

## Wyclef Jean

Young Thug

Snapchat: whabapsandro

Thugger

TM

This Actavis by the way I promise, on God  
Okay, my money bag longer than a Nascar race  
I told her keep going on the gas, f\*\*k the brakes  
Only here for one night, let me put it on your face  
Let a nigga nut, only way I'll go to sleep  
Ruler brackin' on the Franck Muller  
I know some hoes with good head, f\*\*k a tutor  
So many hundreds I done added, I'm going to lose 'em  
Put me in the Jaggy or the Wraith and now I'm coolin'  
Play with my money, I'ma let these niggas do you  
Play with my money I'ma let them niggas do you  
Play with my money I'ma let these niggas do you  
Play with my money  
Play with my, play with my money  
I do maye, I do  
I do maye, I do  
I do maye, I do  
I do maye, I do  
Ride around with my cash  
Little bitty buy the bag  
In the store and then dash  
Pull up, hoppin' out a cab  
She know she got a nigga bad  
She know she gotta keep the bag  
She know I gotta keep me some cash  
She know she gotta hop on top this dick  
She know she gotta ride that mothaf\*\*ka  
Her mama done walked in, but it's too big  
She can't hide that motherf\*\*ker  
Even if she the divided of the mothaf\*\*ka  
Man even if she the minus of mothaf\*\*ka  
Join in get the mileage motherf\*\*ker  
I ain't gon' disguise it motherf\*\*ker  
Shop at Saks Fifth, flow on DatPiff  
Yeah I'm that swift, ask her and him  
Yeah ask 'em, put a bone in them  
Put choke on 'em, let 'em choke and all  
All my jewelry small, yeah, they got it on  
Daughter sexy and my son got the broads  
Spent racks on my son and his squad  
Daddy boy, never play with tards  
Man I play with 'em boys  
New AK with 'em boys  
New feng shui for 'em boys  
Drippin' all day for 'em boys  
Bitch you ain't ready for 'em boys  
How you not ready for 'em boys?  
If you ever play with the boy  
I'ma turn the blade on 'em boys  
I do maye, I do  
I do maye, I do  
I do maye, I do  
I do maye, I do  
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Nigga watch that dog  
Nigga plottin' on the boy, spot 'em  
Target on your head, dot 'em dot 'em dot 'em  
And I'm good, got a rabbits foot in my wallet  
Tell 'em pick it, then drop it, drop it, drop it  
Do some sit ups, then show your body  
Got her bent up, I just mixed the grams with molly  
Her car dented up like she ran to everybody  
I do maye, I do  
I do maye, I do  
I do maye, I do  
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