

Not My Friend

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Okay, TK)

Uh, uh, uh, yeah

Yeah, uh, uh, uh

Yeah, uh, Top

Yeah

Tell her, "Pull up to the show"

I know she gon' fuck for sure

Huh, she probably gon' fuck my bro

Huh, hop out at all the stores

And I bought all the clothes

For to put that shit on in front of all her friends

Babygirl, you're not my friend (Huh)

Babygirl, let's make Ms

I'm not finna shake yo' hand

I just wanna beat yo' back in

My styrofoam double

Rick Owen my jacket

They both off of Codeine

She wanna get on it

You know that I'm focused

I get that ho loaded

I got Wok', I got [?]

Gotta know that's my bitch, I promote her

Added up 'round this bitch, fucked the total

Do the dash in this bitch 'bout a motor

I jump out with that stick, toe to toe

From the back with that ho, I'm a soldier

I'm not givin' up none of my money

I'm not lettin' none of them fuck me over

I been runnin' up hundreds up, mama

I ain't never forget that I owe you (Yeah)

Come from bad to doin' good

It ain't perfect but understood

I got to be thankful for that blessin'

Designer clothes

Now, I got to find these hoes

Now, I got a foreign, it's Rolls

I might as well send a bitch roses

Yeah, I said, "I might as well buy the bitch roses"

Yeah (Ah)

I say, "I might as well buy the bitch roses"

Told the management send a bitch roses, wherever she was

Come in that red, that's blood

You know that my Five, lil' nigga, do not call me, "Cuz"

Don't try me and fuck up my buzz

I buy her that bag, I make sure she stay with her bag

I fuck that bag up with that girl

Can't never go sad

Pop out with that Glock on they ass

I know that you're lovin' me, girl

Uh, yeah

Know that you're lovin', know that you're lovin' me, girl

Know that you love me, know that you love me

I know that you're lovin' me, girl
Uh-uh, oh, oh

She'll do it right now in these streets, yeah
She want Chanel if you see it there
She want it now, uh
To all the niggas I meet, yeah
Never gon' tell what you see, man
Know that that type of shit turnin' out bad
Girl, you're too bad
On your body, Patek
They disrespectin', we ain't goin' for that
Then you know you call me and I'm runnin' for that
Hope inside that girl I'm wishin' a well
Roxanne on my mattress and I'm feelin' my jacket
I'm exposed to this shit and these niggas gon' steal
Nigga, you're cappin', lil' mama [?], she like how I rock it (Uh-uh)
Go tell them to stack it, I put that Amiri on top of Camari
Inside my home I got a store, I got these classes, I got the whole damn department
She want the drugs that I'm on
I looked right at that bitch and passed it

Designer clothes
Now, I got to find these hoes
Now, I got a foreign, it's Rolls
I might as well send a bitch roses
Yeah, I said, "I might as well buy the bitch roses"
Yeah (Ah)
I say, "I might as well buy the bitch roses"