

Fatal, Take Your Time

[Singer]- Take your time young thug.

Verse one

PYT, poor young thug, ?

To hit a nigga wit a slug, wormin' around town
lookin' for this bitch to fuck, and if she can't hang
she can get the nut, tis a dog bed to the fours
and on floors, for enough talkin' cause wit big dresses
no bra's, let me run it through ya stomach, baby
thug life, down dirty and dumb from a cum and blunted
up and down like a roller-coaster, let me hit
it from the back, to you can relax from the over-doser
I take my time baby, when you get ya clothes off
doin' every thing in my power, to get the hoes off
from back, I feel ya pains and aches, but Huessin can't wait
who can play me? outdate, dime after dime
love ain't for thugs, brown-nosin' niggas, nose dirty as the mud
I get the real honeyz, I showed you how to chill honey
the best dressed, respect me with the most real money

Chorus

[Singer]- Take your time young thug

[Fatal]- Murder one cases, faces, chance

[Singer]- Cuz, you fall in love

[Fatal]- Thug get the money, strip streets and drugs

[Singer]- Huessin takes away my aches and pains

[Fatal]- Criminal, gineral is a dog Huessin

[Singer]- I'm here to tell you cuz, I have no shame

[Fatal]- And the way he toss it up, will never get me out the game

[Singer]- Wanna get a girl, who's down for mine

[Fatal]- Only ride for you, if you ride for me

[Singer]- The way he sticks it in, and takes his time

[Fatal]- Nasty new, PYT, dem come for free

Verse two

You know I love it, when you got the thong in
when I stick it in, and take my time, sweetheart you all in
baby girl, you make fade the world, tryin' get ya
all the niggas wit, to confident I won't hit cha
the wildest thug nigga, you can profile
In combat, react, criminalies, on a ?
I'll give you ya space, keep these punks out ya face
put them hoes in place, tryin' play me like a ace
ain't no tellin', who jellin', on or behind my back
I just love it when you cum, cuz I get high and relax

Chorus

Verse three

You want the cheddar, and when I go down sell my Bertta
rock all my sweaters, and write nasty love letters
thinkin' bout where I got my tat-tat, on the medal bars
servin' them getto stars, wit a black mat
I'm only mobbin' cuz I be, do a quick stick, hit a lick
wit a trigger like a robbery, and stake honeyz make money
the same way, them outlaw niggas from ya fake, hood take money

Chorus