

#'s

Yung Mal

Noisy on the beat

First things first
If a nigga ever cross the line, I'll put his ass in the dirt
Second of all I'm puttin' in work
I run this shit up, we ain't never gon' hurt
Keep that shit real, that's third
No nine-to-five, my niggas, they slang on the curb
They get the check by the fourth
Gotta front auntie that dope, she gon' get on your nerves
I stay with that four-fifth, go to the club, go straight to the VIP
I done got rich, I'm still in the six
Huh, young nigga stayed down, came up from a sandwich
They talkin' plates, we already ate
Everybody got a sack, nigga, we straight
Niggas gon' hate, huh, okay
I bet this nine make his ass lose weight

Judge gave my brother ten
He hit a move for eleven bricks
Don't fuck with 12, I'm never gon' snitch
The trap behind me, that's thirteen sticks
Pull up to your trap and a bomb full of nicks, yeah
Stood on that Candler Road, 1'5 shit, hah
New condo on 16th Street, got seventeen hoes gettin' geeked
Eighteen hundred for Prada, that's on my feet
Gotta keep Glock-19
Never goin' out sad, that shit in your dreams
Niggas ain't gang, they dub
Young niggas with me ain't 21, still in the club
I heard that boy got hit up
They say them folks hit his ass like twenty-two slugs
Two-twenty-three, that LeBron
Twenty-four for the Rollie, it wet like a pond
Whole twenty-five, I'm a don
Keep shooters with me, I still got my gun, nigga
Broke nigga, go get funds, nigga
I bring your ho to Plug block and we beat up her tongue, nigga
I got the drop on the opp, don't go back and forth, we gon' give him straight fun, nigga

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Need like ten, just get in
Eleven thousand on the front end
I bet I handle that business, it come in
Run through them bands, they get blew like a fan
Them shooters pull up in Sedan
And they got bomb, Saddam
Gelato four-five in my lungs
These niggas pussy, need pompoms
Big Pissy, wrist is flooded, need ganja
Gang gon' hold it down if I ever go under
Got more pull than a Toyota Tundra
I run it back when they fumble
Big B's with me, no bumble
Big C's with me, no crutches
No, I don't gangbang but I got love for all my brothers
So many hundreds, they bust out the duffle
I play my cards how they dealt, no shuffle
They know that Candler get hot like a pepper
No Kappa, no Alpha, my young niggas steppers
Shawty came up, they ain't help her
Rockin' Balenciaga, no Maison Margiela
I'm with my niggas, we go wherever
I'll sell you whatever
They got that dope, but my shit better
Keep cheese like I'm taking a picture
I got cheddar, huh
Fucked as soon as I met her, huh
If you know better, do better, huh
Nigga went broke tryna get on my level
She ride that dick like it came with pedals
One check big as your settlement
I got shooters in the front and the back, just like a president
Gucci'd down, cost your rent (Gucci, yeah, hah)