

Ten Talk

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Ayy, hello? (Who is this?)
I just got off the phone with DDawg (Not gonna say)
Ayy, you keep bein' stuck up in your ways, you gon' fall, time (Goddamn, nigga...)
Man, I know that shit, nigga
Yeah, don't know, ayy, pull up, though
I ran up that money so muthafuckin' high
Ayy, I swear to God I could stop rappin' now
Nigga, I don't give a fuck about what you think, bitch

I can't take the clean route, I'm G'd up
They talk down, I'm rich now, lil' nigga, I can head home
Fresh up outta cell block and fill up an arena
I'm turnt up, you try and get your face blown

I'm smokin' on doja, I pull up rollin' on some ignant shit
Know the opp get blown, police pull us over, bitch, get rid of it
Motherfuck them shows, I ain't leavin' my home, bitch, I'm really rich
And I'm so caught up in my ways I tend to all that shit
Opp, 750 from the bank and they say, "Goddamn"
I ain't gotta walk and I just call, they know who I am
Pics on Instagram, and go to tweak and and that I spam
Someone plays around, this bitch fuck who don't like what I'm sayin'
Swervin' in that Lamb' with the gang, we all tool-totin'
You start this shit, I'm known end it with that tool totin'
Pussy, I was tryna buy soul but my bro stole it
Swipe so much into your rig, I think my car totaled
Yeah, fuck your lingo how you bummin', nigga
Posted Trey on 38th, I hear ya comin' nigga
Prolly got my stick out with a big ass stack of hundreds, nigga
Better have your stick out, I release six off when you turnin' nigga (Uh, mm)

How you get them cars and all that jewelry nigga? I don't know
How you spent that money and still got millions nigga? I don't know
How I got all them bitches and don't want one nigga? I don't know
Why you actin' slow? Nigga, fuck it, let your chrome blow

(Ayy, why you been on some stupid shit with everybody YoungBoy?)
Nigga, I don't know (Ayy, why you feel like all these hoes ain't shit?)
Nigga, I don't know (Yo, I really do know but I really don't know)
Nigga, I don't know (I just rolled a blunt up and light this joint, nigga, w hat!)

Pussy nigga, say that you want smoke, then let your chrome blow
Bitch stop all that hatin', just come say somethin' with your own folk
Jumpin' in that Maybach, in my styrofoam, red coke
I'm for the pills, in my pendant, who that is? Your ho
Why them bitches don't want on me lately, Lil Top? I don't know
I'm from the streets, I got that guap, this shit I'm blessed for
This shit around my wrist'll get you popped or get you stepped on
But on the other end I don't get nothin' unless I get one-fifty
Lil shaw...

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Shut up, nigga, I don't know
Uh, yeah, Lil Top, nigga, I don't know
Bitch on Vogue, nigga, I don't know
Fuckin' with your jail po'