Self Control

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Drum Dummie
CashMoneyAP
DJ Swift on the track

I'ma leave here with what I came here for, now what you sayin'?
You don't wan' take it there, don't go there with us, nah
Walked in with a Styrofoam cup with plenty racks off in my hands
And we ain't come here for to lose, we want it all
Smokin' dro 'cause I need it
So I could be calm instead of dangerous when you see me
You niggas know we quick to let it blow for any reason
Kick down your door, post up on your front porch, and we ain't leavin'

When my grandma died, I had to beat the odds and it wasn't easy
When Boozilla died, I almost lost my mind, broke me to pieces
We was slangin' iron for Dump and all the rest, it ain't no secret
38 across my neck, we be them boys you don't want beef with
Smokin' dro, smell it when I hit the door, 'cause I need it
I ain't the one, these pussy niggas know I be fiendin'
Hop out the car with diamonds 'round my throat, bitch, I'm beamin'
I don't think no nigga can't see me, I be paranoid while I'm leanin'

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Whole lot of racks on these VV's
I'm so slime, on this Glock, got a green beam
Got a whole lot of people that need me
Bust your head all over the right thing
I ain't got nothin' but a dub and a Black Card up inside my Ami' jeans
I just want head, can't fuck in a bed, it's just some things don't excite me
Testin' your gun inside of the backyard, let it hit, get your aim up
My youngin official, he wait in your backyard, and I call him the bang thug
Wake up in the morning, get fresh as a bitch, I'ma walk in Dior and some Mar gielas
And the way we gon' dump at the boy with the stick, I'ma finish him off with a four nickel
I be thinkin' 'bout Dump all over the time, this shit just don't feel right
I don't go to no club, I be takin' these drugs, ridin' and keepin' that stee l tight
Every night 'fore I sleep, I think 'bout the North Side where I grew up, no ho type
Play, I put you to sleep before you could see (Bitch)
Pull up where you be and it's on sight

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