

## Calm It Down

YTB Fatt

Right there, yeah, g-grab that one  
Yeah, grab that one  
Yeah, the one with the button on it  
(Tony, it's too loud)  
Yeah  
Give me that one too, give me that one too  
Yeah, yeah  
On Zay, uh, uh

If I was you, nigga, I wouldn't fuck with Macc Fatt, he just cleared the wall in the pawn shop  
Huh, police-ass nigga tryna link with my killers, Sosa been still kno ckin' off your top  
Yeah, nigga, this city so goddamn little, you can run, I'ma still get the drop  
Yeah, just bought a chopper the size of a Glock, now it's easy to aim for the top  
A nigga already caught me slippin', I'ma shoot a lil' fast, I ain't just talkin' out my mouth  
I really got racks and rank in this city, nigga, my grandma can vouch I got like four millionaires tryna sign me, but I'm still posted at the crack house  
Thirty-seven thousand on my goddamn neck, when I see 'em, on Zay, I'm a still gun 'em down  
Wish I could tell Billy, "We ain't linkin' with no pussies, this shit on the floor when you get out"  
On lil' Zay, I could've been changed me and and my hood life, but I ain't even wanna take the hundred thousand  
Nigga, I'm on the side of my grandma house, .223 with a hundred round s  
I heard some more niggas want smoke with them Foxes, went and bought some more hundred rounds  
Nigga, I been on the road so much, if the smoke get heavy, I ain't go in' out of town  
Yeah, I know the gang unit got this shit on repeat, so I'm calming it down  
Shh, nigga, yeah, calming it down  
These niggas know we the deepest in the city, but wait 'til them members on the town  
Yeah, I got some niggas still tryna slide for Zay, but I'm calming 'em down  
Pussy, we ain't even linkin' up with new niggas in this shit, it ain't shit with you clowns  
Nigga, I ain't gon' lie, ain't nobody going in this town  
My nigga just called, like, "Fatt, I can't slide 'cause bitch, I'm on the stove right now"  
Pussy, I know he ain't lying, he stay ready to gun somethin' down  
He say when he done cookin' that shit, he gon' get in J's car, then beat up the town  
Nigga, we the reason why the pawn shop runnin' out of K's, Foxes cleaning shit out  
I ain't gotta lie 'bout none with this chop shit, nigga, bitch, we st

ill see droughts

Unc' say the narcotics finna hit the spot, so we took the 'bows from  
under grandma couch

If you think I'm lyin' in any of these songs, on Zay, come figure me  
out

My young nigga didn't pick the phone up for me, so I guess he hangin'  
out the window right now

Nigga, you know what come with playin' with them Foxes- hrr, air your  
shit out

Nigga, the feds gon' come if they know I got that- hrr, on the back o  
f my strap

Every time them pussies hit the 'net, nigga, we buyin' new straps

Nigga, nigga, we buyin' new straps

Pussy, nigga, buyin' new straps

Yeah, nigga, pull up and air your shit out

I ain't even gotta call my young niggas, they pull up and air your sh  
it out

Pussy