

Walk Down

Young Thug

Yeah, Spyder

(We got London on da Track) Uh

Bad-ass bitch, you come and sit on dick

You talkin' all that shit, you cross the street, get hit (Facts)

Go bad on a bitch (Bad), I'm done sippin' Tris' (Huh)

I'm done gettin' rich (Done), got too much money, shit (Shit)

The 'Rari came with kit, my bitch know I'm slick

I'm done with all that playin', your nigga gettin' blitzed (Blitzed)

I'm walkin' down (Woah), walk down (Woah)

Walk down (Woah), walk down (Woah)

Walk down on 'em, dog (Woah), walk down (Woah)

Walk down on them, baby, walk down (Woah)

Real nigga, it's time to travel (Let's go)

Whole court in the street, hit the gavel (Hit the gavel)

I know hitters in New York, and they rappers

I know hitters out in London, can't travel (Woo), yeah

Put the gun down, nigga, drop you like Creed (Ayy)

Where I'm from, they say you pussy if you go ski (Yeah)

The rose gold Patek on your head, yeah, Phillippe (Yeah)

I'm one time payin', that's a rich nigga fee

Get a rush (Get a rush), just for steppin' (Just for steppin')

I hope I pass the test, been sippin' codeine (Yeah)

These is baguettes on a bitch, then she know me (She know me)

This Russian bitch wan' have kids, make me Soviet (Huh)

I'm walkin' down (Woah), walk down (Woah)

Walk down (Woah), walk down (Woah)

Walk down on 'em, dog (Woah), walk down (Woah)

Walk down on them, baby, walk down (Woah)

Pistol packin', never slackin', bitch smackin' killa

Bang, motherfucker, boom, motherfucker

Step off my nuts, the twelve gauge pump your side, buster

Tryna fit the stick inside my coat, but I can't (Yeah)

Nine figure nigga, I'm the bank (Yeah)

You got one strike and you get spanked (Pussy)

I ain't A\$AP Rocky, these ain't blanks (21)

These Kel-Tec'll turn your ass dank (Yeah)

The 'Rari came geeked (Yeah)

I'm on vacation, ridin' on a scooter, but I'm street (Yeah)

All my opps target practice, pin 'em to a tree (Yeah)

Supercharge the motor, 12 know that I'ma flee (Yeah)

If I send a blitz, they gon' know that it was me (Yeah)

We can't use a gun, we put fatty in his weed (Yeah)

All these hoes goin', man, I'm knowin' how it be (Yeah)

You can't hate a player when he call it Hi-C (Yeah)

She was doin' dick when you got down on that knee (Yeah)

Mob business, niggas get smacked, yeah, capiche (21)

Walk down on 'em like a dog without a leash (21)

You respect the belt, then it's peace (Pussy)

Savage keep a stick, I'm from the East, nigga

I'm walkin' down (Woah), walk down (Woah)

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