

86 Prayers

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Berge always flexin')
(My nigga Brando been sick with it)
(Say Brando, what this hittin' for?)

Mmm yeah mmm yeah
Mmmmm yeahh mmm
Lil Top nigga
Fuck em'
Mmm yeah mmmmm
Alice Grandson
They know I'm thugging nigga
Hah!
Look look

I don't need no help, put a nigga on a shelf
I got bodies on my belt yea yea
All of them people that done left, left me all by myself
I got tired, I can't help, now they sad
I say, all of the pain they made me felt, bitch you better get some help, on
a sneaky night I'm coming for they ass
Paid that bitch that bag, then they left, left me fucked up, no help
I just wonder why they do a nigga bad?

How I let this happen? Watch my money subtracting
Got them youngins, trynna blast shit for that bag it get nasty
For Lil Top, they wet your block, they slang that stick off a banshee
Fuck this rap, I punch the clock, I slang that stick at your Mami, lil boy
It ain't pretty but fancy, lil boy
My life it get tragic, lil boy
Don't tell me shit about my actions, you ain't feel or saw what I done saw
Or going thru what im going thru, now look what this done come to
Slept together, but you know just if, you cross me I would slump you
Or I'll do you like Big Dump do, I'll tear your whole car up
I done told em as a child you bitches, don't want fucking war wit us
He claimed that he an ape, but clique got ate, soon as he started us
I grew up on that 8' north concentrate, I'll get you slaughtered thug

She know that they was fucking girl, hate that I call her my mama
Lied inside my grandma face, and I know that that's a problem
I've been trying my fucking hardest, not to hit sum wit that choppa
Turn myself into the Dada, no once I start that ain't stopping

I don't need no help, put a nigga on a shelf
I got bodies on my belt yea yea (talk that shit!)
All of them people that done left, left me outchea by myself
I got tired, I can't help, now they sad
I say, all of the pain they made me felt, bitch you better get some help, on
a sneaky night I'm coming for yo ass
Gave em all my bag, and they left, left me fucked up, no help
I just wonder why they do a nigga bad?

That choppa sound gone knock em down
(Brrrrrr)
Now get up bitch!
Boy you ain't never been cut for this, you grew up thinking with your dick
I never sold I was on drugs, I was the one who sending hits
Pussy shot my momma son, and then I got his brother split

I flew that bitch out on a jet, she used that flex for some motion
They know I'm hurt, I'm try'n get loaded, they don't wanna bring me no potio
n
On my fake page I been scoping, bitch I picked up that notice
Tell Sherhonda I need a Honda, I'm way too dirty for Lotus's
Half my whole family out that bottom thug, same section they stepped on my c
uz
And I barely talked to his mama, cause I seen that they ain't got no love
Lil Top, I'm a fucking thug, my son it's running through his blood
Demon baby, I go crazy, and I train him for to let off slugs
Bitch don't try to play me, you would die tonight nigga
It ain't a night that I don't think about taking away my life nigga
Lose or win, I fight nigga, I heard you known to stand down
Slept with my knife ain't have it on me, I tore it down in that dome, pussy

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Ahhhhhhh
Lil top nigga
How you feeling youngin, how you been doing?
(Slatt slatt slatt slatt)
I hope you keeping your head up out there nigga (slimeeee)
You know they try'nna bring you down
(Slatt slatt slatt slatt)
All I need is a choppa Jason, I don't need no help nigga
(Ay ay YoungBoy)
They left me outchea by myself
Pussy motherfucker
DeSean!