

Shotta Soul

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Damn, ayo Drum, play that bitch back)
Oh damn, let me tell you niggas 'bout most of the-
Most of the shit, and I say
(Danny got that juice)

Had some problems, but, that's what made me who I am today (Today)
They was tearin' me down, I ain't never break (I ain't never break)
Interrogation, I ain't never say
Nigga got hit up with that Drac' (Shh, pow, pow)
I'm from the 'hood, you break the rules, you got to pay (You got to pay)
I done made it on my own, say, "Amen" (Amen, Amen)
I'm protected everywhere I go (Mhm)
Free my brothers in the sprinter van
Fifty cent chip bags from the store
Now, a young nigga got hella bands
Bands, I'm so high that I won't never land

I ain't graduate at all, but, you got a new house, so, I see, grandpa (Okay)
Say, "I love you" 'fore I leave that Nawf, I done made it too hot, I done knocked some off (That's a fact)
Huh, did so bad, I ain't think she come back
But, she still around puttin' up with my ass
Eyes lookin' at Kelly, I was lookin' at Birk, had to ask do she got some love for a bag
Put her ass on that
If I cop one, I'll buy multiple (Woah)
Love her, still left her stranded, that's a shotter soul (Oh)
I don't talk no planet
Ride me like a rodeo (Oh)
Ohh

I know that you see I'm worse than before (Oh-oh)
But, If you mine, you'll stay on my side
Don't tell a nigga that can't take mine
Got to make more money than I had before, oh
But, he don't value what you mean, now, I know
Now, you got to tell a nigga your time gone
My sons gone, my mind gone, they thinkin' that (They thinkin' that)
Young nigga rick like Richy
Rich like Rich The Kid, I pay the bills
I pay my mama bills, and the lawyer fees
For my bro', I'll probably sell the house
He say, "Murder fees," don't bring 'em me
Know I play for keeps, I knock some off (I knock some off)
Black Range truck, pull up sport, take off (Skrtrt, skrtrt, let's go)
Better not tell me shit, I'm inside my house
Told a bitch she better watch her mouth (Watch)
You know I'm a gangster
You know it ain't long 'til the day that they say I'ma die (Die)
Not a child, I don't cry
Just make sure I'm focused, I'm rollin' with sticks in the ride (Sticks in the ride)
And make sure I stack up my Ms for my child
You know that I ran up my Ms for them kids (Them racks)
I ain't seen my daughter or son in over a year and still don't know what I did (What I did)
Play games, nigga, I set the bait

Mask up, ride with my TEC to [?]
If I got 'em, make sure I designer my kids
Lord know I grew up to [?]

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