

Bitch Yeah

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Timmy Da HitMan)

Huh, what?

What? What? What? What? What?

What? What?

What's crackin'? What? (What?)

Or whatever I'm brackin' on, bitch

Yeah, that my blood (That my blood), I got all Fives 'round this bitch

These hoes wan' fuck, these niggas can't fuck with none of us in this bitch

I'ma hit at your clique with the stick (Baow)

Make me turn your lil' boys to a lick (A lick)

I got stripper big booty bitches blowin' up on my phone

Too much swag, stylist come, I try on clothes inside of my home

Put yo' bitch in VLone

Bitch, play what you please long as you don't put no QC on

Bitch, I make you bleed, ho

Bitch, I know I bleed, ho

Bang a red flag, big B, ho (Hell, yeah)

Bitch, get on your knees, ho (Yeah, yeah)

Come on, suck it with no teeth, ho (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

I'm rich, I'm rich, I'm rich, bitch, I'm rich as shit

Come get it, got to whip it

Know I got to whip it, nigga, come and get your bitch

Molly, Molly, Holly, Wolly, had a thottie wit' a badass body

I don't play that shit, I keep that chopper

I might buy me a Maserati

Shoot that drum at that bitch, it's a thottie

'Fore I give you my shit, you know I'ma pop it

Bitch, give me yo' soul, give me yo' body

Swag up, the bitch pop out for mama

I get high in this bitch, on soul

I'm so high in this bitch, I'm gone

I might make her pack a nigga, bitch, come touch your toes

Still'll make a R&B bitch come here and hand off her phone

Give a fuck 'bout how good she can sing, bitch, get that phone, yeah

Bitch, get that phone, ho

Huh, bitch, get that phone, yeah-yeah

Huh, bitch, get that phone, ho

Bitch, get that phone, oh yeah-yeah-yeah

My brothers, they kick in that door (Yeah-yeah)

I don't like that nigga, a ho (Yeah-yeah)

I don't like that lil' boy's bitch

I do not like my ho for to hear none of these songs

Like when I breakin' her back to my songs

Makin' these bitches take racks at home

Clingy type of time you on

Buy me clothes that fit me right

I don't know who fuckin' side you on

I just know that this wrong and they real right

I ain't fuckin' on her at night

I ain't put money on yo' head, that's right

Bang red, that blood, my thug, my Five

You know slime could get this party hype

Shootout, soon as I get outside

Rudolph, beam on his nose and eyes

Chew-out, which one gon' eat me right?
Geeky, lil' geek, I'm higher than high, uh-huh
I'm a geek, I been geeked and I'm higher than high, bitch
I get higher with her when I'm shoppin' online, bitch, yeah
I can get out my words through this everytime (Bitch, yeah)
Yeah, and this bitch is a geek without you on my side (Bitch, yeah)
You not my slime, bitch, don't play with my money you know you might die (Bitch, yeah)
I got factory tires on bottom of each of my rides (Bitch, yeah)
I got factory tires on bottom of each of my rides (Bitch, yeah)

I got more money than you lil' boys, y'all some bitches (Bitch, yeah)
I can't even drive and got more cars, your shit is leased or rented (Bitch, yeah)
Know we make shit hype, pop out Rolls Royce, on back got switches (Bitch, yeah)
I don't give no fuck 'bout who a star, I don't want you bitches (Bitch, yeah)
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