

Forgiato

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(I need to speak to Mike Laury)
(Yeah, you got Mike Laury)
What you on, foe?
(Dubba-AA flex)
You already know, nigga, we tote big Glocks, be like Yamaha
Four-five shit, nigga, yeah, yeah (Winning lottery numbers coming up)
Big slime

Pulled up and I was stuntin' on Forgiato wheels
They ain't even have to question 'cause they knowin' who it is
Probably got my son up in this bitch, a dirty stick, I'm full of pills
Oh, you can run and talk that shit, you gon' get stretched before this year
end (This is the sound)
Okay, pop a ten, free Lil Ten, killin'
That's where I'm at, right in that North where I'm known as murder man
Okay, my mama told me pop my shit and do my dance, I did
Dirty stick while I'm in this bitch on six Xans

This for my grandfather, I told him I'll never mess up, no
He tell me keep my burner on me, make sure my money long
Heart hurtin' bad, thinking 'bout Ten, no date on coming home
Phat Black been in and out, got a new case, just want me to get it gone
This for my system niggas, I ain't see Natty Kid in a minute
Over seven times, never seen my shooter, real gravedigger, contract business
Better tell 'em I'll zip them niggas, hanging out that Escalade with that Ru
ger
Talking to my mama 'bout what they claimin', while she saying, "Fuck 'em, te
ll a bitch prove it"
Don dada, boss man, they don't wanna do it (They don't wanna do it, baow)
Hanging out the window, I ain't even tuck my chain (Baow, baow, baow), like,
yeah, bitch, how you wanna do it?

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Marble floors, in it, I got hoes
Rap nigga want me dead, I'ma take the nigga soul
Reppin' off of one body, Top got over seven gone
Once that nigga add three, then I'm gon' start counting on my toes

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Since a kid, in and out the chains, swear they don't know my pain
I don't know who tryin' to get me at work one night, I ain't sleep with my s
hank
I check shit off the line, I don't do no runnin', bitch, I run that game
Step with niggas in the dawn from Gardere Lane gettin' full of pure cocaine
He a nose sniffer, he don't use his veins
Doped up 'fore he swing that thing
Evacuate whole set they claim (Hold on, nigga, hold on, hold on)
Bitch, I'm lil' bitty and this shotty got some kick and I think that's too s
trong
Kobe in that bitch 'cause I got a stick, can't hide it, that bitch too long

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Always on slime business (Slime business)
Matter fact, got me some slime hoes (Slime hoes)
Come on, ayy, come on
I run with gravediggers, pallbearers
Knock 'em off after them youngins wet up the funeral
My ape, he did it, but I don't understand 'em
In the streets, you got beef
You been stalking for to bust his dome (Make Winnfield his home)
Then it's on
Catch you, then you gone, in the ground
That same nigga your casket gon' be laying around