## Young Thug, Slatty

(Southside on the track, yeah) Yeah Yeah

Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt Slatty, slatty, slatt, slatt Slatty, slatty, slatt, slatt, slatty Hop in a Benz (What?) Hopped out a Porsche (Skrrt) Hop in your friend (Yeah) After your daughter (Yee) Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt I'm in the gym, of course I can't even care, whore I'm out the scene, yeah Knock off your boy, yeah Keeping it clean (whoa) Drac' with the beam I got your team Popping a bean, yeah

I got a bag, it ain't enough My left wrist bling, yes, it is tough I killed his man in front of his mama Like fuck lil' bruh, sister and his cousin Now I kick my shit, that ain't no punt Like fuck my wrist, it ain't enough Now I fuck my bitch 'til it ain't nothing I shoot out, blank, still ain't cuffin' up Proud of my money Kill 'em, not leaving a trace, yeah Kill 'em, not leaving a trace (Brrt) I'm 'bout to cut off the K, yeah Black diamonds, Martin Luther King (Black) I had to break in the safe, yeah And I didn't leave 'em a trace (Yeah) I had to break in that safe, yeah (Yeah) Coppin' lil' mama the Range (Yeah) Hop in the Jag, I just been doing the dash, whoa Today my Margiela was big, I look like a dad, whoa (I look like a dad, whoa) She got gator on her purse, it look like a rash, whoa (Look like a motherfuckin' rash) Three hundred K out in Turks and I'm still in my bag, whoa (Still in my bag)

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Drac' with the beam (ManiYak get 'em) I got your team (ManiYak get 'em) Popping a bean, yeah (Yak, Yak, Yak, Yak)

Dissect your body like science class, nigga Give you my word, then I gotta deliver (I gotta) Bet they gon' know when the slime in the building Hot as a iron, I mean, hot like the skillet

Creeping up, crawling, know I was just skipping

Gangster 'cause you got a body, lil' nigga Magazine clips, so you might get your issue

You think you gangster 'cause you got a pistol? (For real?)

Bye-bye, Felicia

Look for your body, so they gotta eat it (Okay)

I am Yak Gotti, but I'm not a vegan (Hell nah, nigga)

Flathead the pull up, the Honda, the Civic (Skrrt)

Running from twelve, then I jumped the defenses

Blood on my bottom, like Roddy Richie Look at my trigger, my trigger start itching

Ride with that chick, she say point blank and period

(Point blank and period)

When I aim at you, it's point blank, no missing

(Point blank, no missing)

Lay in your grass and come out of your bushes (Let's go)

Pick up that trip and I bet I'll start tripping

Bet I'll start tripping like I get a rush

My slime, he a crip, keep that stick like a crutch

Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt (Gotti)

Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt (Yeah, yeah, Yak, Yak)

Slatty, slatty, slatt, slatt

Slatty, slatty, slatt, slatt, slatty

Hop in a Benz (What?)

Hopped out a Porsche (Skrrt)

Hop in your friend (Yeah)

After your daughter (Yee)

Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt

## We can't relate

We from the hood, I was renegade (Renegade)

Stepped in the spot, had fish parquet (Yeah)

Can't be a slime, he got bitch boy trait

She wanted to fuck, but I left L.A. (L.A.)

My savage, I bought him a new AK

My birthday, I ran up that STK

We smoke out the good and don't care what they say (Care what they say, slatt)

Baguettie wrist

I done got rich off of politics (Politics)

Canary yellow, I gotta piss (Uh)

Rich nigga brunch, I had fish and grits

Want nothing back, I don't penny pinch

Told her, "I'm pissed, come massage this dick"

I paid the high for that Glock with the switch (Glock with the switch)

Guaranteed me, if I pop, it won't miss (Pop, it won't miss)

## I shot at your mans

None of that shit wasn't planned

I fucked this bitch and her friend, both of them bitches done came on my pants

Louis V dripping, lil' niggas, ain't none of my niggas ain't rocking no Vans

He mad at me 'cause his bitch is a fan, do what I want and he do what he can

I put that bitch in the figure-four, too many vibes, so it's hard to pick a ho

Came from the bottom, I used to be broke, I was trapping, and I used to trap out the liquor store

I bet it all on the tin and foil
Drop off the pack, that's a give and go
Now when I rap on the track, it's a ten or more
I'm in the club with a Glock, it's extended
Tint is so dark, they can't see who is in it
Niggas ain't cashing out, these niggas rented
YSL, we going overboard
Plugged everywhere like extension cord

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