

Young Thug, Hoodie (feat. BSlime & Lil Gotit)

(Southside on the track, yeah)
Yeah, that's my buddy, buddy
What about (Metro)

That's my buddy, buddy, drinkin' on the muddy
Pass it all off to the dogs, let 'em cut it
Make sure you let hurt spirits hunt on it
Put the dick all in as our ribs end up gutted
Drinkin', Kid Cudi, actin' all slutty in front company
Trayvon hoodie, know it's all goodie
Don Juan pimpin' bitches, black tees, hoodies
Durag business

Lookin' all funky, but savin' all your cookies
Act to the right, red for the rookies
Ass on the right, hand on her left
Bunch of wealthy rich guys like I sell it (Yeah, like I sell it)

And you was supposed to call me back
But I'm glad you didn't 'cause I got busy
I just got a call while my brothers got whacked
It was time to rise, lit the sticks in them masses
You know if I pass, you won't get a call back and
I won't hit you back, you never could've imagined
Round of applause, you think you winnin' the battle
Mama say she look at my eyes and see a casket
Daddy said he looked at my eyes, he see a bastard
I look in his eyes and I see a future pastor
Funny niggas tryna be cool, you're a actor
No, I don't wanna lose to a Casper
I was rockin' Jimmy Choo's on my first tour
I still was thinkin' like a fool on my first tour
Now I'm on my worst tour

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Rich stepper, let's begin, I got a million on the coast
Thousand better, thousand shooters
Y'all, I been on C-Low
Cash pryer, let her cash it in and left her with a note
Never beat, niggas, ain't ever-ever (No)
Pooh-manji, we devise, we like to swap buy (We like to swap buy)
Droptop, we pushin' P, she got a cockeye, cockeye
Sham, bangin' rows, they brung the prop' side (Prop' side)
Ain't no switchin' sides, I'm with the gas shit 'til I pass out

Now they say they feelin' us (Yeah), but reality, they ain't as big as us (Nah)
Fuck her every night, I know fo' sure, she catchin' many nuts (Body count)
Call in, they still sendin' boxes right through just like a Pizza Hut
Put it on, then eat it up (Eat it), flooded down as my pieces up
Drop the top, you stab me in the wind
I be feelin' like a DJ when I tell her spin (Three sixty)
Ran up all these millions so I went, copped another bitch (Skrtrt)
Don't let my fuckin' brother near my Rolex
You're not my twin (Kid, Kid)

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