

# This for the (feat. Quando Rondo)

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

[Intro]

Ooh! Ooh!

Slime! Ey! [Chorus: YoungBoy Never Broke Again]

This for them bitches who thinkin' they real, but really they fake  
This for them niggas who think that they thuggin', but really the ain't

This for them niggas that really be trappin' up out the ra-a-ain

I married that choppa you know that she wit it

I call her my ba-a-ae

These niggas ain't shit, yea, don't know why they hatin' on me

I'ma run up that money, I still be stuntin'

Got blue faced hunnits on me

I'ma keep goin' in and they keep on comin'

Lotta faces on me

I'm chasing that money, from

Got a big bank on me

[Verse 1: YoungBoy Never Broke Again]

I do the dash in the winter, young nigga fly like propella (brrr)

DJ Khaled, man I need me another one

When we do it, do it better

No, I'm not writing no letter

NBA new Rockafeller

These bitches ain't shit, wanna suck on my dick

Right after she fucked my nigga

She raising her voice when I battle

She tell me to go out, go faster

I think that I'm losing my stamina

I think that I need me a challenger

Back at it again, just me and twins

Tag teamin' her friend, we having her

She told me she real but I know that she fake

Lil' shorty ain't told me no capping her

[Chorus: YoungBoy Never Broke Again]

This for them bitches that's thinkin' they real, but really they fake

This for them niggas that's thinkin' that they thuggin', but really the ain't

This for them niggas that really be trappin' up out the ra-a-ain

I married that choppa you know that she wit it

I call her my ba-a-ae

These niggas ain't shit, yea, don't know why they hatin' on me

I'ma run up that money, I steady be stuntin'

Got blue faced hunnits on me

I'ma keep goin' in and they keep on comin'

Lotta faces on me

I'm chasing that money, from Monday to Sunday  
Got a big bank on me[Verse 2: Quando Rondo]  
Too many bands in my bank account  
A lot of blue hunnits, a large amount  
Got a brick of some dope, put that shit on the boat  
When it come to the money, we ain't runnin' out  
No money buried in that Federal  
Niggas hate but they ain't on my level though  
I swear that they nowhere compatible  
Smokin' Gelato and sippin' on medical  
I'm really a felon, still grippin' the FN, might catch me a ca-a-ase  
Pull up to the show in a brand new Benz and we leave in a Wra-a-aith  
I told all my niggas: "It's no new friends", cause these niggas be fa-a-ake  
I got out my feelings and got in the bag, 30 racks in a sa-a-afe  
All of my niggas, they Crippin', they love them blue Benji's  
I run that check up, I guess that's why they hatin'  
Everyday I be drippin', these brand new Balenci's  
My shirt made by Louis, my shoes, they Givenchy  
My girl like that Gucci but I like the Fendi  
It's a deuce in my cup, I don't fuck with the Henny  
These chains 'round my neck cost a brand new Bent  
If you try to come take it, get hit with a semi  
I want the money, I want designer  
I want that bitch cause she look finer  
I want the Louis, I want the Fendi  
I mix Chanel belts with Givenchy  
He cappin' in rap, so no, I can't sign him  
He forgot I was on, man I had to remind him  
I'm not lost in the sauce, everyday I be grindin'  
Bust down Rollie, perfect timing[Chorus: YoungBoy Never Broke Again]  
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This for them niggas who think that they thuggin', but really the ain't  
This for them niggas that really be trappin' up out the ra-a-ain  
I married that choppa you know that she wit it  
I call her my ba-a-ae  
These niggas ain't shit, yea, don't know why they hatin' on me  
I'ma run up that money, I still be stuntin'  
Got blue faced hunnits on me  
I'ma keep goin' in and they keep on comin'  
Lotta faces on me  
I'm chasing that money, from Monday to Sunday  
Got a big bank on me  
Slime!

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