

# The Last Backyard...

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Who made this shit?)  
(TayTay made the beat)  
XO, yeah  
Ayy, tell me when you ready

I ain't lettin' 'em talk how they wanna  
Kill 'em, they try to play me  
Hustlin', got plenty paper  
Try to take it, I'm gon' knock somethin' off  
Smokin' on paper, keepin' my mind on murder  
f\*ck dissin', we tryna catch the bitch in person  
That's when it goes down  
Ain't no pick and choose  
We don't ever lose, we known to break the rules  
Put that stick on dude  
Now them niggas screamin' they gon' stretch me too  
Blow his mind soon as that bitch go boom  
Life designed, we don't leave no clues  
You want my name, I want your hat  
So what the f\*ck you wanna do?

Ooh  
I'm puttin' 'em straight on the news  
Them choppers screamin' like ooh  
I'm puttin' 'em straight on the news, yeah

Niggas hatin', even got the police tryna stop him  
He ran his mouth 'bout Top 'nem  
Got the drop and then we popped him  
Should be glad that you're not him  
In my Rolls-Royce ridin' with no tint  
Got them sticks on us like tree limbs  
Big Glocks, big knots, they know him  
We be ridin' around on big rims  
We be schemin', tryna zip him and all the rest  
Shawty hangin' 'round a bitch 'nem, we gon' put 'em all to rest  
Them hoes gon' follow checks  
I'm really ballin', what I got, buy all again  
Backyardigans

Ooh  
I'm puttin' 'em straight on the news  
Them choppers screamin' like ooh  
I'm puttin' 'em straight on the news, yeah (Look)

Drivin' fast, can't get a pass, you crash, nigga  
Cross the line, we gon' bust his ass, we gon' do 'em bad, leave 'em smashed,  
nigga  
Ridin' around with these chains on, got my pockets filled with that bag, nig  
ga  
f\*ck all these hoes, then I send 'em home, and I finish flexin' while you're  
mad, nigga  
When I up, release the whole mag, nigga (I mean that)  
Them boys been hoes at all  
They tend to slum it down and they won't stop  
They mad I don't be tryin' and I'm hot (And I'm hot)

Buy that Bentley, then I buy another car  
I have 'em wonderin' how I done got all this money, what the f\*ck?  
Got a watch on both my arms when they see me pullin' up  
Got all these youngins with me armed, nigga, we don't give a f\*ck  
It go down, shoot it up  
We bust and leave a nigga stuck  
Run with the crowd, catch up with us (Who made this shit?)

Ooh (TayTay made the beat)  
I'm puttin' 'em straight on the news  
Them choppers screamin' like ooh  
I'm puttin' 'em straight on the news, yeah

Ooh (Backyardigans)  
I put a bitch on the news (Backyardigans)  
Ooh (Backyardigans)  
Ooh (Backyardigans)  
Niggas hatin', even got the police tryna stop him (Who made this shit?)  
He ran his mouth 'bout Top 'nem (TayTay made the beat)  
Got the drop and then we popped him  
Should be glad that you're not him  
In my Rolls-Royce ridin' with no tint  
Got them sticks on us like tree limbs  
Big Glocks, big knots, they know him  
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