

On the Rest

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Pipe that shit up, TnT)
You gettin' me, D-Will?
Yeah
They know who I am

I ain't have no choice, I jumped off the porch, dope wasn't right, huh
Keep that red flag, tote that thirty pole, plus he right, huh
He ain't never know that they wasn't his type, but he know now
He say fuck these hoes, niggas die on sight, they get rolled out
He say get that money, spend that money, stack that shit up, yeah, yeah
Juggin' back, bet that, this four hundred grand, correct that
I won't talk, I pulled up lookin', where that check at?
I told 'em bet that and cash out on the rest, yeah

I pull up icy from my fuckin' head to teeth (Head to teeth)
I don't speak, you see murder when I blink
I'm in that Rolls with that gang out on the street
These pussy ass niggas gon' sing, they try takin' somethin' from me
I done ran a check up, I go promise I won't hurt no more
Straight out that North, that's on my boy, I never trust no ho
Before I run, I stop, pop out, I aim and blow the pole
I'ma catch my K before I freeze, they'll never say I fold
Who broke the code?

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Want that McLaren, but my taxes ain't been paid, okay
I paid that bitch to close her mouth, they think I'm fazed, I ain't
Paid two mil' close for my house, I ain't stayed ten days
Young nigga turnt so much, they came, gave me a raise
Go check my bank account, don't give a fuck who lit
Any problem, get it fixed, worry 'bout no nigga or no bitch
But this nigga, I can show him how to move a brick
They know we be with the shit
Ask Ville, I'm gon' get 'em hit
They sit on shit inside the sixty

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