

Free Time

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Ayy, Marc, what it do?
I don't know everything I want
She need time, oh
I need time, oh
Based God

I know that it's real
Fillin' me in my body, run emotions
I hate on me, ain't know it
Can't lend them your heart like a token
I'm leavin' scars on your body, it ain't no status
We undecided, want my attention, they say top

Stackin' that money, it grow to galore
Don't want me in Bentley, my engines in Rolls
I got problems, I wanted it ghost
All that shit from a child took a toll
I be runnin' on time for these hoes
She need time to think and I say, "No"
Tell me that nobody knows
I don't wanna preach it on my own
You don't wan' come in, I'm goin' inside
I'ma stand on the top in the front where it lies
I'ma clean that bitch out like I hit it with Tide
We don't need no time to rise
We don't need no one to know, this shit can't be televised
Need nothin' but a gun and my bro on side
We on go, one floor from late tonight
I be with it, they save in they mind how I get it
He want smoke, it's a go, ain't no waitin', I send it
I be on it, I'm pushin' this trey to the limit
Ain't no tellin', I bet him then wait up in prison
I'ma stretch him and top, but he tellin' my business
We connivin' and robbin', ain't changin' my livin'
Nigga know how I'm rockin', no floppin', I hit it
Pussy nigga be hollerin', ain't comin' 'pecific

I be runnin', yeah
I don't know everything I want
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I need time, oh
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I got them hitters with me, her friends know we play for keeps, mmh, mmh
Let's go find some peace, right off in the bitch, uh-huh
Come stakeout with me, I ain't got time to leave, yeah
I drunk too much lean, I can't feel my feet, uh, yeah
Check how a nigga be drippin'
We on 'em, we surfin' in business (Yeah, slide)
I'm talkin' a lot, I ain't kiddin'
You want it, we get up and get it (Yeah, body)
That chopper be poppin', I spit it

I call it, I'm screamin', "Good riddance" (Yeah, die)
You know that I'm poppin', no skillet
These bitches wan' get in my business
I say that I'm runnin', them hitters be gunnin'
I'm droppin' it on 'em, them niggas go under
I'ma ride in the black, blowin' loud with the llama
I'm in love with that money, I spend it all summer
While I run with the sack, I'ma try not to fumble
I'm stay with that pole in the bed like a plumber
Get away from her love, I see that it's comin'
She be stalkin', she got me, she turn to a hunter

I be runnin', yeah
I don't know everything I want
She need time, oh
I need time, oh
Ayy, Marc, what it do?