

# Damn Fee

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(CasBangz, he got that smoke with him)

Ayy

Nigga, I remember one time I had one of my lil' niggas with me in the studio in LA

And he wanted to hit a bitch in the studio room

I told him, "Huh, here go the car keys" (Oh my God, it's Beemer boy)

Go fuck that bitch in the backseat of the G-Wagen

You know? You know we on that AMG shit

Shorty said she wanna fuck me, that's a damn fee

I told baby, "This the chopper house, not a bandy"

Helicopters out, the coppers wanna bam me

I don't fuck with other trappers when I'm in the damn street

She don't fuck with other rappers, say she only jam me

All grams, no 'Grams, I don't do the scamming

I know I might go to Hell 'cause this 'Cat a damn demon

And if you lookin' for me, girl, I'm where them rubber bands be

We got Gallery Department, we got Palm Angels

I got thots that different colors like a Power Ranger

I hit the block, then take it over, I need all the paper

I'm on the block with my lil' soldier, clutchin' Glocks with lasers

I told that bitch to eat my cock 'cause I don't need a favor

I love the guap, could never put a bitch before the paper

My homie locked down in the box, he sleepin' with a razor

I'm eatin' lambchop in a Lamb' truck, I done elevated

My teacher thought I was gon' fail, I was a sixth grader

Now I got all this fuckin' money, fuck an education

And just in case the feds come, my lawyer got an eighty

I know I treat her dead wrong, but I'm a project baby

I need somebody to save me

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We got lean, we got powder, we got Xans, we got Percs

We got beans, we got power, we got bands up the burst

Pull up your pants, I won't lack, I done nutted on her skirt

About my brother, 'bout my round, I'll put your mans on a shirt

Fresh as hell, look at shorty, Dapper Dan on the curb

These niggas quick to cuff a girl that I can spank on the first date

It only cost a couple grand to get that ass, go through surgery

I heard you got up on the stand on a murder case

Lil' shorty real, she get a tan every Thursday

Lil' shorty channy, Jackie Chan, Burberry

My homie made so many bands sellin' thirties

Them shooters in a minivan, clutchin' thirties

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(Oh my God, it's Beemer boy)