

Thrasher

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Ayo, Bans, what you cookin'?)

Hol' on Polo tee, black Amiri jeans, like a trap fit
Thirty wit a beam, poured up pure codeine, I am that nigga
Pull up thuggin', she wanna fuck me 'cause my sack bigger
Hol' on, come and see, brand new keys, that's a Tesla, serve the fiends
I said I'm sick of all this motherfuckin' poverty (Bah, bah)
Can you tell me who sent them shots at me?
Can't get no sleep, slang the heat and put your block to peace
I knock down three, you know that's me, you hear that chopper speak

Police tryna sentence me like Nikko Jenkins
Rico act right across the track
Dead bodies I can say I ain't seen them
Swear like I'm Ivan Milat
Push the Bentley 'til it fall to pieces
Steady screamin', "Free Ten" and Nat
Livin' hard, girl, no it ain't easy
Leave the house, tell me make it back
My heart got bodies on it
Saints Row stick, hommies on it
Kobe Bryant Glock with them coppers in it
Mask down, we follow homie
Nightime, slime their position
Northside where it's riders only
Catch 'em hittem 'em with it through the fences
Take his mind, put some mileage on it
Strectch 'em, pop 'em, zip 'em, take his whole face, no case
Red eye verse that cop car, that's a cold chase, no way
I'm gon' get caught in here with this Glock today
Real rich nigga my Vlone collab made three M's in three days

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Big chain, diamonds flashin', choppers on (Choppers on)
Grave digger, ain't no fuckin' public figure, rockin' Comme des Garçons
He crack one joke, we face that clown
It's a bloody picture, who real or fake?
When they come this way, he don't know who with 'em get 'em all from round
My McLaren came automatic
Danger zone when we slang that static
Pour one's and two's for to keep my cool
Drink still makin' me the saddest
Put a nigga face on the news
Do 'em dirty, can't get no passes
Skife part of my fuckin' fashion
Head hunter in a Thrasher, thrashin'

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