

Toxic

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

We'll count it up
We'll use it (AB)
Yeah

I got embers after when I tie the weak, yeah
It ain't nothin' I can't afford, in the Hellcat, press record
I can't take no chances, no, I'm gon' ride with the stick
Bloody nigga, I'm gon' show, all my feelings overboard
I'ma pop my shit and I got rich and now they on me
Temper tantrum nigga, with that bag, ain't who they want
Fell back from that shit that get 'em pleased and now they on me
They gon' play my song, that's if they end up all alone, yeah

I'm on another level, get another tailor, comin' out like I'm outfitted
I ain't signin' that deal, I got to another bidder if I find an amount bigge
r
He tote that green flag and that red, representin' a grave digger
I'm leavin' demons all in her head, tryna make sure she think different
This my monkey suit (Go)
I hit licks inside that fit and send shots out that coupe (Out that coupe)
I'm too rich to take these risks but still gon' step on you
Tuck my cash money chain, come out the window, shoot
Steady blowin' that strap straight at your brain 'til I shoot through
I need a hunnid mill', I done shed a hunnid tears
He said, "Cool," and I say, "Fire"
They know niggas die for real
Prolly fire shells up in all my rides
Bury him, he stay concealed
4KTrey, get faced lil' bitch
Plan on slangin' all out on a tear

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Stack it up, breakin' up, we countin' out red, you cover the whole scene
Step on 'em, the conscience that fuck with my head, accept it like protein
Nigga, rockabye, tryin', I put 'em to bed, get put in a long-
sleeve (Stylist)
Ball right, too much Off-White, I want Alexander McQueen
Takin' one off and I ain't takin' one bean
Ba knock 'em off, taste no lean
I just want the bitch, finna get some credit
She gon' want me for to get her a ring
Yeah, yeah, Top leave red on the scene
Covered in gunpowder, still too clean
Five percent with a strong-ass scent
In an all-white car, you know that's me
Prolly all-red, nigga know I'm big B
Old lame ass niggas ain't better than me
Now I'm on seven but then I get three
Still won't stop, I'ma count on my feet (Come here)

Tell me what they hear about
I'm stuntin' it, like, who better than me?
Let the reverend speak, Christian Loub' on feet
Murder have me bleak, bitch, be deceased

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