

Oooorrr

Young Thug

Yeah, it's Thugger  
Roll the weed up  
I'm in a Maybach  
Haha, yeah (Swamp Izzo!)

Labels keep calling me back and forth  
When I get the messages, I call back some more  
Bet a hundred k, watch it score  
And if these free bricks fly, I'm flying for her  
And I put my ice on her, she said "Baby, I'm anemic"  
I said, "I'm anemic, too. A Neiman Marcus shopper"  
We fly, helicopter (In five, four, three, two. We out of here!)

E.T. phone home, I'm long gone  
My blunts are long and strong  
I hate clones, please send them home  
Before I put two in they dome (Blap, blap!)  
Fuck what you're saying, I'll murk ya, boy  
Fuck making them leave when you can work the boy  
Anything you want, I'll serve you, boy  
Because Big got cocaine and Willie got boy  
And my whole crew eating 'round here  
Ever since the day that I been bleedin' 'round here  
You want to stay? You got your feet around here  
Big Duck, please kick your feet up 'round here

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I'm a Sak's 5th, Lennox Mall, Neiman Marcus shopper  
LV, double G, D&G popper  
Big money whopper, lil' money stopper  
All pockets gay, them bitches on pasta  
Oops I mean partners, 50's mixed with 100's  
Gucci bag for my bitch, And them niggas you see me with, just know they watc  
hin'  
So all you do is watch us, no stopper  
We roll 30 deep, big chopper  
And your main ho keep watchin'  
This ho keep walkin' up on a player, bitch I'm Capo  
She said "I heard you are" - let's go, Wells Fargo

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They call me Kumite if you didn't know  
Ain't shit change but a different ho

Photoshoot fresh, oh they be  
He better catch up, I'm a sight to see  
I'm so fly, they call me Speed Racer  
Niggas try to be me, erase ya  
Y'all flexin' ass people better stay liftin'  
While I'm changin' up these whips, y'all lookin' crazy  
I can't help myself, I do this every day  
I'm a hood icon, nigga anyway  
I put the swag, in the talk  
Give me credit, it ain't my fault

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