

This for The

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Ooh! Ooh!
Slime! Ey!

This for them bitches who thinkin' they real, but really they fake
This for them niggas who think that they thuggin', but really the ain't
This for them niggas that really be trappin' up out the ra-a-ain
I married that choppa you know that she with it
I call her my ba-a-ae
These niggas ain't shit, yea, don't know why they hatin' on me
I'ma run up that money, I still be stuntin'
Got blue faced hunnits on me
I'ma keep goin' in and they keep on comin'
Lotta faces on me
I'm chasing that money, from Monday to Sunday
Got a big bank on me

I do the dash in the winter, young nigga fly like propella (brrr)
DJ Khaled, man I need me another one
When we do it, do it better
No, I'm not writing no letter
NBA new Rockafeller
These bitches ain't shit, wanna suck on my dick
Right after she fucked my nigga
She raising her voice when I battle
She tell me to go out, go faster
I think that I'm losing my stamina
I think that I need me a challenger
Back at it again, just me and twins
Tag teamin' her friend, we having her
She told me she real but I know that she fake
Lil' shorty ain't told me no capping her

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Too many bands in my bank account
A lot of blue hunnits, a large amount
Got a brick of some dope, put that shit on the boat
When it come to the money, we ain't runnin' out
No money buried in that Federal
Niggas hate but they ain't on my level though
I swear that they nowhere compatible
Smokin' Gelato and sippin' on medical
I'm really a felon, still grippin' the FN, might catch me a ca-a-ase
Pull up to the show in a brand new Benz and we leave in a Wra-a-aith
I told all my niggas: "It's no new friends", cause these niggas be fa-a-ake

I got out my feelings and got in the bag, 30 racks in a sa-a-afe
All of my niggas, they Crippin', they love them blue Benji's
I run that check up, I guess that's why they hatin'
Everyday I be drippin', these brand new Balenci's
My shirt made by Louis, my shoes, they Givenchy
My girl like that Gucci but I like the Fendi
It's a deuce in my cup, I don't fuck with the Henny
These chains 'round my neck cost a brand new Bent
If you try to come take it, get hit with a semi
I want the money, I want designer
I want that bitch cause she look finer
I want the Louis, I want the Fendi
I mix Chanel belts with Givenchy
He cappin' in rap, so no, I can't sign him
He forgot I was on, man I had to remind him
I'm not lost in the sauce, everyday I be grindin'
Bust down Rollie, perfect timing

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