

## Coordination

### YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Feds got us on they billboards (got us on they billboards)  
But you know that I ain't goin' for it (you know that I ain't goin' for it)  
I stay hidden from the radar (hidden from the radar)  
Under tint in them foreign cars (ayy)

Muhammed Ali, bitch come test me (come test me)  
And watch out 'cause shit gon' get hectic (get hectic)  
Me and my young niggas we reckless (dumber)  
Bitch we know who really steppin' (baow)  
I don't get no sleep, bitch I'm restless (I'm restless)  
Five in the morning, I'm up  
Droppin' the pints and you know that I'm at it (at it)  
I'ma tell you when to come  
My girl left early in the morning  
Talkin' 'bout she goin' to get her hair done, bitch I ain't dumb  
I can play the same game, call a bitch over to the hotel room and I'm bustin  
' her up  
Nigga on my dick inside the club  
Sayin' he got bricks, I'ma get him drunk  
Money on deck, meet me by the truck  
I don't give a fuck, Ben stick 'em up  
On the phone, bitch I'm runnin' it with dump  
Nigga pull up, man I'm finna come  
Me and Jordan Dixon riding through that North  
Down 38th, strapped with a pump  
Birdman got that dogfood up in valley park, posted up goin' dumb  
Kevin Gates, I remember we was young  
Strapped up bitch, forty with a drum  
Yeah, bitch I'm gettin' it  
Straight out the North, bitch I come straight out them trenches  
No handouts, yeah you know I had to get it  
Know how I'm living, AI YoungBoy I'm the sickest

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They ain't believe that I did it  
Was runnin' and jumpin' them fences  
Forty Glock in my britches  
Tell that nigga he can get it  
They ain't believe that I did it  
Was runnin' and jumpin' them fences  
Forty Glock in my britches  
Tell that nigga he can get it  
Tall gall, stand tall, had to turn my phone off  
Pray to living God that I never ever fall off  
Really going in, I'm headed for the powerball  
Missed call, call log, had to turn my phone off  
Diamonds in my teeth and you knowin' that I'll eat you out  
Fuck you real good, yeah you knowin' what I'm really 'bout  
Scuffed real good, yeah you know we could fight it out  
Strapped up good, what you mean, we could shoot it out  
Dumb, ayy, hold up  
Dumb, ayy, hold up  
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