

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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