In Control

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

I need to talk to Mike Laury
This is Mike Laury
Dubba-AA flexin'
Mommy, India got them beats

SK's, machine guns, it's two of us with four nines
Trippin' off no broke nigga, that fuck nigga get blowed down
Ridin' 'round with them sticks, nigga, these bitch niggas get rolled down
You wasn't never with the shit, nigga, we'll slide on em, they know it now
This is the sound
Pull up with them poles, nigga froze and get shot down
YoungBoy in control, niggas know I blow your block down
He was with his bros talkin' bold, but he not now (Fuck that)
You want some fame, we got them glizzies, get you hot now

Money on your head, I get you bankrolled
I'll whack your mammy and your daddy if you ain't know
She actin' classy, throw some money on a stank ho
I pull up actin' with that ratchet in my raincoat
Whip out that Glock, get out your top and get your brain blowed
We got them Hellcats but we dippin' in Durangos
Go with your move, we pop your ass and get your name known
And that's a fact, that nigga mad because his mans gone
I just rolled me up an opp, I get my "Bang" on
You bitches don't want war with us, Jay, this the same song
These niggas lyin', they scared to ride where my gang roams
Hop out the back and spray this bitch without no aim on, hold on

AK, machine guns, 50 Glocks, they big as hell
Fuck niggas get banged on, scary ass, they run and tell
Hoppin' out with my chains on, bitch nigga, don't tuck no tail
YoungBoy, Lil Top nigga, bitch nigga, don't say Kentrell

SK's, machine guns, it's two of us with four nines
Trippin' off no broke nigga, that fuck nigga get blowed down
Ridin' 'round with them sticks, nigga, these bitch niggas get rolled down
You wasn't never with the shit, nigga, we'll slide on em, they know it now
Pull up with them poles, nigga froze and get shot down
YoungBoy in control, niggas know I blow your block down
He was with his bros talkin' bold, but he not now (Fuck that)
You want some fame, we got them glizzies, get you hot now

When I was in jail, I was with Nadi on the line, nigga
He say he want him gone, we check him off 'cause he wasn't slime, nigga
Laid inside my bunk, I slept with murder on my mind, nigga
I'ma knock them niggas off like back-to-back, bitch, when it's time, nigga
Bitch, it's homicide when it's time to ride, all you niggas dyin'
Them bullets flyin', niggas go to droppin' with no fuckin' sign
Whip down, go to bustin', make you piss your pants, that's lemon-lime
Should've known that it get ugly when it's up but ain't no fuckin' hidin'

AK, machine guns, 50 Glocks, they big as hell
Fuck niggas get banged on, scary ass, they run and tell
Hoppin' out with my chains on, bitch nigga, don't tuck no tail
YoungBoy, Lil Top,nigga, bitch nigga, don't say Kentrell

SK's, machine guns, it's two of us with four nines

Trippin' off no broke nigga, that fuck nigga get blowed down
Ridin' 'round with them sticks, nigga, these bitch niggas get rolled down
You wasn't never with the shit, nigga, we'll slide on em, they know it now
Pull up with them poles, nigga froze and get shot down
YoungBoy in control, niggas know I blow your block down
He was with his bros talkin' bold, but he not now (Fuck that)
You want some fame, we got them glizzies, get you hot now

Straight gang shit, no lame shit, you know what it is
Play games, get your brain split, bitch
Yeah, 4KTrey, yeah
This is the sound
Ain't nobody safe
Outside thugs, we put guns to the face
Who gon' die today?
Slime, nigga

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!