

Thug of Spades

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Mommy, India got the beats)

I told them niggas put me on, had to run it up on my own

They was actin' like they ain't hear a nigga

Now even when I'm right, a nigga wrong (I bet my last track probably gave yo u lockjaw, hey, Lilkdubb)

Now these niggas wan' see me gone

It's probably 'cause I'm a real nigga

Nah, I ain't trippin' on no bitch ass nigga

Be done had a nigga in a six-pack get a shit-bag, nigga (Let's go)

The judge wanna see me sit back

But it's probably 'cause his daughter wanna fuck with her lil' thick ass

My rich ass don't kiss ass

I'm the definition of what these niggas can't find

Pistol packin', half the times dreamin' 'bout slangin' some iron

Ayy, how you feelin'? I'm chasin' money, tryna catch up on time

I ain't never change, I'm still the same, I'll put that Glock to your mind

Bitch, we die to live

Give a fuck 'bout no Grammy, long as my son grow to be real

That heavy metal I'm rockin' out, bitch, I'm known to that keep that steel

Since I was nine to this time, really done gave the jail too many years

But I'm a young rich ass nigga

Check how I floss, forever ball

Paid for a Rolls, my son got Lambos and all

I'm sorry, mama, I've been hurtin', I ain't takin' time out to call

Not even prayin', jump out the bed, I swear it's hard to stand tall

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Today in life, it ain't nothin' like old days

I say money made everything change

Ayy, from my mans to my kids to myself

I say he forever capitalize off pain

Main nigga, big Rollie, big pistol

Top shotta, don dada, fuckin' gravedigger

We let them shots off at you and whoever came with you

While I'm takin' off, equip my brothers, that's a gang missile

Stripes

Nigga, I'm official, fuckin' a whistle, nigga

Life

They gon' have to give me, 'fore I let a nigga take mine, I'ma kill a hundred niggas

They say I'm remindin' niggas of Pac

Keep playin' around on that camera phone, they gon' find a nigga he shot

Dead, they call that FaceTime, nigga

Stay out the way, but I'll shake your whole gang 'fore you shake mine, nigga

Solo, pushin' the buggy in the store with the tool

And I'm pullin' up Lamborghini, pickin' up my daughter from school

We grew up fast paced, no big homies to show us the rules

I be havin' bad days when I don't want to take no photos, I'm rude

Like move

Ten times outta ten, if you ever see me, I be clutchin'
I'ma let it slang and pray to God, show me forgiveness when he judge me
I'ma try to aim that bitch between a nigga ears, he ever touch me
Can't trust a ho, even if these bitches really think they love me
Long as you know, never let a pussy nigga give me nothin'
Nowadays, a nigga really gettin' money, I remember back when

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