

# Never Had It

Young Thug

Pussy niggas actin' like they never had shit  
All these bitches actin' like they never had shit  
I got a bad bitch, she said she always had shit  
All these flawless diamonds, yeah they're lookin' glassy  
Catch that nigga slippin', I'm a do 'em nasty  
Check out my attire, this expensive fabric  
We can wrestle just like Randy Savage  
My jewelry as cold as an attic  
The kush that I smoke'll blow your lungs out  
I'm a walk in and clutch it like it's a war house  
All your bitches that's busted, they live in your house  
What goes up goes down, my nigga, north south  
I done ran up them M's without a tour now  
She done stepped up her game, Christian couture now  
These niggas thought that they knew it but they don't know it now  
I swear to God they're pursuin' at all my shows now

Hopped out my bed and hopped right in a foreign  
Bitch don't get close, this a mothafuckin' warning  
Suck that dick good, I'm the mothafuckin' warden  
She runnin' away from my weed like it farted  
She don't wanna swallow so I put it on her neck  
I beat that pussy up, she loud as a parade  
I got 1 million but only 10 in the bank  
I taste a sample, I only buy if it's dank  
I cook fishscale, and sang to her at the same time like Tank  
I was born in '91, 23 with a whole lotta stain  
5 star mothafucka  
Baby can you feel my pain?  
All my diamonds need to be drained  
I got a gangsta bitch that's gon' bang  
And I got racks up, I can't complain  
And all my dogs, they're dirty, check for mange  
And all I gotta do is reserve your brains  
And I'm a gangsta, my nuts, they gone hang  
Who said you was straight? Boy you need to be retained

Took the Rollie off, put the Breitling back on  
Walk in the room and I cut the lights on  
Why you spending like that? Cause I ain't ever had shit  
This that real nigga PaperWrap, YSL shit  
Never loved a bitch but I love money  
In the church payin' my tithes with drug money  
Went and got a new plug, got mama a new house  
And a couple new coupes, that's how a young nigga live  
Couple bitches, good weed that how a nigga chill  
Top floor, penthouse, still crackin' seals  
Them Houston niggas be like, "That young nigga trill"  
Them New York niggas say that young nigga ill  
My mama always told me dress to kill  
My uncle always told me pack the steel  
That nigga Thugger, that's my mothafuckin' brotha  
From a motherfuckin' other, I'm a show you how to make magic  
The fuck is you mad at?  
Got your bitch dancin' all in my spot with no panties  
I said, "Bitch where your mothafuckin' man at?  
Fuck that, where your friends at?" Dammit

Sold 50 p's, hold it, have to bag it  
That little bitch you lovin' on, I been had it  
Pull up in a new drop, that thang nasty  
Mama call all my big booty bitches trashy

[Hook]