

# Yung Bleu, Shoe Box

I got some money  
Told my nigga don't worry  
Times getting hard  
Looking like BMF how we sliding in them cars  
Sometimes I feel myself lying in the dark  
Thinking about the times that we had when I was with you  
Thinking 'bout the times that I kissed you  
Went and got some money, I got everybody mad at me  
Stars in the roof, I'm in a whole 'nother galaxy  
They tryna put me in a box, they tryna put me in a cell  
Just got caught up with that work  
We prolly kill 'em, if he tell  
Them shooters hopping outta box truck  
But they ain't got no mail  
Just them shells for them niggas that don't wish me well  
Coach, put me in the game  
Coach, put me in the game  
Come trade yo' life for my chain  
They put a price on my brain  
But I'm still riding 'round with it

Put it in a shoe box  
Put it in a shoe box  
Fuck it, put it in a shoe box  
Dirty Money, we gon' put it in a shoe box  
You see them young niggas hanging outta roof tops  
They hanging out the roof tops  
Two Glocks  
Screaming, let a nigga try me  
Let a nigga try me

Oh, he don't know nobody  
But she got a lil body  
I told her come try me  
I told her come try me  
I'ma eat it up, that pussy taste like water  
She so wet, she prolly take me under  
Got her so hot, I'm talking hot girl summer  
I'm sorry, I forgot to take your number  
But don't mind me  
Come and find me  
I gotta call you when I get back to yo' city  
'Cause that lil pussy, it been stuck upon my memory  
If you can't pull up, I think I can do delivery

Baby, put it in my shoe box  
Come put it in my shoe box  
Take this money and go put it in my shoe box  
Go put it in my shoe box  
Oh, I got bands in the mattress  
I gave her bands 'cause she nasty  
I hope you love me with passion  
And you can get it if you ask me  
I'ma say

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Let's go  
I ain't no reactor, yeah I think 'bout shit  
Yeah the other war, nigga  
Buy a tank, buy a ship  
Yeah I'm on that nog Vodka  
Yeah I drink my shit  
Catch my target in traffic, I'ma paint that shit, yeah  
Type of nigga keep a few million in the safe  
Might go on the run, have to buy a new face  
Praying for my dawg, he just caught a new case  
Told 'em keep quiet, don't try to save face  
Put a hundred grand where the Air Jordans at  
Transaction on the phone, hope he ain't recording that (Hello?)  
Jack in the box, we gon' pop out with the sticks  
Mobile, Alabama, we gon' pop out with the bricks  
You wanna see a magic trick  
With this arm and hammer  
Iron chef shit, the meanest fork in Atlanta  
Catch me in the 'Rari with that Yung Bleu playing  
Shoe box in the kitchen with that Lysol spraying

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