

# Collateral Damage

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Real

I already know what I'm facing, I already know like  
I know if you do this, this can come with that, that can come behind that  
Federal, I don't give a fuck

Just know that every action come with a reaction  
Whatever you dish out you gotta get back  
I said I was done with that drank, now I'm relapsing  
I said I was done with that tec and the Act'  
We take the dope out the ceilin' and repack it  
We take it out and finessin' that  
We can pop that shit off, ain't with all the jaw jackin'  
I ain't with the talkin' I ain't with the talk

There's a chance she catchin' feelings if I fucked her  
(Ugh ugh) I swear that she might  
There's a chance she can cross me out if I trust her  
I don't wanna do that  
I know there's a chance the bomb ain't landin'  
I got my fingers crossed, man I hope  
This shit gotta happen, collateral damage  
Fuck how it turn out, this shit gotta happen, yeah

Yeah I've been peppin' these niggas out here with the slick hate  
(Niggas out here down' a whole lot of hatin')  
Walk around with that cake on me like it's my b-day  
(I got them hunnids and now I'm head honcho)  
Move around and I'm with some hitters out of VA  
(I'm with some hitters, they out of Virginia)  
GO with your mood and get burnt like a cremate

Fuck how it is, fuck how they turn out  
I'm e'rywhere with my strap out (E'rywhere)  
They lookin' at me like, "Damn he bookin""  
I'm in the bank with the pack out (Right now)  
He goes right nigga 'til he threw a cross  
I was blind to it, I would throw it off  
Never again 'fore I take a loss  
Lord, forgive me, gotta knock out his thoughts

These niggas must think I'm a hoe or somethin'  
Sendin' threats like I'ma foldTreadmill, they goin' nowhere fast  
And they mad 'cause I'm the one that God chose  
Got the streets on lock, figure four  
Real Snow, hoe might catch a cold  
Prometh' got me movin' slow  
And the trap work' out, cardio

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My girl said she gon' fuck both of us up  
Now that's the collateral damage  
We fuck then she tryna cross both of us up  
You know I won't let that shit happen  
I cut that hoe off, now she outta luck  
She steady DM'n my family  
Now that's the collateral damage  
All that fake shit, man, I swear I can't stand it

All you want is respect and you know I won't hand it  
If I want him dead, you know I demand it  
Consequences, man I knew what could happen  
I told that nigga chill out wit' that cappin'  
Snatch my chain, we gon' end up ramblin'  
Up in the club, his homie, I stamp him  
Television Ain't no televised  
The way that we livin', ain't on no channel

Might did ya who in the North with no Phantom  
Osama bin Laden, I ride on no camel  
I catch 'em, go straight to my feeling's like damn 'em  
Punch on a bitch, had to pay her then bandit  
Pocket full of all white dead bandit  
They want me to tell, I ain't sayin' it  
I know it gon' come with this shit  
If I up and hit your ass with a cannon

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