

# Cold Killers

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Uh, mm, look

I'm the one who did it with my clique and I ain't fuck with niggas  
I'm that nigga straight up out that North and run with cold killers  
I'm that boy that made 'em go whack four, I don't like those niggas (Aye Pee  
wee killed the keys, huh?)  
Got these hoes on my trail and you know I don't show no feelings (Bboy dripp  
ing that sauce)

I ain't alright, lil daddy  
They tried to play me, tried to snake me and diss my life, lil daddy  
And how I feel, you tried to take it  
This a whole thirty clip, bitch, you gon' take it  
I don't understand a war about some pussy niggas hatin'  
Talk to my mama on a jake call, no bond, I had to lay down  
I'm in a stolen whip while ridin' 'round  
Me and Ten with a hundred rounds  
Head bust, how that boy was found  
Spray that strap, now turn in there  
Tell 'em, "Get the fuck up out my way 'cause it's my turn now"  
Baby girl said I'm her favorite now, okay, I'm with that  
I'm with DJ while he drunk and I'm still young, I still drink that  
I'ma turn up when I come and when I leave up in a Maybach  
Money comin' up in bundles, bitch, don't try me, I be on that  
I'll dump that

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I got the money counter, lil' baby up in Saint Laurent  
We be wreckin' shit soon as I come, whole click straight dumb  
Shoot the huh, fill it with the whole drum  
Keep both of my pockets filled with money, they can't hold nothin'  
Spin the bitch, I bet that we fold somethin', yeah  
I ain't sparin' shit, spray it, fuck the boy, my brother dead  
Hundred thousand in my jacket pocket and I got on sweats  
And you still can't fuckin' tell if I was walkin' with that TEC  
But you know I'm totin' fire  
Tote dirty sticks and dirty nines  
Hit 'em with that face shot, boaw, that's a cold smile  
Caught that boy tryna leave his show, E-way, that's me slingin' iron  
Wanna kill me, but they takin' time  
Dumb stupid fuck, I take his mind  
Doofus

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Youngin' turnt up on them jiggaboos, you know that he'll shoot at you  
Ridin' in a coupe with my dude, that's North sider proof  
We caught like two bodies, he a shotta, he'll step on you  
They know what the fuck we do, got a video, we shoot to shoot  
Look, take his legs off, take his hands off, baow, baow

Whip my burner out, now he scared now, calm down  
Rap-ass nigga gunned down, bitch, bang  
Still got the top off when the sun down, bitch, we ain't the same

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