

# Thinkin' Out Loud #TOL

Young Thug

One for that money, two for jamano  
Three for don't try me and four for that bankroll  
Five for the bloods, six if you're ready  
Seven for that paper, eight for that fetty  
Ayyyy, woaaaahhhhh  
Bloods say, ayyyyy, woaaaahhhhh  
Don't mind me I'm just thinkin' out loud  
My head in the clouds, my voice in the crowd, ohhh

Biscuit, eatin' bastard, I'm Casper  
I'm a walkin' cloud, I'm a disaster  
Play me rafter, then we laughed her  
Gotti came with me, He's a bastard  
Speed shoot it good, he work magic  
I got plastic, and she wrap it  
At any given time it can be your tragic  
And at any given time I use that plastic  
Banana clips, we donkeys, we monkeys  
This weed that I smoke, it cost a little somethin', call it Sony  
But don't mind me, this is my moment

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Baby, get on your knees and clap your ass for us  
And we clear them hoes, go get some mans for us, no homo  
And we dead like 'em ho when they got some zans for us  
My little ghetto hoes, we like the kids who stand for us  
Them bitches call me Thugger, baby  
Niggas wanna fuck with us, but they have no rubbers baby  
Take them heels off, gone put on them customs, baby  
Oops, damn, I thought you was the other baby  
Nigga calling my phone, I'm finna go back and forth  
Meanwhile I'm at the spot with your ho going back and forth  
Yes I adore  
her

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