

Time I'm On

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Three, man
Dubba-AA flexin'
AI

Louie Bandz made another one
I ain't never did that, nah
Why you acting like that? Nah
I do this shit 'cause shit, I just be in my own world
This is the sound

I drink codeine, my cup on the dirty to relax
Smoking hella weed, loaded, I just bought another pack
Don't walk up on me, clutchin', you might walk into that strap
These hoes be on me 'cause they know all these other niggas cap
Out late night with Three, ma, I ain't comin' home
I been tryna make it through the headphones
You see me when I came in, I was all alone
Now nobody understand the type of time I'm on

Four choppers in the coupe, me and my bro 'nem
Catch him, run down on him, we gon' put it on him
Everybody ridin', bullets flyin', niggas dyin', we gotta show them
These bitch ass niggas done stole him, and we don't even know them

Nigga try and I'ma blow him right on the scene
Nigga check how I been flexin' with these hundreds in my jeans
I been trying to shake back, I been loaded off that lean
Tryna come up with a plan, I ain't throwed off as I seem
I'm in Cali at the studio and hoes running in and out
No more sleeping on Montana couch with a chopper somewhere close around
I been living good on my own, I ain't no baby now
I got platinum plaques around the house
I be high, I ain't worried 'bout y'all

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I ain't sit around, motherfuck what they make, I done went that way
I don't play, hundred rounds, hundred racks on your brain, young niggas go r
ampage
This a new Maybach seat, go back more space, right between us, an ice tray
Audemar rose gold, I don't know what the time say, new piece that Shine made
Walkin' 'round with racks on me, motherfuck if it's flashy
I come straight up out the street, ain't no pretending, no acting
I don't blame no one for my struggle, I still fuck with my daddy
I'm still thuggin', high as fuck, ridin' 'round, toting ratchets

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