

# Curtains

Young Thug

In the streets niggas say what's the word on 'em  
Nothin' much, know that I'm worthy, homie  
We in the new Bentleys with the birdies on 'em  
Hop in the car and pull the curtains on 'em  
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A nigga bitch? I'm flirtin' on 'em  
The plug? Puttin' my workers on 'em  
Big Peaches, what's twerkin' homie?  
Nigga rich, ROC Crew still lurkin', homie  
Kembe, he got it, Big Twan, he got it, plus Bobby got it  
Ain't no way to stop it  
I am the best, whose up for next?  
I'll eat your chest, I'll eat your flesh  
ROC Crew's the streets, you dudes are meat  
You dudes are feast, I am a chief  
Big Bool's a chief  
And they red light nigga talk about me  
When I catch 'em in the street in Bentleys on V, I'm gone

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Bankhead, but I'm the king of the A  
Failed school, streets gave me an A  
I called my plug to say ay Jose  
I need 50 and I need 'em today  
Speakin' of 50, just signed with 50  
We're in Atlanta where 10 more milli  
Now I'm back with the Asanti Flip Flop  
back I'mma bust your whole gat  
And I'm from Bowen Homes  
RIP and we gone move on  
Shawty Lo, I rep for the real niggas  
Young Thug and them Cleveland Ave niggas

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Nigga help me  
The car's too big  
Weed's too thick and your cigar's too thin (dumbass)

My bitch is the shit and yeah them broads do friends  
You sweat the point 5's, my cigar is two tens  
Fuck they talkin' bout we get money then?  
Rich kidz for life we still stuntin' bitch  
Nigga playin'? I'll clip him  
Hit him in his hip, he flippin'  
Hit him in the leg, he trippin'  
I'm trippin', did I kill him?  
And I'm a big stunner  
Thug you my big brother  
Shouts out to Little Slugger  
He'll spit a wing for ya

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