

# Young Thug, Cruise Ship

BL\$\$D

Hah, yeah, yeah

Future, baby, Thugger Thugger

Ayo Chef

Pocket

Everything I got came from a lick

Ice on all my watches, I'm the shit

Underneath the turf's the worst it's gon' get (It's gon' get)

Whipped up water on my wrist, came from a fish (Young BL\$\$D, boy, you saucin')

Dip and dab out the bag (Dab out the bag)

I got Crips on Old Nat (Got Crips on Old Nat)

You don't want problems for somethin' (Don't want problems for somethin')

Need to get you some racks (Need to get you some racks)

She gon' bring it to Daddy (She gon' bring it to daddy)

Eat the cake out her panties (Eat the cake out her panties)

I was cool as a cat (I was cool as a cat)

State all facts

If I wouldn't have rapped, I'd still be rich (Still rich)

Three million dollar house, came from evictions (Hood rich)

Out here on a jet and a cruise ship (Cruise ship)

Last night I stole the yacht to cruise in it (Cruise in it)

If I wouldn't have rapped, I'd still be rich (Hood rich)

If I ain't have this shit, I'd still be lit (Hood rich)

If I fuck these hoes, then I'm trippin' (I'm trippin')

I can't fuck these hoes, they might try to pull a trick (And what?)

Ain't no slippin' (Let's go)

The coupe is outside and I'm styled in the best (Yeah)

I see you killin' these niggas, you doin' it the best

Solitaries, ain't nothing, to me

Coca leaves like I got leukemia

For real, la familia, I go gorilla, I'm part of the Bape team

Fuck you thought?

Supreme Louis quilt, hang low as a drag queen

I'm in a bronze Benz, I think it's the wagon

Ever since mom's titty, bitch I was flaggin' (Woop, whoop)

She got some water on, she my Cancun thing (She my Cancun thing)

I got some black diamonds, my wrist is on Bigen (My wrist is on Bigen)

I'm tellin' all of my hoes give they orders to the maid (Hold on, turn up)

I got 20 bitches with me and they ain't throwin' shade (Woo, woo)

I got 20 closets, I could dress accordin' to the wave (Yeah, yeah)

I'm with 20 models, but I dress accordin' to the bae (Hah)

I'm goin' all in 'bout my bro and my paper (What?)

Ain't got no fuckin' neighbors (And what?)

Ain't got no neighbors

Yeah

No neighbors, oh

Dip and dab out the bag

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