

Off The Lean

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Pipe that shit up, TnT)
How long can he go?
(Thanks, Yakree)
I was shinin' hard, I was grindin'

When they see me, I was gone from off the lean, smokin' dope, dope, dope
When they see me, I was beamin', beamin'
Shinin' like the motherfuckin' lights on the street
I know they ain't never had the thought that they'd see me on
Ayy, ayy, on
They thought they'll never see me on
Ayy, ayy, on, on

Oh, he got a Rolls-Royce and you know I paid for it
For that money, we untamed boy, I was locked up in them chains for it
My mama know it, I ain't doin' no back and forth, I catch him, whack the boy
Got racks, I stay with that money on galore and I started off trappin' for it
I'm in a Bentley GT, park this bitch inside the street
Pull up, they like, "There go YB," fresh as I could fuckin' be
I be keepin' they chest on bottom my feet and I don't miss no beat
I be wearin' Pateks and Cuban links, the cheapest cost thirteen
Sick, I ain't got no cough, you ain't never noticed since I be off codeine
Grimy, I'm out that North, she fuck with me, she wan' fuck with me
Cutthroat like my mama, you know I'm known to pull off mysterious things
I like that Redeye better, but she bought Hemi in that Trackhawk Jeep
Stackin' up my money, nigga, they wanna see my bank on E
Them bitch-ass niggas tried to bang on me, they aim wasn't neat, dang, boy
Podcast niggas be mentioning me, take off on 'em, twenty mill' on twenty mill', you better watch my name, boy

When they see me, I was gone from off the lean, smokin' dope, dope, dope
When they see me, I was beamin', beamin'
Shinin' like the motherfuckin' lights on the street
I know they ain't never had the thought that they'd see me on
Ayy, ayy, on
They thought they'll never see me on
Ayy, ayy, on, on

Nigga, stack that shit, that's another M
That's a new attempt, hold on, stop this bitch
I'm in LA bangin' red, I kill a Dodgers pit
Hmm, he came home from the Feds and he got twice as rich
In Atlanta, won't say that I won't fight, I'm bringin' out the stick
This lil' ho just talkin' 'bout what she don't like, she just bitin' my dick
You got a question if YoungBoy rich, you slower than a bitch
They boycott, then got that boy lit, I shoot him in his shit
Buy her that Benz made by Brevis, my bitch gon' have a fit
From a cell to livin' lavish, how realer can it get?
Turnt down that deal to save the whole clique, how triller can I get?
Hit the car lot, ain't no pic, make sure I ball out 'round this bitch
Off the lean, I'm smokin' shit make you hallucinate, one hit
To my PO as I go, I take a piss that's with a stench
Mr. feelin' ready, I been sellin' tunes, I ain't got no bricks
I don't know nothin' 'bout no murder, I don't know nothin' 'bout no hit

When they see me, I was gone from off the lean, smokin' dope, dope, dope

When they see me, I was beamin', beamin'
Shinin' like the motherfuckin' lights on the street
I know they ain't never had the thought that they'd see me on
Ayy, ayy, on
They thought they'll never see me on
Ayy, ayy, on, on