

# Bad Morning

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(I need to talk to Mike Laury  
Yeah, you got Mike Laury)  
(Dubba-AA flex)  
(Winning lottery numbers coming up)

I can't quit at all, at all  
I ain't hurt (I ain't hurt, nigga) at all, at all  
On my soul, at all, at all  
Stay the same as my pain grow, ridin' 'round with my bros (This is the sound  
)

Ridin' in the Maybach, let's go  
Ten M's up, nigga, let's go  
He a dreadhead, mhm, my bro leave him dead in front that store  
On three different drugs tryna take away my pain, but it's still gon' flow  
Try my hardest to put a smile on top my mans, but he still can't cope

On the highway, out the window, do somethin'  
Need it my way, bam, bam, shoot somethin'  
He a head hunter rude boy, trust nothin'  
She got a nice round bum, but can't paint her nails  
Do a hit real sick, it be cold the whole summer  
I can't figure how she comin', I'ma give her to my mama  
Any minute, I'ma cut a nigga, knowin' I'ma slime him  
Everything goin' bad, you can trust him, still time him  
Niggas steady rappin', we be shootin' at the bitch  
Sound of the stick goin' boom when it hit  
Sound of the smoke, real loud when it's lit  
Still let it off with a crowd in the midst  
Black card, matte stick, I'm it  
Don't pick die if you try one trick  
Right gang, but she say, "Wrong bitch"  
Young rich nigga, he done took a wrong fix  
Overdose, can't shake back, no  
Harbor freight, get the jack from the store  
White trace, that's a whole lotta snow  
Ridin' by my Kirk with a .30 and a pole  
With a young bitch, she don't want me, it's vivid  
But I don't need her hand when I'm runnin' up Benji's  
Real deal business, this real Blood business  
Really spill those, dead bodies in the trenches  
Real slime, that was my partner for a minute  
Contract from my brother when them hollows got up in it  
Dodgin' bullets in the car when them shottas sent the men  
All praise to Allah, one was dead in less than sixty  
We gon' burn 'em for real, leave 'em dead if he miss  
Shooter aim when you shot at them, fuck with my bodies  
I'ma foreign my engine, take lots of narcotics  
Why they cookin' 'em rocks? Die protectin' that body  
Through the house, the aroma, it cover the closet  
I don't say that ain't it, but I still wan' cop it  
I'ma flood out this bitch to whoever come cash  
Police ran in this bitch, no one say nothin' about it  
I ain't got nothin' I wanna do better with my life, but take narcotics with  
my life  
Collect these bodies with your life, send it to the Most Highest  
Nigga showin' off, got it took when he got it

Nigga ran off, tell me what you doin' 'bout it?  
You don't know off the dome shit, can't write  
With the Glock when you see the kid, on sight  
Bullets started playin' 'round with tension, got focused  
Got another pack rolled up, he gon' smoke it  
Ten grand, twenty grand, all night scope  
We're up all day high, we're up all day slow

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Herm steady talkin' 'bout, "Top, just let me shoot him," no  
I can't teach a nigga shit, I can make it out him  
I ain't need no tutor, been advanced for the road  
Doped up, two or three tools, doin' shows  
Forty on my teeth and two hundred for my pole  
Three hundred for my car, extra sneeze for the nose  
I be runnin' to the money soon as it reach my phone  
I ain't got nothin' I wanna do better with my life, but take narcotics with  
my life  
Collect these bodies with your life, send it to the Most Highest  
Nigga showin' off, got it took when he got it  
Nigga ran off, tell me what you doin' 'bout it?  
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With the Glock when you see the kid, on sight

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