

Red Rum

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Grrah! Bang! Gang!
Ayy, this for all them 38 babies out the North you hear me?
Yeah, make 'em draw the chalk, look
Nigga, this that red rum shit
Keep your gun, bitch
'Fore I slum shit
Fuck 'round and just run with
Look, gang

This that red rum shit, fuck how you come shit
Better keep your gun, bitch, fuck where you from, bitch
Play and you get stung, bitch, we on that dumb shit
And fuck Donald Trump bitch, that NBA shit
Hoes I don't play with, I hate all that fake shit
Stunting on my ex bitch, I know she can't stand it
Burner on my waist, bitch, I be on that bang shit
Fuck up out my face, bitch, I be on that gang shit
Get shot in your face, bitch, reaching for my chain, bitch
Made it out them chains, bitch, I'll never change, bitch
Still keep that thang, bitch, catch me tryna drill some shit
Still with my same clique, and no, you can't hang, bitch

I go by YoungBoy, what it is?
Pull up, me and twin, and you know we full of pills
Pass that ass, hoe, mane, get the fuck up out my grill
Fuck your old mane, he gon' get hit with the steel, uh
These niggas some hoes, man, they don't want no smoke
38 Baby, I ain't slippin', bitch, I keep a pole
Need a money machine, I don't want to count no mo'
Buy a Fanta from the store, red drink, I pour a fo'
Fuck the laws, up in public, got that thang on me
If he play, you better kill him, heard that from my mama
If a nigga touch me, it's gon' be a problem
Hit you with that llama, bitch, you know I keep that chopper

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This lil hoe tryna finesse me, she think that I'm stupid
I told that hoe stop all that flexing, what up with that coochie?
He keep showin' off that gun but he ain't gon' use it
You know all my niggas ruthless, you know that we quick to shoot it
Bitch, hold up, you need to put some polish on your toes
I'm tryna get my son some head while he one years old
Bitch, I'm out the North and half my niggas throwin' up them fours
Soldier really pimpin', catch you cuffin', he gon' take your hoe
Shoot like Scottie Pippen from the three, gon' hit you from the road

I just bought a chopper from 3Three and on the back it fold
All my niggas trappin', what you need? They don't ever close
Bitch I'm from the streets, I'm 'bout that drama, I'll never fold
I just raised the murder rate up in my city, bitch
Fuck the race, I ain't in no competition, bitch
Fuck the media, in real life we really zippin' shit
You know we don't spare nobody, shoot you in your shit

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