

Gunsmoke

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Lil Neal on the track, so you know the beat retar...
Ayy, Chris, what you on, bro?
Gimme a joke
What you on, bro? (Doin' shit, back when I was doin' this shit), hah
Ayy, it's YoungBoy (I ain't on shit)
You already know me, alright, I ain't on shit, nigga
I'm on that same shit, gang shit

Murder gang, big boolin' shit (Boolin')
Smokin' dope on some coolin' shit (Coolin')
Don't tell me to go fuck with it
Nigga, if you don't want do this shit
Tell me how you won't do this shit
FN, Glock, MAC-10s
Comin' at me on no foolish shit (Bitch)
Pullin' in, we spray 'em then (Lay it on)
Niggas steady chokin' from our gun smoke (Pop-pop)
These niggas start to runnin' when my gun blow (Pop-pop)
This shit can go each way, we gon' let it blow (Pop-pop)
Pull up, choppers at your throat (Pop), knockin' at your door

I roll like Ox, we gon' have some problems (Yeah)
Pussy nigga who won't do it with the dotta, yeah
Whack shit, spray this bitch all at your mama (Brrap)
Or at your mammy, whatever you wan' call her (Ahh, bitch)
I'ma walk in with a thirty stick (Thirty)
Move on, I'ma shoot this bitch (Ha)
Say somethin', I ain't goin' back on nothin' (Nah)
Load up, bullet through that shit (Through it)
Long cutter with the coolin' kit
Hold a shotta, real strong it kick (Through his ass)
Kill 'em all, I don't know who to get (Buck)
Lay 'em down, and that stupid bitch
No, oh, no, I got Herm on guard (guard)
Wildin' out with these murder cards
Slime nigga, that's Blood gang (Slime)
Ridin' 'round with that murder squad (Squad)
Who said they gon' kill? Ayy, I
Fuck nigga, they don't know YoungBoy
Broke niggas gon' see these cars (Gon' see these cars)
Pullin' up, hoppin' out with rods

Murder gang, we just boolin' shit
Smokin' dope on some coolin' shit (Coolin')
Don't tell me to go fuck with it
Nigga, if you don't want do this shit (Yeah)
Tell me how you won't do this shit (Baow)
FN, Glock, MAC-10s
Comin' at me on no foolish shit
Pullin' in, we spray 'em then (Lay it on)
Niggas steady chokin' from our gun smoke
These niggas start to runnin' when my gun blow (Pop-pop)
This shit can go each way, we gon' let it blow
Pull up, choppers at your throat, knockin' at your door

Hah (What you on, bro?) Yeah, huh (We gon' let it blow)
You know it's 4K Trey, Northside 38, (Choppers at your throat)

Ain't nobody safe, we put guns to the face, who gon' die today?
Ol' bitch-ass nigga, slime
Blood gang, big boolin' shit, yeah, hah
Smokin' dope on some coolin' shit
Yeah, you know what it is, free Choppa Boy