

## Out the Bowl

Young Thug

Cut my bitch off, wash my dick off  
In a bitch mouth, make her kiss your boy  
You ain't ride, so you bitched out  
Shorty so fine that I can't put the bitch out  
But she got me pissed off, damn I should of tricked off  
Slick sauce on my clique boss, this ain't Kriss Kross  
Brick loft, get it off like the real Rick Ross  
1017 boss, bitch call me gold mouth  
Big Guwop in the house and he showed out  
Disrespect Brick Squad, and you get drugged out  
Every time I look down the street, that's a plug walk  
Gucci used to be the shiznit, can he still lift?  
10 tell 10 that I got your bitch ten pills  
Telling everybody in the place, can't sit still  
Sorry to say that I know where your bitch live  
Gucci used to be a rich man, and he still is  
Bag came wrong, Imma show them what the deal is  
Rolling like motherfucker, 45 X pills  
She make me say (my my my) easy

Woah, woah, woah  
We got that fish scale dumping out the bowl  
15 hundred climbing out a nigga's nose  
Spend 30 thousand dollars on her clothes

Brand new Bentley, Young Thug in it  
Her hair extended, my clip extended  
Me and her twinses, Ferragamo and Fendi  
Jimmy call for the Lindsay's, mouth gold, no pennies  
Got to keep up my image, so therefore I got birds flying  
Birds over your head, no pretending, I got plenty  
Freeze, bitch get in position  
Knees, please, suck me till I'm empty  
S double M, we gon squeeze it till it's empty  
They are like Arthurs, we are like Binkys  
Dollar for my cologne, never catch me stinky  
Ooh look at her winky, at young [?], oh my G

[Hook x2]