

# Rough Ryder

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Adam Slide made the beat slide)  
(Goddamn, BJ with another one)

Body bag, toe tag, in the streets, another victim  
Juggin' bag, gettin' it on, cold ass bloody nigga  
Just another sign, blow his ass, another trace, another record  
Just a bitch who talkin' down or another nigga think he fuckin' with me  
Dirty game, fuckin' shame, kiss me 'cause she love that nigga  
Dirt up on my name, fuck the fame, free DDawg from out the system  
Gang gon' stay the same, your friends gon' change, slide with my bro and wit  
h this pistol  
Bitch, I keep my thing, I let it bang, don't play no games, we quick to pin  
him, yeah

Pistol packin' in the North, 4Trey stack in the North  
I'm down to kill a whole house when my feelings involved  
I'm down to push the button on y'all, I give my brothers one call  
That's why I'm singin' all my pain, they plan on tearin' me down

I'm a rough rider, lowlife, made nigga, yeah  
I'm a fuckin' problem, thirty pop him, play, we pop his head  
You know Top'll stop 'em, we clear the scene and leave them niggas red  
Where I go, them hitters follow  
They on my ass, but I know the game that's played

On top my shit, these pussy niggas hatin', face me, nigga  
Ridin' 'round in my Rolls-Royce screamin', "Gang," I know you hate me, nigga  
We gon' forever bang and stay untamed, they tryna break me, nigga  
Bitch, I'm twenty, I done spent four million and dropped a half just for the  
zipper  
Lay your bed, I throw the pillow (Ooh, yeah)  
Pallbearer runnin' with the fuckin' gravediggers, yeah  
Public figure ridin' with the fuckin' K's with him  
Don't give a fuck 'bout how I turn out once his mans with him  
I'm quick to jump out with my glaow, they gon' slang with him

Pistol packin' in the North, 4Trey stack in the North  
I'm down to kill a whole house when my feelings involved  
I'm down to push the button on y'all, I give my brothers one call  
That's why I'm singin' all my pain, they plan on tearin' me down

I'm a rough rider, lowlife, made nigga, yeah  
I'm a fuckin' problem, thirty pop him, play, we pop his head  
You know Top'll stop 'em, we clear the scene and leave them niggas red  
Where I go, them hitters follow, they on my ass, but I know the game that's  
played

Everywhere I pull up, all these hoes, they wanna know where Top is  
Motherfuck a show, I dropped my tape, now where my fuckin' guap at?  
Soon as I walk up in my show, they tryna see where my Glock at  
They know I'm strapped up in this bitch, I shoot, a nigga can't stop that  
I'm 38

I'm a rough rider, lowlife, made nigga, yeah  
I'm a fuckin' problem, thirty pop him, play, we pop his head  
You know Top'll stop 'em, we clear the scene and leave them niggas red  
Where I go, them hitters follow, they on my ass, but I know the game that's

played

Body bag, toe tag, in the streets, another victim  
Juggin' bag, gettin' it on, cold ass bloody nigga  
Just another sign, blow his ass, another trace, another record  
Just a bitch who talkin' down or another nigga think he fuckin' with me  
Dirty game, fuckin' shame, kiss me 'cause she love that nigga  
Dirt up on my name, fuck the fame, free DDawg from out the system  
Gang gon' stay the same, your friends gon' change, slide with my bro and wit  
h this pistol  
Bitch, I keep my thing, I let it bang, don't play no games, we quick to pin  
him