

# Yung Bleu, Perk Emotions

I got people telling me they miss the old me (JD On Tha Track)  
But that's like telling me you miss the broke me  
I left my past life in the streets, my grandma told me  
Niggas ain't shit, I can do better by my lonely  
That bitch don't want no child support, she want a new life  
For every status that you post, I bought some new ice  
I told my son it's gon' get better up in due time  
Plus I got niggas that want smoke, I gotta move right

I just popped a Perc' and I don't feel no pain  
I just popped a Perc' to get me through some things  
What about now? You ain't wanna fuck me, what about now?  
Kick these dumb bitches out my motherfucking house, out  
Bitch, I got diamonds in my mouth, I'm from the South  
I fuck that bitch up on the couch and she say (Woah)  
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My neighbors, they be nervous, I be clutchin' too hard  
Two shooters on the roof if you come step in my yard  
I might just fall through the floor 'cause we be steppin' too hard  
A certified gang leader, I be reppin' too hard, yeah  
Bitch, I'm 'bout to blast off, I just got the cash off  
I knew it was murder when my nigga took his mask off  
Bitch, you think that I'ma fall off, bitch, I got too many hits  
Treat my ho like food stamps, she gotta have benefits  
You know I got on Fendi sleeves  
Cut the air on 50 just to get that bitch to leave  
Fuck and buy her Mickey D's  
Got gold on me like Mr. T  
You heard about me in the streets, you know that I'm a beast  
But I got this pain running deep

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Let me tell you 'bout some shit I just invested in, yeah  
40K to murk that nigga and his next of kin  
I'm the handy man, know how to work an F&N  
And fuck you, Donald Trump, I still hang with these Mexicans  
We got white hoes at the Trump Tower sucking black dick  
I'm having an orgy with these hoes and I ain't finna match shit  
Pop out the window with this chopper, on my Mad Max shit  
Got too many racks up on the plane, ain't even have to pack shit  
This VMG Iraq shit, never catch me lackin'  
Fuckin' with some made men, get your chest caved in  
I never thought 'bout suicide, I guess I got too many kids  
I just pop a couple Perkies to get this shit up off my wig

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