Fish Scale

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Fish scale, Draco with that kick real (It got grip)
I got clientele comin' through on my cell (Yeah, yeah)
What you want, we sell
We got verses, plus some hittas get them bodies out of here
Hold on, bro be servin' gas and hard and bought that straight from off the s
cale

Let's go, who the fuck said that they want it with me?
I'm in Atlanta, a hundred some sticks on a nigga, they know not to run up on
me
Spotted him, I sent a pic to that nigga to show him I'm only lettin' him bre
athe
Shot at him, I swung that stick at that nigga
The bullets, they stronger than Hercules

She on Roxies, and this bitch on hard
I got Percs and celie, X, and Xanax bars
We got big extensions that protect my heart
Know we set like concrete, man
Rich ass nigga in a Maybach van

Hole in his head, tryna see all his brain
He gon' blatt, bah, bah if you think 'bout playin' games
Bought a cutter on my hand that we wrapped in whole things
Still got gray just like the road for to blow your nose and veins, yeah!

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I got Percs and celie, that drank gon' kill my kidneys
I got plenty hittas, know them niggas will not get me
We got scopes on top of them poles to make sure they split him
Bro got blocks all on the road, them shrooms came with that shipment
I got bad ass ratchet hoes, they got booty lifting
She got her a BBL, I'm out on the street with a TEC that kill
These diamonds, they glist', you see I'm is
I'm the originator, keep a Drac' like a sportsinator
Count up plenty paper, know that glizzy be fornicatin'
Put a clock on the top of hater

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