

LLOGCLAY

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Ayo, Bands, what you cookin'?)

Cryptic messages, face card ain't good at all
They don't like him 'round the hood at all, he ain't understood at all
Been mistreated, he just play roles when his feelings get involved
She ain't supportive, she don't love me, and she ain't my friend at all
Mama, thank you, I got the hell of the experience while out on stages
From the gutter, we struggle bad, it's a shame
I know she don't love me, she just want an Audemars
I tell her not to touch me, in a moment, I want another broad
What do I say?
I don't really like the way you play with me, misgrading me
Made my way out the jungle
They wanna see me go under
Still conquer like I'm Mutombo
I'm sittin' aside because my heart tired
I done took so many long rides my whole life
Confessed my problems like so many times that I ain't got no song type
Shorty get it on on his own, bless him, yeah, he a real nigga
D-Dawg coming home and I'm just thankful for who's still with me
Left most shit alone, some people out there tryna still get it
In the a.m., I'm headed home, I done made more than a meal ticket
Been through some shit, I know I'm blessed and I be still with it
Diamond cross across my chest, I ain't got no vest knowin' them bullets might
just still hit me
Take a chance, mama took a chance by having me
I think I can make a masterpiece
In New Orleans like I'm B3 with a MAC with me
She in Tech with me
And I brought her back with me
For to show her some shit she ain't never seen
I got a MAC and steam, pull off anything
Rose gold Rolex, right face, could've bought it green
White and gold links on my neck, car fuck up the scene
You'll be off guess with these watch cost, nigga, what the fuck you mean?
250 what lately I been doin', half a ticket everything
What do I say?
I don't really like the way you play with me, misgrading me (King)

Okay, patiently, I wait for my nigga just like he would wait for me
Hate to see, that fucking machine only way he breathe
Taking me everything not to take a knee
Couldn't tell me shit with Hannah, Snake, JG, and Clay with me
I'm thinking back to better days like, "We can get it back"
But no more Clay, what kind of shit is that? Remember that
It don't mean shit to be rich for life when you living whack
If your relationships ain't still intact, give it back
And now my optics is watching my partner die in hospice (Damn)
The doctor talking 'bout, "It's over," fuck your diagnostic (Fuck you)
Nigga, we got money, what's the other option?
Nigga, shake back, this your little brother talking (Get up, bruh)
I gotta see you pop your shit again
Zaza and cigars in the wind again
Blood pressure can't kill Superman
Damn, believe in them still, we been in the battlefield
Fighting club full of niggas 'fore we had a deal
And when?

Strongest nigga I know, meanest nigga I seen (For real)
Still can't believe my nigga leaving, we a fucking team (For real)
Now I'm grieving, drunk, just speedin' in the fucking rain (Yoom)
Beside the pain, I feel nothin', man
And if I could feel, I guess it'd feel like (I guess)
A Snowfall episode, my uncle Jerome died in real life
They say that God always get it right
But somethin' 'bout this shit just ain't sittin' right
Then he told me dyin' a part of living life

Damn, can't argue with you
Think about it, you either die or live long enough to go to everyone you know and love funeral
You know?
Only two options, get old or die young, pick one
Trust and believe, nigga
In your life, the only thing you're guaranteed is to leave
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Alive or dead, them niggas can't fuck with us
Grand Hustle, nigga