

What To Say

Young Thug

YSL the mothafuckin', uh
We the real band gang, bitch
I made a million in twenty two days, fuck boy
(808 Mafia) Ha!

Came from the jungle with animals
Can't run if you don't got no stamina
Since a young nigga, been runnin' with hammers
Fire your ass off like a candle
Race through the city of Atlanta
Ball on these niggas like cancer
Ball on your bitch like a bouncer
Not buying if it's less than an ounce
We walk in the club, they announce
Poppin' them bottles, we standing on couches
Real niggas that can vouch
I really got 'em and got 'em right out
No limit soldier, my young niggas 'bout it
We poppin' that Molly while we in the lobby
Geekin', we stoners like Whitney and Bobby
She want a check and all my niggas got it
We want respect and we gon' die about it
Fuck all the rules, we don't abide by 'em
Call up the jeweler, buy a couple diamonds
Straight from the [?], you knew we flew private
Thumb through the money, I know how to count it
Checks keep coming like I get allowed
I just want head bitch, suck on my privates
I want me a foreign, I'm tryna decide which
They all gon' ride, pink slip
Came with no miles, these rappers be lyin'
Tryna compare but we are not [?]
I need me two hoes, I need me a pair
TM88, you know he made the beat
Get up off your ass and get up on your feet

Get off your ass, go get you some bread
Get off your ass, go get you some money
That money keep coming, we runnin' from money
We runnin' from money, that shit grow on trees
Around here, bitch get on your knees
Surround players, so yes sir, surrend sir
I got big sticks with me, yeah this a rent, sir
Oops, they don't surrender, she a lil' tender
Ah, fuck her from the back, damn screamin' too hard, forget her
Baby back-back, uh, give me mama 'dem
Uh, give me Aunt 'dem, uh, watch me slaughter them
Uh, I want daughters 'dem, uh I'm a OG
Uh, diamonds half green, uh, right out the county, uh
Fuck mother 12, I meant fuck mother 12
I meant motherfuck 12, I meant motherfuck jail
Yeah, I was eleven years old and I turned 13, fuck 12
Uh, I was standin' in the kitchen, whippin' and wrappin' up bales
Uh, I was doin' this shit for real, huh
I ain't ever smelled stale, huh
I been fresh for real, huh
Got Cartier [?], huh

Got VVS on my chains, huh
Got hoes in the brain, huh
Got hoes giving brain, huh
Put a ho in the Range, huh
Put a ho, give her stain, huh
With a red bandana on, and a blue bandana, too
And a red bandana on it, and a blue bandana, too

Uh, you dig? Fool (Hey!)

Diamonds all colors on me like the clown
Yeah, I took over the whole compound
Yeah, I'm waitin' on that boy to get out
I done stayed down like his muhfuckin' girl
I'm rappin' that shit to my crowd
And they know every word, yeah-yeah-yeah, ay
Pull up on a kid done made it to charts and I didn't even pay-ay-ay
And that's my lil' niggas, I speak on it every day
Fuck what you thi-i-ink, and fuck what you say-ay-ay
Cause we ballin', nigga
Ay, motherfuck Spalding, we so ballin', nigga
Yeah, we don't need Spalding bitch, we ballin', nigga
We don't need to pig tails or jerseys, yeah we ballin', nigga
I threw the alley oop, he put the dick in your daughter, nigga
Ay, put the dick in your father, nigga, ay
Blood rain to the sky, lil' nigga, ay
Put his ass in the bed and fuckin' play
R-I-P, pussy nigga

Uh! Courtesy of the YSL motherfuckin' mafia
The family
In Slime we trust, nigga
I put that on Slime
Thank you Slime
Thank you God, thank you Slime, yeah