

Fuck 12

Young Thug

Fuck the police, fuck the police, fuck the police
I got bails in the cop, I got bails in the cop
I'm a young nigga wylin'
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I'm a young nigga wylin'

Fuck 12, fuck 12
I got bond money, fuck a jail cell
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Thug rolled a motherfuckin' grammy
You put 'em out the rolls just like bananas
34 birds with me, red Bucannon
Old dead people dancin' in my pocket Rasputia's Granny
Your bitch let me in while you gettin' banded
Young Thug nuttin' everywhere, gotta buy some panties
Tuck my napkin in my shirt, mob boss manners
Nasty bitches can't stand me
Caught my bitch clean like an empty house attic
Check my closet Bally
Red rag comin' from the right like I'm about to challenge
Peyton Manning accuracy, Randy Moss status
House two times bigger, four baths back

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I'm workin', I'm playin' with sandwich bags and them scale
Then I head to the turf and I'm like fuck 12
Fuck them white folk that gave my little buddy an L
So I do this for him when I'm rappin' dummy bells
Fuck a cell, I'm payin' in a cash bond
And you gettin' bunned if you don't got them cash funds
Servin' on the block can take off when crash comes
And right back to the block just like we left somethin'
I don't trust 'em, them crackers killed my homeboy
So every single night I smoke one for my homeboys
I ain't foot locker, but I'm servin' the J's
In love with the alphabet, I married the K

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Fuck 12, this a six figure operation
I'm still beatin' those down, dodgin' traffic and casin'
Hey Miss Catherine Johnson I'm ridin' for you baby
With a shoulder strapped chopper and nina my baby
My blind opened a little, the trap going crazy
Four for the camera, fuck the narcs and agents
Cause gettin' this paper is so contagious
I'm gone work this bitch until they serve them work paper
I'mma switch right up, gone duck low in Decatur
A on the flow, bails of the gas on the table
No longer a soldier, but keep that Cain and Abel
I'm direct with it, you do basic cable

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