

Got One

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

4KTrey

We put guns to the face
Ain't nobody safe, who gon' die today?
It's a murder business

Had to tell lil' mama "Bag it up", come here, drop that ass on me
We got sticks inside this fuckin' truck, you play they wack your ass for free
Bro died, I was down for weeks, I was on plenty drugs
Dog hoes talk down on me, but fuck 'em, I got plenty love

From the streets to the cellblock, he got red dot, hollows hot
It get steep, play with pale stuff 'til my arm lock, I scrape the pot
Gangster bitch, tryin' hold me down, she see I frown and wonder why
Surveillance sit outside my home, tryna take me down, I'm duckin' cops

I'm a thug nigga, fuck you, bitch, I got gravediggers
Run with me, I'll bust you, you bitch
Fuck the campus, I'm at school with that stick
You gon' get bluesed, you get hit, break all the rules, get 'em fixed
Cutthroat, ain't complyin' with shit
Mama, kill these pussy niggas that's dissin, now, you know I gotta
I'm tryna shoot the hoes that's with 'em, 'cause I'm a fuckin' problem
I'm gon' pop somethin, I run with sticks, they all be goblins
I be head-huntin', lil' bro just called and said he got one
Had to tell lil' mama "Bag it up", come here, drop that ass on me
Stacks inside my pants, I got 'em neat, I come up from the streets
Hold on, stop this bitch, I bag 'em up, shoot first, now come run up on me
I leave out red, I bang that green, don't diss out peace, best keep your head

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Get the drop, we pop a opp
Load ups, in my brother
We kept plenty sticks at Papa house
Before you know, they roll me out
They posted up, we spin around
Lil bro let my window down, this K come out
We pray around, fall, can't shoot back, we leave you found
Top ain't known to fuck around, 4Tre3 made me
On lock up, guards gon' slam me down, these bitches ain't gon' save me
On phones, watch what you say to me
Come face to me, they might raid me
Can't leave trace when we slang heat
Probably at the crib wit' a .223

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