

Thinkin' Out Loud #TOL

Young Thug

One for that money, two for jamano
Three for don't try me and four for that bankroll
Five for the bloods, six if you're ready
Seven for that paper, eight for that fetty
Ayyyy, woaaaahhhhh
Bloods say, ayyyyy, woaaaahhhhh
Don't mind me I'm just thinkin' out loud
My head in the clouds, my voice in the crowd, ohhh

Biscuit, eatin' bastard, I'm Casper
I'm a walkin' cloud, I'm a disaster
Play me rafter, then we laughed her
Gotti came with me, He's a bastard
Speed shoot it good, he work magic
I got plastic, and she wrap it
At any given time it can be your tragic
And at any given time I use that plastic
Banana clips, we donkeys, we monkeys
This weed that I smoke, it cost a little somethin', call it Sony
But don't mind me, this is my moment

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Baby, get on your knees and clap your ass for us
And we clear them hoes, go get some mans for us, no homo
And we dead like 'em ho when they got some zans for us
My little ghetto hoes, we like the kids who stand for us
Them bitches call me Thugger, baby
Niggas wanna fuck with us, but they have no rubbers baby
Take them heels off, gone put on them customs, baby
Oops, damn, I thought you was the other baby
Nigga calling my phone, I'm finna go back and forth
Meanwhile I'm at the spot with your ho going back and forth
Yes I adore
her

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