

## Freestyle

### YoungBoy Never Broke Again

I just ain't wanna stop talkin', man, I don't know why  
Man, I wanna act stupid 'round this bitch or somethin', man  
(Evidently, I been shoppin' with Ken)

I don't wanna go through this no more  
Ayy, I don't wanna hurt you, have to let you go  
I know  
I hold it down, don't never leave me lonely, don't do me wrong  
Big diamonds on me, mmm (Ooh)  
These times of the mornin', I be lonely, slime  
Ooh, ooh, ooh (Ayy, talk that shit, Top)  
Do you love me? Can I trust you? Do you deserve me? Do I irk you?  
Keep that burner on me, run up on me I'm burnin' somethin', ooh  
Can't take this pain out my body  
But fuck that, I got these diamonds on me, young nigga, I been shinin' like  
a star, I know my body  
Fuck that, they took my daddy, but won't come take away my lil' brother  
Mmm, 3, tell 'em I'm 'bout business, I hold it down around this motherfucker  
, nigga  
Don't nobody have a job but my grandfather, nigga  
So fuck you think payin' for everything for my mother and my sister and my b  
rother, nigga?  
I'm so fucked up, I made it out, I'm rich as fuck and how I feel, I'm still  
caught up in the struggle, nigga  
But shit, I'm great, they let my nigga out, my day one, DDawg, that's my fuc  
kin' brother, nigga  
Huh, he'll chase you down  
Twelve years old, he knock one off, we had to sit ten years around, man, man  
Tired of all these fake-ass people 'round me, smilin', tryna down me  
All this pussy-ass whisperin', what you sayin' about me?  
Bitch, let me catch like one thing  
I put this on my mama, I'm too real, I let you inside my life, I'ma slime yo  
u, I'm gangster, bitch  
I'm danger, nigga, R.I.P. my uncle, he got hit all in his head tryna rob a n  
igga, man  
This shit man, it's some- stranger, like my nigga Jim Morrison, everything s  
trange  
Even the women, when you don't wanna be with 'em or try to get any  
Man, I'm ready go back to prison  
I ain't, I ain't got no love in this bitch, I ain't got no great feeling  
Damn, I got that big Bentley, ride up in it and I swear to God, I feel amazi  
n' in it, been winnin', nigga  
Opps on my ass, I got a bed, I got that bag, make me mad, I got them hitters  
, put your face up in it, nigga  
Man, tell them 'bout the niggas that was beefin' with me  
Put four of his brothers' face on a tee, that bitch been sleepin' with it  
Look, man, tell them 'em 'bout them niggas that was beefin' with me  
Put four of his brothers' face on top his fuckin' t-shirt, nigga, huh?  
Man, it's lil' Top, I keep my Glock, don't want no problem with you, no, jus  
t leave me 'lone, just carry on  
Just carry on, I'm tryna move 'round, I don't want you, just leave me 'lone,  
I got a bad bitch in my home  
Let me do anything I want, I buy her anything I want, she tell me anything t  
o please me  
Gang, these pussy niggas ain't 'bout nothin', I put you straight inside my t  
runk, you niggas Stevie, don't wan' see me  
On God

What the fuck, why I'm up early in that mornin'?  
Everybody in this room don't know nothin' 'bout me  
Or they probably wanna come kill DDawg, he dog somethin'  
But I guarantee you, I'll kill something, I'll hurt all y'all  
Why? 'Cause, you my motherfuckin' hoes and I'm a big dog  
I know you wouldn't even hold it down  
Y'all followin' niggas that even sold me down  
Bitch, I ain't no clown, nigga, fuck y'all  
I'm out my mind, ooh  
Let me hit my knees one more time, ooh  
I'm a soldier, I thought I told you  
I'll run down on you (Come here)  
I'll run down on you (Bitch, come here, come here)  
I get to singin' them blues, how you in blue?  
I make the sound with my, I make the, I make the, make the Glock make the tunes (Ooh)  
Oh, I got my Glock makin' tunes (Ooh)  
These dog-ass hoes don't love me  
I buy 'em anything, that's why they sit up, put up with anything  
I gave her a wedding ring and that bitch ain't my wife for nothing  
I'm how I done came, just like a man, I'm strictly thuggin'  
All them times I was being lame, if I hurt you, girl, I love you  
They don't wanna see me ballin', I been caught up in some trouble  
Ooh, I crack him, crack his dome, won't pay a nigga they motherfuckin' money  
Ooh, ooh, I get active, nigga  
Bracelet on my leg, you pussy niggas know I'm comin'  
Don't do no runnin'  
I'll gun you down, hit you all back, you'll hit your stomach, bitch  
Ooh, lil' Top, lil' Top, Kentrell  
I can't leave home right now for nothin' (I ain't goin', ain't goin' for shi t)  
I can't leave home right now for nothin' (I swear to God)  
I wake up every day, late night, morning, for money

I'm tryna get it in  
I ain't got no help, I ain't got no friends  
All four of them joints  
I hope you got money  
Inside my career, feel like Al Bundy (Plenty risks, nigga, on God)