

# Over

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Yo, Richh, make that sauce)  
(Henry, you ate this one)  
(Ayy, Juppy, man, you pressure)  
Mm, mm

Seven in the morning and this bitch sippin' drank  
Is this some time for me to get ya? I don't know what the bitch think  
Thinkin' 'bout them times when it was okay to cry  
Them times me and KD totin' on fire  
In the passenger side while he catchin' sales inside the ride  
He ain't makin' no sense  
So many died and thinkin' right now, you don't even notice  
Saturate on fairgrounds, got rollercoastered  
Damn, five

In the streets, you look in those eyes, you'll see that ain't no love out  
She tryna come over, now  
She want me to stroke her  
I, got your back, like a soldier  
When I pound her, it's over

In the streets, take a seat and fear no eye (Over)  
In the back and keep a strap like a soldier (Over)  
Killed the baby in the streets, she don't know why (Over)  
She want me come inside and pound her 'til it's over (Hold on, blrrt, over)

In that Cadillac, I'm slidin' with that beat inside, nigga  
They just passed by with that playin'  
Pop out, go inside, nigga  
I was floatin' with Ben10 with that big fire, nigga  
Young nigga, sixteen with a million dollars  
I ain't finna cop no deuces, I ain't got no problem with ya  
I ain't finna cop no deuces, not at all, see about it  
I think it's funny, I got more money than my school teachers  
I ain't trippin', you ain't gotta like me, you gon' hear about me  
Nighttime, she want me come over, slowly pound stroke her (Pound)  
Louis brown loafers  
Baby girl, you lookin' so good  
In my hood (My hood), where I'm from  
Baby, all good  
We tote guns

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