

Bring 'Em Out

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Yeah that too

Playboy on this bitch, but he ain't playin' though

Bring 'em out (Out)

For that money, I'ma rush all day (Bring it)

Ain't no trippin', they bring it, I count it up now

I ain't hear nothin' y'all say (Nah)

They don't know I came up from the bottom (Bop)

But they know that these niggas be flodgin' (Flodgin')

She don't fuck with me 'cause of a dollar (Huh)

From the hood, but shorty a model (Let's go)

If I see the lil' bitch, I run down on a bitch, I don't bust it from out of the car

I got bitches roll 6s, on God

Lockin' in like she a lil' boy

Ain't no holdin' nothin' back, I go hard

How I live, I be playin' my cards

On the real, I got bro with the rod

He gon' shoot it the minute he saw it

He gon' take off, I'm pointin' the masi

Get that money and fuck on these hoes

Run it up, and then stick to the code

Double R, that's the life that he chose

I be steppin' in Margiela mode (Step)

I got Louboutin all on my clothes

On these pills, I be tweakin', I'm froze

Hunnid, hunnid, took straight off his nose

Hunnid, hunnid, watch straight off his nose

My baby a baby, be screamin' out, "Slatt" (Slatt)

Spend a check and I'm gettin' it back

Real gangster, ride 'round in a Lac'

Hand out money so bro get a pack

Every come Monday, I give her a bag

Every two weeks, she go get her a wax

Let 'em keep talkin', I been on his ass

Let 'em keep talkin', I been on his ass

I'ma spin on his ass, I'ma blow out his mind

Let off a shot, he want war with the slime

Ride in the front, do the dash, I'm slidin'

Pullin' straight up with your bitch on the side

Pull up, start dumpin', and send 'em a sign

Real gangsters, they know he a ho, he be hidin'

Like a soul or show, we gon' send a deposit

Turn up, bad, yeah

I'm the one you talk 'bout with these hoes

I got cash, yeah, I fill up my pocket with these rolls

I'm her man, yeah, asked her for to leave, she ain't wan' go

I'm in a band, yeah, I got drums on bottom of these sticks if you ain't know

I can dig up some gold like LSU

Make a beat wit' the Glock like I'm Saddam

She be talkin' to me like a baby

Had to ask the lil' ho, "Where your mother went?"

Don't wan' fuck her, I lie, been celibate

Play that role until you come relevant

Give a bag I know they gon' step on shit

I play dumb, don't wan' hear what they tellin' me

I'ma gangsta for real, ain't no cappin'

If I tell 'em to kill, they gon' stamp it
I be thuggin' for real, I don't panic
You could play, send a shot at yo' mammy
Findin' money around like some dandruff
I be dancin' like Elvis, go Manson
Helter Skelter, I kill da whole clan and
Say a prayer, then I go back to plannin'
She ain't right tryna trap with a baby
I'ma throw me one back and go brazy
She gon' find out 'bout that and go crazy
Stay down, kept it real, and he made it
They be thinkin' that Baba Jamaican
He gon' go to the max he a madman
I got Molly in me like a beach tan
I put J on my feet with them old bands
I went bought 23 with the old money
I could go pull out some old hunnids
I got a whole lot of new money
I say a word, get you fronted
I say a word, get you knocked off
I take the charge, it's my fault
I send them youngins to spin on yo bin, they knocking you off and yo role do
g
And I get the addy or drop where you be at, we gon' blow it and tear the who
le house down
And I'm on the block where you barely could be at, it won't take you that lo
ng to get shot down
If they deep as a bitch, I'ma spray around
Hit the trap in the north where I'm hardly found
Old heads, they a Vet, they gon' roll around
If they know that they got it, they do it now
I got money
That's it? Man you got me trippin' in this bitch, man