

Doors

Young Thug

Shoutout to all my motherfucking sis and bros
Know how we rocking
Shoutout to the C4 fuck T26
You know how we rocking nigga

Panoramic car, that's a four door
no doors
Old school coupe that's a 4-4
Racks on me, that's your dough

It ain't about me if it ain't about money, no way
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Ho acting like she ain't wanna go with me
So I told that hoe to come closer to me
Jerk make the pussy get wet like she based in the ocean sea
Made me think I had to go to court the way she noticed me
Uh, me and London bout to kill it with the summer thing
I'm the boss, she can be Obama queen
Wake you up for some head girl, fuck your dreams
Because you got college hair right now by yourself girl fuck your team
Them squares, baby, this that Playaz Circle
No kush so we rollin' up layers of purple
Fly minks up and down my cars, baby that's that Playaz Surface
dark blue y'all nigga can't even spell surf

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Okay, that Maserati in Su Woo
And that Panorama got no roof
That Aston Martin is too dope and that red bitch that's your ho
That Porsche truck is turbo, got red wine that's Merlot
Got bales of mid, pounds of kush, no time to play, I got work ho
Young Capo, that's me nigga
Bands on me, they free, nigga
Only hittin' for like two bricks, how the fuck he think he gone eat nigga?
I got a condo on the 7th floor
No blinds, big windows
Fourteen rubbers got seven hoes
That ass ain't enough, got seven more
Got your whole bitch, new lambo
Shorts on my Timbo
Old school, no windows
So I'm outdoors smoking indo
Young Thug is on my kinfolk
We cashin' out, no rent though
Cleveland Ave., baby, Bankhead

Keep playing ho, you get sent for

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Blacked out that thing ain't got no lights
Go hard, don't trust no bitch
Audemars ain't got no ice
Keep a bad bitch on my arm
Rich nigga shit, \$100, 000 for the charm
Pent house suite, pool party by the ho
Puerto Rican bitches ain't got no clothes
no pressure on the dough
Throw it in the air, watch 'em get it on the floor
Panoramic turbo, ya'll nigga playin'
fuck ya'll niggas sayin'?
Wake up on the lean, go to sleep on the Xan
She ain't think about you cause she fuckin' with the man
Ya'll better get a plan
I got mine, ya'll nigga better stay in line
Ya'll women ain't got no time
Ya'll rappin' and ya'll ain't got rhymes
Got bitches but you ain't got dimes
Got swag but ya ain't got mine
G6 my nigga, I'm flyin'
Get money, rich shit no lie

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