

## Carter Son

### YoungBoy Never Broke Again

You're a Genius, McFly  
AI  
It's the Carter's son  
The Carter's  
Turn me up a lil'

Picture me, new 3D denim, I'm city rollin' (Rollin')  
But did I mention this my own clothin'?  
The f\*ck you mean?  
Made nigga, bought my own Rollie  
But if them crackers pull me over, they gon' say I stole it  
Good mornin', we on it, I went bought two S trophies  
My father left my sis and bros, to them, I feel I owed it  
But let's not be heroic, 'cause everybody roguish  
They don't want us totin' guns, but they let the f\*ckin' killers tote it  
Let's take a ride and see, though, where them people be, though  
Colt 45, the grip design, bought this bitch from Casino  
Soprano, no Soprino, we live life like Yung Bino  
Had a show in B-  
more, after that post on the block with Chino (I'm a hustlin' motherf\*cker)  
Look for a star on every hundred, C note  
I'm the top on YouTube, f\*ck a new school, I don't use no Vevo  
These niggas 'round me, they too cruel, they bust tools and die for me, though  
I don't pay money for no life, the murder pay off me, so

Came out alright  
But I'm blinded from the life, I can't see, though  
Got juveniles on the block, thirty stick hangin' out the Glock  
Bandana tied 'round the clip, and they go all out for me, though

Sucked all the pain up, let's f\*ck the game up  
Plenty niggas on the block pushin' that rock (It's the Carter's son)  
You got your change up, they brought your name up  
When it's war, we wet they block, and when it's said, this shit'll never be done  
I can't say I'm f\*cking with all this involvement  
These niggas ain't right and they ballin'  
I don't give a f\*ck, no, I call up Osama, my baba  
Like, "Load up and come and rob all them" (Rob all them)  
Venezuela ventilator  
My first trip to Georgia made 'em  
Some companions with ambitions, was  
Double G, NBA native  
I wish baptism could've saved us  
Never broke until the grave in  
Excuse ourselves, knock on the tables  
I make a p\*ssy bite the pavement  
I can't say I'm f\*cking with all this involvement  
These niggas ain't right and they ballin'  
I don't give a f\*ck, no, I call up Osama, my baba  
Like, "Load up and come and rob all them" (Rob all them)

Came out alright  
But I'm blinded from the life, I can't see, though  
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Bandana tied 'round the clip, and they go all out for me, though

That's my son, that's my slime

He on my dime, it's the Carter's son