoop them grits on a plate  
Yet she thought it was steak  
I'm a thief in the night  
Make her ride like a bike

I go down on a dyke, I go up on my price  
I might chop Kimbo Slice, kidnap like Uncle Ice  
I got grits at the beach and they white like a rice  
Let Trouble take your life  
After I give you five  
Scraping that five to the side  
It ain't no question how nigga gon' ride  
When they come with them questions  
My nigga get quiet, sh sh, nigga sit quiet, sh sh  
I am not taking no disrespect  
You Patrick Ewing, you pump fakin'  
No that won't happen on me  
I drop a key like the mafuckin' beat  
I look good as your dad on a Friday  
So many cars I gotta buy a driveway  
Never gon' let 'em live a nigga crime day  
Serving these S and P's, I'm steady poppin'  
Pockets fat up like they jumped 'em  
YSL, that slimy anaconda  
Bicking back, being bool like a uncle  
I'm so geeked up I might fuck a condom

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I get 'em all on a race  
She didn't even know what it was but she taste it  
I dig in, her shit sound like Jason  
I be on Percocets more than occasion  
They betting on me like in Vegas  
Betting on me like I'm Vegas  
Stick to the code man, there won't be no traitor  
Thugga Thugga, tell me what you would say  
What would you say?  
No J Money, but my gun say, "Bow"  
Pop a molly, look at her then fiend  
I'm the target mofucka, no beam  
No this shit is not good as it seems  
I might give her the boots with no jeans  
I kick shit like a chong and a ching  
I'm a boss, I'm bout that unity  
Sandwiches, you know you in between  
And you gotta know we at the green  
You gotta be young nigga, wilder than Billie Jean  
Gotta have paper for life  
You ain't with it, you a L  
Still getting it, yeah, bails  
Break it down on the scale  
If it add up, hell yeah, I do it  
Lap back and seen ran to it

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