

Think Twice

Young Thug

(Pax Gimmick)

(ATL Jacob, ATL Jacob)

We get a lot of the cheese, I make a thottie bitch get on her knees (Woah)
Lot of shit, I can't believe, and we bout take a trip all overseas
Came out of poverty (Came out of poverty)
Racks in my pocket like I hit the lottery
Selling out shows, now they call me a prodigy
We don't give shit, don't want no apology
Pretty bih' ride by my side, and everywhere I gotta' ride wit that Nine (Fire)
Runnin' wit' nine my brothers
And I know they havin' my back like a spine (Guard)
Play with the gang and you dyin'
It ain't no cap in my rap, I can't lie (Uh)
Get out the way, you ain't none of my grind
You better think twice 'fore you play with the slime

You better think twice 'fore we come for your life (Uhh)
Put my dick in your wifey a couple of times (Uh, uh-huh)
I'm feeling like Busta, this chopper'll bust ya' (Aye, Uh-huh)
That bitch get to rappin' and spittin' these rhymes (Brrr, yeah)
You a pussy nigga, uh-huh, feline (Uh-huh)
Just incase, I gotta' shoot em' nine times (Uh-huh)
Tatted on my wrist, shit, three nines (Three nines), I'm with the rich niggas, recline ('Cline, yeah)
Hop in the whip with them killers, they totin' them poppas (Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)
If I don't got money, then yeah, I'ma rob ya' (Yeah)
I came from the bottom, I came from the gutter (Uh huh)
Never been a pedestrian, I feel like Gunna (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
I feel like Birdman or somethin', the way I be stunna (Uh-huh)
Put Hermès on the joggers, three thousand ain't nun' (Uh-huh)
My brother locked up, won't let him out
Treat him like Akon, locked him down

Oooo oh, oh

It cost to live like this

Never thought I'd have a crib like this

I remember it was loose change, now it's new chains, that's the sound you hear

'Member I thought I was goin' no where

They call on me from back home, they want me dead

Show in the Chi', I'm performin' with one in the head (Brr, brr, brr)

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We don't give shit, I don't want no apology
Pretty bih' ride by my side, and everywhere I gotta' ride wit that Nine (Fire)
Runnin' with nine of my brothers
And I know they havin' my back like a spine (Guard)
Play with the gang and you dyin'
There ain't no cap in my rap, I can't lie (Yeah)

Get out the way, you ain't none of my grind
You better think twice 'fore you play with the slime (Boss)

I gotta play with your momma, I got a coupe and it came in the summer (Skrtrt
)

Louis Vuitton, Virgil runners and I got colors of Virgil runners (Yeah)
You smokin' synthetic weed I can't get nun' of that, I'm gettin' money (Uh)
I gotta protect my degrees, these niggas bitin', they eat like a mamba (Yeah
)

Back to back, turnt up the summer

I'm high as a fuck, but I had to let the lock to de-test, your honor
Got a bathroom full of exotic dranks, I done poured up the syrup, the Act' i
s expensive (Skrtrt)

You gotta' check my persona, you know this shit fine and I got on aroma (Woo
)

Your new boo can tell you "you hot as a sauna", but you know we fuck up the
summer (Woo)

I just got some head with no teeth, I just had your hoe suckin' dick in her
jeans

Sprinkle this hoe in codeine, I was just sprinklin' a lil' blunt with leaves
I just had to tell her I'm relieved, and I'm signed, myself, to the streets
Black and white new Rolex on, I call it "Cookie & Cream" (yeah)

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Lot of shit, I can't believe, and we bout take a trip all overseas
Came out of poverty (came out of poverty)

Racks in my pocket like I hit the lottery (The Lottery)

Selling out shows, now they call me a prodigy (call me a prodigy)

We don't give shit, I don't want no apology

Pretty bih' ride by my side, and everywhere I gotta' ride wit that nine (Fir
e)

And I know they havin' my back like a spine (Guard)

Play with the gang and you dyin'

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