

# Judgment

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Damn

Like when a nigga be tryna be like  
One count away, you know what I'm sayin'  
The streets kinda pull a nigga back in man, damn  
Shit be crazy as fuck man  
They can't win from losing at this shit man, but you know  
I was built for the pressure

Word on the street they want pressure so let's get it  
Clutching on the Glock as I ride through my city  
All the silent beef I ain't with it, nigga admit it  
Let off shots, ain't hit shit, they think we don't know who did it  
Retaliation a must, when we do it's man down  
Grrr, I ain't selfish, give his ass a hundred rounds  
Get out that water, you don't know how to swim, you bound to drown  
Red dot on top of your nose like bozo, we 'bout to clown  
I saw the change coming, all this shit I invented  
How you gon' knock a man for making his own decision?  
Same nigga, ain't shit really changed but my image  
I had to get that bread off the ground like a pigeon  
Remember coming up I used to rock the fake ice  
Stood on the block them late nights, asking god to get me right  
Remember shooting my shot at hoes, them bitches was uptight  
Now that they know a nigga worth it, hoes fuck the first night

Moment of truth

Everything I say I'ma do, I'm who them bitches gon' choose  
I'm who the trappers salute  
This a moment of truth, this a moment of truth  
I got the bag in the booth, I got the strap on me too  
I'm in the field with the troops  
This a moment of truth  
Ayy this a moment of truth

I'm peepin' all the shit niggas sayin' in these songs  
I made a couple moves, they look at me like I'm wrong  
But last time I checked I'm 26, ain't that grown?  
And last time I checked my niggas ride right or wrong  
Had to hustle just to eat, got my knowledge out the street  
All my sons they a beast (all four, I love 'em dearly)  
I hope my daughters never ever meet a nigga like me  
I ain't shit to your mamas, always took them through that drama  
They didn't understand a nigga, I was runnin' up them commas  
Booked up for the last two summers, making plays off a bundle  
Now I'm hotter than a sauna, people's choice like I'm Obama  
They say money made me dumber, just wanna see me fumble

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Fuck dude, he a lil hater and I noticed that

I ain't goin' like you might think and I'ma show you that  
Different bankroll every time I blink, see I get dough like that  
The Hi-Tech all a nigga drink 'less I run 'cross that Act  
Stay in your place, step out of line and get you buried  
You gotta think smart, play your cards solitary  
I made sacrifices, went against my hood for CMG  
Didn't sell my soul for money, I just saw shit that they didn't see  
Rap game wouldn't accept me 'cause I wasn't pretend  
I kicked the door down like SWAT 'cause they wouldn't let me in  
I'm out the jungle for sure, made it out the lion's den  
Sometimes it feel like the end of the row, Boyz II Men

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