

# Clear

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Goddamn, BJ made another one

I come through the door, I walk through the door, I turn up for real (I turn up for real)  
I'm clean in the snow, hoppin' down on yo' ho and you know how that is  
Gotta pour me a fourth for to clean out my grill  
You catch up, you can have her, she found me for real  
Run it up, I been havin', I count up for real  
That's a Audi, that's him and mount up in the clear (No)

Yeah, bitch want me to turn her on to my swag (My swag)  
Poppin' these ceils, and I'm poppin' these tags  
Popped at that nigga, I popped his ho  
Shoot at them niggas, and pullin' off fast  
Know that I put a knew tag on his toe  
Know that I'll buy a new bag for the ho  
Know that I'll buy a new Jag' on the road  
Know that I'll buy a PT for my bros  
Whole PT, drink all night long  
Geek, not sleep don't call my phone  
Tell that ho, "Leave me 'lone"  
She stick on my side if I'm right or wrong  
She'll never leave me ohh  
They know that I turn up, I turn up  
I walk in, you know I'm the freshest, been hustlin' from sun down to the sun up  
Know these niggas gon' die, they tried pressin', no interview, no I do not do no presses  
With that money, been liftin', look like I been pressin'  
I'm likin' her figure I love her complexion  
You know that I dig it, I said it, she sexy

Yeah, bad bitch, young, wild, with long hair (With long hair)  
Go dumb on that hoe, I turn up on that ho  
I go buy her and put VVS stones on that ho  
[?], take Maybach to the store  
I keep factory on, with Forgiato  
They lookin' for YoungBoy like "Where's Waldo?"

I come through the door, I walk through the door, I turn up for real (I turn up for real)  
I'm clean in the snow, hoppin' down on yo' ho and you know how that is  
Gotta pour me a fourth for to clean out my grill  
You catch up, you can have her, she found me for real  
Run it up, I been havin', I count up for real  
That's a Audi, that's him and mount up in the clear

I get her whenever I want her  
She know for a fact that I'm on her  
They play and I'm leavin' shit dead on the corner  
At your house, up in traffic, where ever they catch you lil' nigga  
Youngin' up the Glizzy tryna bone 'em  
Tryna fuck her it's fuck you lil' nigga  
Know we tryn' put you up with your niggas  
Shoot your body, and knock out your liver

Yeah, bad bitch, young, wild, with long hair (With long hair)

Go dumb on that hoe, I turn up on that ho  
I go buy her and put VVS stones on that ho  
[?], take Maybach to the store  
I keep factory on, with Forgiato  
They lookin' for YoungBoy like "Where's Waldo?"

I come through the dark, I walk through the dark, I turn up for real (I turn  
up for real)  
I'm clean in the snow, hoppin' down on yo' hoe and you know how that is  
Gotta pour me a fourth for to clean out my grill  
You catch up, you can have her, she found me for real  
Run it up, I been havin', I count up for real  
That's a Audi, that's him and mount up in the clear

Goddamn, BJ made another one