

Smoke One

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Smoke one for every time that they fold on me
Fuck these niggas 'cause I know that they ain't on nothin'
Bitches be hating, they betraying the ones they rode for
Fuck 'em all, 'cause I don't owe nothin', yeah

Know I got you if you hold it down
Forever with 'em, know that's my round
If they stands up, then it's goin' down
Know I'm chasin' money, I ain't sittin' 'round
Ridin' in the car, hundred-some 'rounds
Keepin' my guard, watchin' my thoughts
No music on, I don't hear a sound
Know my mother think really highly of me
Probably why your bitch wanna fuck me
Probably why your nigga wanna touch me
But you know it'll turn out ugly (Ooh)
Frank Sinatra with John Gotti in a Maybach
This just me and my engineer, hope it don't go down, 'cause Lord know I don't
t want him 'round that
Face expression get you bust-up, better watch who you frown at
I ain't in the mood, they know I'm fucked up, say I'm good, but it turned bad
It turned spar, bust your head, send you to God
Eyes on just me and my bars, we playing chess, we dreamin' hard
We dreamin' large 'bout the money out there
Know it's a beef for me and beef for you, my nigga
He like, "They beef with you, then they beef with me, my nigga"
Then I had to tell him, "It don't get no realer, nigga"
He facin' over forty-somethin' years, that's my system, nigga
I'm with you, nigga

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Bitch is shakin' for me, she must thinkin' that I want somethin'
Know she trippin' bad, it's for a fact, and, no, I'm not on nothin'
Sliding in that Maybach, know I'm plottin' on somethin'
Twenty million up, don't give a fuck, they like I'm on somethin'
Youngboy, you know I bust at somethin', blitz 'em, know I'm rushin' somethin'
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Pull up with my top down in a Cutlass, it ain't even summer
Know these bullets hot as hell, it's gon' be a cold summer
I was 'posed to marry her, got me thinkin' that I'm wrong or somethin'
It's just me and Nick, nigga, New York like a Knick, nigga
These pussies know I zip niggas, still ain't made it out, but rich nigga
Tell these niggas "Hold up, watch me burn six figures"
Like, bro, you know you ain't fuckin' with me and my clique's sicker

Smoke one for every time that they fold on me
Fuck these niggas 'cause I know that they know nothin'
Bitches be hating, they betraying the ones they rode for
Fuck 'em all, 'cause I don't owe nothin', yeah

Smoke one, light one, zip one, get 'em gone (On they top, nigga)
Roll one, light one, zip one, get 'em gone (Put 'em on they top)

Smoke one, light one, zip one, get 'em gone (Send 'em on they top)
Revenge, gon' spin somethin', I'm gone

Tryna make sure that I win, need plenty ways to make it
I really feel these niggas faking, they gotta kill me if they wanna take the
se

Niggas wanna take my placement, I'm too trill, you ain't too real
Real grave digger, I'm NBA, north side, 38 for real
Know from fake, nigga, niggas know I ain't playin' with all these fake nigga
s

Nigga know these dog hoes ain't got no safe, nigga, wanna eat your plate, ni
gga

Shit, what it is, fuck how you feel, see how he feel when this K hit him
Nigga claimin' that they hardbody, they break soon as that Drac' hit 'em
Yeah, stand on they block, we had that hard all night

Soon as I'm feelin' down, I stop and talk to God on sight

Like, "Why these bitches changin' on me like my heart ain't right?"

They know I'm real and niggas still wanna take my life

Gotta do it right and raise my sons, I'm like Youngboy on mine

Trust inside my flag and in my gang, rag and rod, I hold it tight

Gotta tuck 'em in, if I die tonight

Bitch, I'm up as long as you believe I'm right here on your side

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