

Don't Crash

YTB Fatt

Yeah, yeah (Dee, you poppin' your shit, nigga)

Nigga

Uh-huh

Yeah

Nigga

Me and G just did two shows with a .556 in my pants, nigga

Mama say, "Wherever you go, keep that K in your hand"

I was fifteen when I first seen a murder, ain't nobody held my hand

I'm in the [?] right now with millionaires, far from sandwich bags

Joe just called my phone, like, "Fatt, where you at?" Finna pull up on marching bag

Bitch, I'm from West Memphis, I'm far from the kitchen but I still'll whip somethin' fast

Mention my name in anything, flrrt, switchers on your ass

Joe be telling me that this shit on the floor, he like, "Fatt, don't crash"

That shit hurted my heart when I seen my auntie sniff some glass

I'm from a city, before you walked out the house, make sure you got on your mask

[?] fire in the hospital chilling with doctors, now I'm on a jet with Bagg

Mama say you better chill, I'm sending them hits 'fore them feds get your ass

Nigga, you don't wanna see me mad

All my life, been on niggas' ass

In Miami with a hundred somethin' on my neck, reach for it, that's your ass

I just pray to God like I feel sorry for the ones who put me last

With the pimpin', it look like Hannah Montana, just brought him a bag of cash

Look like this shit came quick

I know they're like, "How the fuck Fatt blew up so fast?"

Bagg just told me some real shit

The opps found out, they gon' hurry up and smoke my ass

In the [?] on the same shit

Everybody tellin' me, "Fatt, you finna go up fast"

I'm the son you wish you had

To my old bitch, I swear you can kiss my ass

Nigga, uh, yeah

Uh

Uh, bitch

Yeah

Haha, I fuck with this shit, y'all fuck with this shit

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