

Baddest Thing

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

You the baddest I done seen in a while, ooh, my shorty, oh, oh
Getting high, toting that iron every time that we ride, and you know, you know
You the baddest thing I seen in a while, ooh, my shorty, oh, she, oh

Oh, oh, oh, and she mine
I swear to buy her anything to ease her mind
In the dead end posted with that gang, toting on that iron
And I'm bound to leave any nigga dead if they ain't mine
And I jumped off the porch like
You died when you were six deep
I do the reaping
I say murder, Blood, and throw big B's
Hit the block and blow the curb up, Youngboy MJ, I got on six rings
Six headshots for the coroners, tell 'em that we ain't use no beam
Tell them fuck niggas they don't know me
I know for a fact she don't know her nigga, but she know me
And she on me
Steady asking like, "Can you take me home?"
Tell somebody anything I want, yeah
H-O-L-D, huh, hold on me, yeah
D-I-E, I've been needing some peace
Uh, uh, drink on lean 'til I can barely breathe
Bae, your head ain't working, nah, I need five to sleep
Louis V bag made by Virgil, fuck nigga tried charging me sixty G's
Twenty-five for the duffle bag, nigga still counting bands, baby, don't count on me
Maybach ain't come with curtains, without tint, niggas still ain't seeing me
Real gas bags, that's all I chief
Two steps back, get off of me
I've been up, yeah, all cheese
I paid cash for that factory
Hitmen, they be after me
12 tryna capture me
Bitches planning on trapping me
Fake rappers planning on blasting me
For bro, you get assassin free
Get blicked up, you try hacking me, yeah
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(EarDrummers)
(Mike WiLL Made-It)
(That money go for Myles)