

# Got It Together

Yung Mal

That ass on her had to come from her mama, yeah  
Okay, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I turn shit to sugar, 20K for the booking  
10K for the bodies, killer fly way from Brooklyn  
I was in the streets, mama couldn't even whoop me  
Daddy told me he wasn't raising no pussy  
My son was rich 'fore he even came out the pussy  
Step on your block if that button get pushed  
I smoke exotic, don't pass me no kush  
She talkin' crazy, bitch, you need to hush  
Pack touch down, shit fill up a bus  
12 at the door, too much to flush  
Go get the money, yeah, that's a must  
I keep it real, bitch, I'm one thousand plus

And I been thuggin', nobody touch me  
Reach for my chain, get shot in your nugget  
Lam' truck yellow, no mustard  
Came from a hood full of hustlers  
You from a hood full of busters  
I make that bitch drive that dope to Augusta  
No, I don't trust her  
The bitch know better  
No, I don't play when that shit 'bout that cheddar  
Took me some time, but I got it together

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Okay, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Off-White hoodie  
Frostbite wrist like a slushy  
Smokin' on dank, boy, this shit so musty  
Got the streets hot like I jumped out the oven  
Nothin' but some hundreds, blueberry muffins  
No Nick Cannon, stay with them drummers  
That ass on her had to come from her mama  
Bank account full of fetty, got commas on commas  
I'm the bossman, got runners on runners