

## With That

Young Thug

Hunnid' bands, hunnid' bands  
Dropped on the head of any nigga that want it man  
Pop me a xannie I'm fast, I'm so fast, I'm so faster than Sonic  
man  
Tru the man, Tru the man, Tru to my nigga, Tru religion, Buddha  
man  
My money stand tall like Ludacris afro and I swear I'm a shoot  
with that  
I just hit for 9 birds, what I'm a do with that?  
Pull up on the curb, then you hop out and be through with that  
I'm so fresh like dish detergent, if you not fresh she so throu  
gh with that  
If you are a nerd, everything here you not cool with that

Yes you not cool, no you not bool  
I don't give no damn I'm not calling you boo  
My bitch she a jewel  
You can't prove a point, boy you know you so doomed  
You know you so doomed  
I swear I'm so lost with no clue  
Don't know what to do  
Over load, over load I over load on these niggas  
Ain't know how to milk these cows  
She made that dick rose now it be like a tower  
Yaow, front pockets filled up with bands, no bowel

Pull up, hop out on the block, they tuck  
And they tell I go "Who the clan?"  
Dressed in all black  
I'm always on the road, just like a uber man  
We wrappin' and sendin' them packs  
Soon as they land we movin' em  
Blame it on the OG's, they influenced me on everything  
Count money nigga, I ain't just made money, nigga  
I put lipstick on the rari, she say that's delicious  
Who that is in that Crown Vic, he look suspicious (Shhh)  
I just jugged 100 pounds, I made a

[Hook - Young Thug]