

Young Thug, Uncle M

Metro

Fuck, eat shit, sheck, run it up, fighter fit, we, fuck sheck, I just sheck, s-cut it, we just pour it, bouta
Ya dig?

I'm a bailer, same way I own a miller
Own the smell up, cooked the, uh, he tried to sell us
You can pick up couple grand and a fill up
Peel the top back, we don' need no fucking peeler
Uncle Murda, you can still get turned up
In suburbans, came in six levels up
I'm a flush, yellow Xanny school bus
On the island, damn near spent a million plus

This some big dawg shit, get your levels up (Bitch)
Last time I seen a slut, she had started nuttin'
I had got her to her worst, we was all in public (Right)
She don't gotta do nothin' first 'cause she out your budget (Count it)
White bad shit, looking like a fucking napkin
We been claspin', shit, that's why we always absent
Understanding, Phantom Rolls-Royce, it's backwards
They respect us, honeycomb AP bezel
I'm just mad 'cause the cameras on the front and back 'cause
They stay gassed up, they don't know when it's time to mess for us
She cumming fast up there, I'on know when it's time to care for her
Smoking a vegetable, I just been choppin' and fuckin' up vegetables

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(Ooh-ahh)

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