

Mr Gaulden

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Ayy, what you on four?
Hah, hmm (Woah)
Fuck they on? Lil Top
4KT, we put guns to the face, who gon' die today

See you got them youngins pistol sparkin' and you ballin', Mr. Gaulden, yeah
, yeah
Yeah, these bitches on you, they want you to be they father, yeah, yeah
Know me, let them spin up 'bout my brother Charger, yeah, yeah
Fuck 'round wit' these niggas, I want all the problems, yeah, yeah

Maybe I can't even leave the crib, but I'm flossin'
They been tryna find out where you been, Mr. Gaulden
Baby, I'm with XO drinkin' sip, stop that callin'
Baby, I been fuckin' up my drip, I'm so awesome
Made her bend it over, then I buss it open
I'm a fuckin' soldier, and they think I'm so Magnolia
I'm from Northside, and they know I slump shit over
Let them talk 'bout me, just watch my feet, or I'm gon' flip shit over

Bitch, I'm NBA, so 4KT, bitch, act like you ain't notice
Know you see 'em dead, how my youngin' rollercoast 'em
Point that blick right at your head, .45, better not test that corner
Baow, baow, run down on 'em, baow, baow
Not many on the other corner
Had to put them hitters on 'em, ski'd up, we ain't got Corona
I might pull up in a Hummer, like I'm mothafuckin' Stunna
Like I'm XO, take your ho, I flip her, pass her to my youngin'
I got too much fuckin' money, and they know I spend it on somethin', yeah
I ain't talkin' cashin' out, gravedigger, know they drag him out, let's go
And I'm so manly now, ain't been gettin' into it wit' my mammy now
'Cause I got my own house, own car, big charm
Nigga, check this AP out, pussy boy

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Tell me how you been, Mr. Gaulden, I'm rich as hell
Tell me how you been, Mr. Gaulden, don't say Kentrell
This bitch tried to ask me 'bout her friend, then my phone fell
I been tryna calm down all my friends, the opps gon' tell
I been on that Don P, not gin, watch who you tell
Bitch, I got from off that boy, that's what you should go and tell
Bitch, I grew up sellin' hard, now the labels clientele
Bitch, I grew up real hard, show them I could never fail
Slimes trailin' me wit' rods, why? 'Cause I ain't gotta tell
Bitch, and you gon' tuck your tail, 'cause I know you soft as hell (Bah, bah
)
Tell me what's that smell, deadmen, go to hell
Call me Mr. Gaulden, bitch, long as you don't say Kentrell

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Ah, you already know what it is, man
Ayy, this YoungBoy, man, Mr. Gaulden
Ayy, this Lil Top, whatever you want call me
Just don't call me Kentrell, don't call me broke, you heard me
And don't mix me wit' that pussy ass shit, 'cause these niggas hoes
Believe that, nigga
Ayy, it's a XO Lifestyle, baby
I made her bend it over, then I buss it open
I'm a fuckin' soldier, and they think I'm so Magnolia, baby
But I'm Northside