

# Slime Mentality

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

I need to talk to Mike Lowrey  
Hello?  
This is Mike Lowrey  
I'm runnin' and I'm runnin' yeah (Dubba-AA Flex)  
Uh, my mama slime, my sister slime, My brother slime  
My daddy slime, yeah he slime (Louie Bandz made another one)  
Ayy, how you wanna do it?  
How you wanna do it nigga? (I'm in here)  
Ayy 4K Trey, Free D-Dawg  
I'm on that same shit, ain't nobody safe (This is the sound)  
Let's Go!

Boom bow, pussy bitch don't try to run now  
Fuck nigga ain't have his head on  
I'ma make sure that these niggas hear me through they headphones  
I've been cooling but these pussy bitches, just won't leave me 'lone  
Crack you in ya shit just to see what's on yo mind bitch  
I'm YoungBoy woppin', Kaylyn woppin', yeah, she slime  
Police on my ass gotta watch the way I'm slidin'  
He acting hype, them slimes roll down and ease his mind  
Yeah, I pull up acting in a 4-door  
You would think my niggas with me in this bitch, but boy I'm solo  
And Meechie in the south but still it come and kick yo front door  
Bro geekin' off that soft but wilding out, bitch if you don't know  
I'm telling you niggas, I drop a bag just to finish you niggas  
He think it's done, but that's his ass, I'm gon' get rid of you niggas  
At a show or anything bitch we gon' hit at you niggas  
I want them all that's on my dawg, Bitch we gon' get at you niggas  
P.O blockin', tryna catch a nigga outside  
I'm thuggin' for real, I tell ya' bitch I cross the low line, I'm 'bout mine  
, let's slang iron  
Three run down with that Glock 9, muthafuck if they clutchin'  
They all in trouble I'ma buss mine

Hold on, grew up in the fire, huh  
He came out a slime, huh  
He don't wanna talk 'cause you gon' die, yeah ('Cause you gon' die)  
Motherfuck who come behind, huh  
'Cause bitch we slanging iron, huh  
Take his ass up top like high five, yeah  
Don't give a fuck about who you call, or who come out of town  
The city know we step on shit, I'm slime  
Don't give a fuck 'bout who they round  
'Cause we gon get them all  
We ain't the ones to rep on bitch  
Check out my murder man dance, look

Pull on side him, dump a hunnid in a car (Boom bow)  
Catch you slippin', then you ain't gon' see tomorrow (Uh-uh)  
This for dump behind, him we dyin' hard  
I go by top, get out yo top, I draw the sword  
Everybody in here sliming with a nigga  
There ain't no shit, they don't want no problem with a nigga  
These hoes ain't shit, I put a Remy on a pillow  
Mention an opp, I tell her stop until it build up (Bitch, dumb)  
Bro just wrote me in a message and I read it, what it said?  
He joced off you about your ex and then he dead

I'm banging green but I get mad and leave out red  
I been that nigga, you gon get that through your head  
Bitch, yeah

Grew up in the fire, huh  
He came out of slime, huh  
He don't wanna talk 'cause you gon' die, yeah ('Cause you gon' die)  
Muthafucka who come behind, huh  
'Cause bitch we slinging iron, huh  
Take his ass up top like high five, yeah  
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Take his ass up top like high five, yeah  
Don't give a fuck about who you call, or who come out of town  
The city know we step on shit  
And I don't care who they round  
'Cause we gon' get them all  
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