

I Don't Text Back

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

I upgraded my linen, huh, DOP, I don't do no simpin', uh
I really don't want you up inside my mentions (Ayo Bans, what you coo king?)
Get inside, I start diggin', huh, know you feelin' my inside your kid neys
I had to grind and it take me a minute
They was talkin' 'bout me 'cause my clothes was dingy
Hand-me-downs, I used to wear from my cousin
I used to ride up to slimes in the Pontiac
I got this shit in position, I'm quarterback
Pendants I put 'round my neck, make a Cartier
Cartier watch, it's not even a starter pack
All in my sleep, I get stack after stack

I get the money like that
Huh, hit it from her back, she like that
Hit me trippin', I don't even text back
Lookin', new clothes, just pickin', tryna turn up my swag
I want the money like that
I'm gon' get it, watch how quick I come back (Wow, wow, wow)
I get the money like that
They wan' see my swag, gettin' to the bag
No jet lag, straight like that

(Huh, huh) Uh
I mix the Oxy' with X, bitch, I'm booted like, "Uh" (Uh, uh)
Swervin' that day, but then bitch, I'm gon' crank up like, "Huh"
I got some twizzies, they crazy, they kill you, they get you like, "Huh-huh-huh"
I made a mill' every day of this week, bitch, I'm rich, like, "Um-hmm" (Shh, shh, shh)
I'm in the swerve, I'm in the frog-eyed Bentley (Skrtrt)
I'm at the top of this shit like I'm Big Ole pimpin' (Yeah, pimpin')
You broke, lil' bitch, we in the big boy league, you still countin' t hem pennies (Bitch)
I was just talkin' to God, I'll fly with the birds, I'll fly with the cranes
I was just talkin' to demon, he told me "Go get it," he told me, "It's endless" (Heartless)
I'm not your friend, your twizz', your cousin, listen, no, I'm not friendly
I just been booted up for like sixty days, bitch, you know I been heavenly (Booted up)
And you know that's why I do not reply, lil' bitch, so why is you textin' me?

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