

Out My Mind

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Hmm, hold on, hmm...
Free Lil Meechy baby (Hmm...)
Look, Lil Top Nigga
Ridin' 'round in a drop top with a stolen Glock
Searchin' for my opps
Hold on, hold on

I got my green mask on, time to get active, what's happenin'?
I'm standing down, bitch I get down, I got that shit from my mammy
I keep that pistol on me, bitch you run up on me, I'll stamp 'ya
Promise for to dome the pussy bitch for all them stupid 'lil antics
Jason man, I'm fucked up, I'm out my mind
I got my wife inside this bitch, DeJa in this bitch, she got that iron
I'm feelin' lesser than a man call Jason, come, can't get no time
I heard these niggas want my fame and name, I put the bitch in line

So many kids and how you think that I feel?
I'm 'tryna tell you, it's real
I ain't got no money to give, bitch I'm hustlin' for real
Hold on, nigga, I told you that you better slow down 'fore I send my cousin
skully for to bust 'yo fuckin' door down
All night, I'm hustlin'
I done came from nothing
Oh yeah, all them bitches stuntin'
I put diamonds from their heads to legs
Million dollars inside my closet, bitch .45 come play with that
Come inside her, I'm out the window and she pop out, [?]

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Everytime I move around the dog, you don't wanna play with me
We leave you dead in front your house, this shit ain't safe for me
Mama, I know that my soul gone
Oh...
I'm 'tryna smoke the bitch you smoke on me (Oh Yeah)
I'm 'tryna live, (yeah), hold on, I'm tryna talk
(I'm 'tryna smoke the bitch you smoke on me) (Oh Yeah)
It's Lil Top nigga, ay what you on 5ive, how you livin? I hope you getting i
t
Fuck these niggas, fuck these bitches
They know I'll murder 'em and I'll make the day, I don't give a fuck about w
hat 'nun of these niggas say

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(It's Slimeto nigga, it's Top [?], ay, call me whatever you want, just don't
call me a hoe, don't call me a broke nigga, you know I can't talk too much,

let that shit go)