

## Chose

### YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Drama)

God chose this for us (Oh-oh-oh)

(Ooh)

Dramatic, nigga

(D-Roc)

(Gangsta Grillz)

Uh, yeah, yeah

Hermès everythin' grown

One million in duffle, one million cologne

Kick her up out of my home, she too medicated

I ain't feelin that, no

Patek on bottom of the Cartier bracelets

Got to put that shit on, go, ooh (Ooh)

Come out the top and I shoot, uh (Ooh)

Check how I'm countin' this loot (Ooh)

Turnin' up so bad they know I'm chose

Yeah, I want the money, the power, you keep the respect

Just don't get hit with the TEC

I got the bitch ridin' 'round in the front with the check

Know she be givin' me neck

Jewelry wrapped, keepin' that stick, ridin' 'round

Catch a opp and hop out playin' hockey, woah

Got a purple nose, look like I made the honor roll

Kickin' this shit, she don't like I got my own

You expose that you a bitch, leave me 'lone (Ooh, oh-oh, oh-oh-oh)

Pick it up, go right back out in a minute

YoungBoy, slimiest menace

Check how I do it, the fool get pitted (Ooh)

Come out the top and I shoot, uh (Ooh)

Check how I'm countin' this loot (Ooh)

Turnin' up so bad they know I'm chose (Top, Top)

Top, they know that I'm chosen

I'm on her, just give me a Trojan

From the back to the side, got her posin'

Everyday watches, Pateks' and Rollies, don't correct me, Patek's

Bitch, take a shot at my neck

I ain't even tryna flip, that's a whole 'nother check

That's a whole new 'Vette, I'm drivin' these Astons, don't mind my lineup

Hundred grand tucked in my sweats, sprinter van filled with her friends (Uh)

Walk out the party, then jump on the jet

I'm fuckin' her more, the more the best

Skeet on her breast, bitch I'm a mess

She a Cadet, I am a vet', I ain't doin' no stress

Ho I'm turned up, I'm turned up, you see?

Leave me

Please, don't break our privacy

Fiend, you fiend, behind lesser things

Chosen, like they close to me

Like I am not worth anything (Gangsta Grillz)

Uh

Hermès everythin' grown

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Kick her up out of my home, she too medicated  
I ain't feelin that, no  
Patek on bottom of the Cartier bracelets  
Got to put that shit on, go, ooh (Ooh)

Come out the top and I shoot, uh (Ooh)  
Check how I'm countin' this loot (Ooh)  
Turnin' up so bad they know I'm chose (Yeah)