

# Head Blown

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Super E

D-Roc (I don't even know what I'm doin')

Okay, I'm geeked, I need a beat  
Come from the streets, stay with that heat  
Full of that lean, young nigga toting fully loaded  
I'm shooting if I hear a peep  
I ain't with the fuckery, I'm a real G  
They know that it's up but ain't out of they reach  
Shawty wan' fuck with me real bad  
So I started with head, I make her go deep  
I just dropped off the top on a Lambo  
I just hit the pawn shop, upgrade my ammo  
I put big diamond rocks on top my Hublot  
You see I'm loaded but ain't slippin', get your head blown

Head blown straight up out of the system  
Made nigga on the block with them killers  
On go, gorillas, everybody official  
Tricking bad, if he fall, I'ma lift him  
If you loyal to me, I'm one hundred right back  
If you want him domed, for a fact, I'ma clip him  
I was down bad, I ain't blame no one, nigga  
Since you using me, bitch, stay goin' to the fitted  
D-Dawg in a cell, every time that he call, pick up right away  
Ned up in jail from that boy, free Choppa Boy and RIP Dave  
On god, these niggas ain't playin' my way  
He could buck and run up and get shot in his face  
I can see that they fake and them niggas be hatin'  
You get put in position to knock out your placements, bitch

Okay, I'm geeked, I need a beat  
Come from the streets, stay with that heat  
Full of that lean, young nigga toting fully loaded  
I'm shooting if I hear a peep  
I ain't with the fuckery, I'm a real G  
They know that it's up but ain't out of they reach  
Shawty wan' fuck with me real bad  
So I started with head, I make her go deep  
I just dropped off the top on a Lambo  
I just hit the pawn shop, upgrade my ammo  
I put big diamond rocks on top my Hublot  
You see I'm loaded but ain't slippin', get your head blown

I just pulled up and I hopped out on the curb  
Bitch, I'm grippin', you probably slippin', what's the word?  
I ain't goin' right now, I don't give a fuck 'bout what you heard  
I up this bitch and go to shooting you stuck-up nerds (Knock him back)  
I got out of my sack, I can't fuck up the bag  
I'ma run up a check, I'ma never relax  
I be keeping it cool, I ain't none of them dudes  
You gon' run off on who and get shot in your back  
If you play, you get boos, I was just on the news  
For some stupid lil' shit, I ain't trippin' on that  
When they said they want smoke, how I'm 'posed to react?  
But they know that it's up and I'm stickin' to that  
Bought a Rollie for her and bought one for my son

I'm a factor, relapse, now I'm ready to run  
If I pull up, these pussy ass niggas gon' run  
But they can't get away when I strike with this gun  
Drop a bag in a minute, they drop and get sonned  
Sippin' on lean and I'm smoking red Runtz  
Osama one hundred, I call him, he come  
Plus he a vet, he gon' go get it done

Okay, I'm geeked, I need a beat  
Come from the streets, stay with that heat  
Full of that lean, young nigga toting fully loaded  
I'm shooting if I hear a peep  
I ain't with the fuckery, I'm a real G  
They know that it's up but ain't out of they reach  
Shawty wan' fuck with me real bad  
So I started with head, I make her go deep  
I just dropped off the top on a Lambo  
I just hit the pawn shop, upgrade my ammo  
I put big diamond rocks on top my Hublot  
You see I'm loaded but ain't slippin', get your head blown