

Fire Your Manager

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Yeah, I'm tryna see what she tryna do, I got mad shit on my mind
Yeah, my ho give me attitude, I got mad shit on my line
I done blew so many chances, I'm wonderin' how they doin'
Raf Simons, Ricky Owens, pop shit, how you doin'?
What she here for? She a demon, that ho gon' pour that muddy
She said she been on, drive that Aventador and go get money
Carti, what you in for? All that swagger killed that broke boy dumb
Your shit tinfoil, all these VVSs match my money
She like, "Hell no," she with me now, nigga, go get money

Uh, junkie step, like, ho, yeah, I serve junkies
Uh, mix and match my pistol, all these attachments
Yeah, while I just fuck on that ho, I can't look backwards, oh my
Uh, only two can fit Ferrari passenger, uh, uh, yeah
If you see my account, you'll fire your manager, okay
'Rari steamin', baby, I'm just high beamin', uh
Them niggas play in the section, I'll probably tip my team, uh
I heard one of my opps got fake Percs and the lean
Handle that, handle that, I'ma let God handle that for me
Uh, I bought a brand-new car, tryna ship it overseas
Twenty-thou' for these VETEMENTS, man, these VETEMENTS clean
Balmain zipper, man, man, my swag mean
I don't feel nothin', I go crazy
Pass me the blunt, now, who got smoke with me?
Might get the mob, I'll put some munyun on you, baby (Fuck that bitch)
I don't give a fuck about none of these niggas, you know I'm brazy
What happened to that trendin' shit? Them niggas over there gettin' lazy
Hold up, hold up, uh, how the fuck they say they made me?
All black, I'm goin' brazy, black Illuminati, baby

Paris, I'm poppin' my shit on all these France girls (Huh)
Millie, Rollie presi', diamonds dancing, yeah
Take a PT, vision these pictures to the Chevy sport (Sport)
Carry the bitch like my baggage, I bought her Chanel
Got her ready to carry a Birk', hey (Phew)
Top of the line
Boss on the top of the floor, I been turnin' shit slime (Tis)
None of them not my kind, we gon' hit with that iron (Tss, ayy)
We gon' wet up his line, we gon' cut off that time (Ayy)
And shawty so fine, I'ma play with the fire (Ayy)
I won't turn that bitch down when she up in my town (Ayy)
Take a look in my eye and then you'll know that I'm fried (Okay)
I got her rollin' my dope out the pound (Huh, huh)

I'ma sip with my 'vato and pull up like Alto
Model my body, Cavalli the couch
Which one I'm workin'? Don't open your mouth
Stay with the chopper, I'm straight out the North (Out the North)
I'm full, not just tonight, it's a pile up
Slay that demon with Hermes, and get in her
Keep the caliber all around the calendar
If you see my account, you'll fire your manager
Hit him back with the shovel, that's probably how it go
Came out the backside the store and I hit
He gon' try and get whipped like a pot in this ho
Boardin' the jet, takin' off with his bitch
With that 3008 and that vroom

I'm turnin' that .308, baby, lettin' off with that stick
Baby, the plan, the man, I'm him (Shawty)
I'll see ya (Slime)

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