

We Are

Young Thug

These niggas ain't shit, baby, we are
And you might catch me with a hundred xans, tar
And I'm high as fuck, plus I'm shining, star
Baby, we are, baby, we are

I'm a coach, I keep a red flag
2012 cat, Big copped the red Jag
And I be in the coochie with Lil' Mikey and Big Smash
And I promise you can't stare at my jewelry, it's like a flash
You square like a graduation cap
And I guess I'm on a Six Flags' ride, cause I'm strapped
And the house is very large, you can spot it on the map
And the racks so very big, so we keep 'em in the knap-
Sack, I am not wack
Please bring it back like I sent you to go get it
But don't come quickly like I sent you 'round the city
And if a nigga play he get beats, Nitti
Ugh

And I've been thinking about a whole lot of money
Which is the opposite of what you thinking, which is a whole lot of nothing
And y'all niggas doing a whole lot of fronting
But when I'm gunning, man, you know I do a whole lot of bunning

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I'm so better than y'all, I mean all of y'all
Jump up and knock your ass over like a volleyball
Or I'll knock your ass down like a bowling pin
And this is Ace of Spades, that's a bowling pin
Boy, we came to win, and y'all beginning
I left the club, they still swimming, you and your women
And y'all still written, we steady buying, bitch
And I bought a hundred watches, can't waste my time, bitch
Girl, you ain't a dime, bitch
You can't get a dime, bitch
Get off of my line, bitch
But it'd be a crime, bitch
Yup, I will have your mommy crying, bitch
And she be acting like a fan, so I hit her with an iron, bitch

And I've been rapping a whole lot of dummies
No friends selling, but I've been serving a whole lot of dummies
You can call me fan, cause I'm blowing a whole lot of money
And your jewelry is cheesy, you got on a whole lot of sunny

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I might be crazy, kick the front door in and fuck your old lady
Kidnap your baby
"Bitch, where them racks at?"

By the way shouts out to Rackset
Private jet
I ball hard, and I ball smart
Which means I flood the club, lifeguard
You gon' need a lifeguard, cause I'm at your throat, ho
And you need an extra band, can't rob me solo
I'm smoking indo, I will leave you outdoors
With the dogs, bye, bye, y'all
I shot him up and watched him shrink and run, microcrawl
Then I picked him up and chopped him up, hello, hogs

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