

# Shot Callin

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

I just pulled up in that motherfuckin'—, gone  
Me and BoBo in this motherfucker clutchin', what you on?  
And I'm so fresh, I know she wanna fuck me, bae, come on, huh  
This that catch-a-opp-and-hop-out, walk his ass down  
They not swaggin' like Lil Top, nigga, huh, wipe me down  
Bitch, I got that guap that get you popped and leave you found  
I just came through, it ain't hard to tell that I got money  
I just came through, like, bitch, don't tell me nothin', I come from nothin'

Look, Rolex cost a Benz truck, got my F&N tucked  
Mansion cost a high school, 'bout time I turnt my kids up  
I been up, don't give a fuck  
Heard I bust his friend up  
Go ask 'bout me, I'm divin', 5.56s lift his chin up  
Flexin', bitch, draw the stick and take his shit  
Bing, baow, baow-baow  
Bitch, stop all that holdin' me  
Pussy nigga trollin', all y'all act just like some hoes to me  
Put this bitch up on him, bring straight pressure if he think that he gon' r  
oll on me  
Yeah, I've been chilled out  
Meds, I've been in my bag  
I've been showin' my ass, nigga, yeah, nigga, yeah  
I owe thirteen mill' to Jaz'  
I had— shh, poke his ass  
She had topped me, then got popped, let's clean that bitch with Gucci rags  
He got nuts while I was down, now, I'm out and that's his ass  
We might catch him in the lobby, bro gon' pop out with a mask  
Skrtrt, skrtrt, tell my daddy that I said this bitch too fast  
Park that bitch, nigga can't act like that they ain't just see me and Herm

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(Nothin')

Baby, ooh, ooh, mm, can't quit leanin'  
Tell that nigga stop that talkin'  
Face me when you see me  
Tell my stylist that I'm tired of Hermès, come Celine me  
Tell my opps that I got Glocks and they got built-in beams in  
And I will shoot you, ooh  
Trap out like lil' Meechy  
Gotta get my shake back, baby, hol' on  
Through the town, my name been ringin' (Ring, ring), yeah (Ring ,ring)  
Swear once I get mine, I'm gon' come home and I'm gon' throw 'way all this c  
ellphone  
Come see how my block roll  
Control this bitch from outer space, ain't been there so long, so long  
Bo' must show 'em how my arm long (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Bo' got that work and all day long, been gettin' his work on (Oh, oh, oh, oh  
)

Fuck your day, impeach me  
You know Kevin? Who? Lil' Meechy  
You Know Bo', he play with poles  
He made him bled, this shit start reekin'  
I got DDawg hangin' out the top and that's how I got even  
You know Nicole? No, the Colombian  
Bitch, thought she was Puerto Rican  
Bitch, I'm real, American made  
Run with Chargers like Vin Diesel  
Bitch, I come from medicatin'  
Diamonds all on me like some measles  
Pistol packin', run up on me, I'm gon' teach a nigga (Baow, baow)  
Can't pull up on me, I'm BP'd up and I'll leave a nigga  
I just pulled up in that Gravedigger with lil' Pheezy, nigga, baow  
I've been showin' my lil' ass off  
I always got my pants down  
And I got that bag out  
In cell blocks, I done ran 'round  
I'm in North Argyle  
Lil' shawty, she just text me and she said she saw me

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