

## King Troup

Young Thug

I just asked God why he called for Troup  
When it's time to ride, if you love 'em, nigga, prove it  
You know all your lil' niggas gon' shoot shit up for you  
I thought I seen a ghost because your son look like you fool  
King Troup

Action

I hop out, I'm dabbin'  
My old lady classy  
We onto this fashion  
My coupe sit on dabs  
Hop out with a bad bitch  
My faculty braggin'  
My briefs, they high fashion  
She naked, I walk through the door  
I promise, I promise she know  
I pour up a four and got more  
I'm cold as the North fuckin' Pole  
I came a long way from the stove  
I hop in the foreign, go slow  
Iced out, ain't no time in it, oh

I just beat the case  
I hopped out the Benz  
I just fucked some twins  
Had the jewelry in  
I hopped out again  
Pulled up in the Range  
Got drank in my cup  
Like I'm Kirko Bangz  
From ashy to classy  
Keep up with my ice and my fashion  
I take care of my kid with a passion  
I pray to God that they stay happy  
Lil Roscoe, he sleep where it's nasty  
They could've freed him cause he grew up with no daddy  
But instead they took advantage and did him badly  
Ain't give no fucks cause we were saddened  
Gotta camera from the club and that's all they had  
They also knew that lil' nigga didn't have a wagon  
(Free the Goat)  
Damn

Action

I hop out, I'm dabbin'  
My old lady classy  
We onto this fashion  
My coupe sit on dabs  
Hop out with a bad bitch  
My faculty braggin'  
My briefs, they high fashion  
She naked, I walk through the door  
I promise, I promise she know  
I pour up a four and got more  
I'm cold as the North fuckin' Pole  
I came a long way from the stove  
I hop in the foreign, go slow

Iced out, ain't no time in it, oh

Stop it, stop the killin'

We, we get millions

We together, get the cheddar (get them racks)

Fuck them niggas, keep a Beretta

Let 'em have it

Ask God for forgiveness for them babies

You know Slimes with it, baby, baby

Stack them racks up to the ceiling, hey, hey

Fuck you a nigga's old lady

Keep 'em mad and that's how you know you doin' good

Keep embarrassin' them with racks that look like books

I'm so finished, with these bitches

I need me a real one, I need commitment, where ya at?

Action

I hop out, I'm dabbin'

My old lady classy

We onto this fashion

My coupe sit on dabs

Hop out with a bad bitch

My faculty braggin'

My briefs, they high fashion (Versace)

She naked, I walk through the door

I promise, I promise she know

I pour up a four and got more

I'm cold as the North fuckin' Pole

I came a long way from the stove

I hop in the foreign, go slow

Iced out, ain't no time in it, oh

She know it, she know it

She know it, she know it

She know it, she know it

She know it, yeah she know it

She know it

She know it

She know it, know it, know it, know it, know it, know it

King Troup