

# 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

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

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)

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  
Like I sell it