

Red Eye

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Yeah, yeah, yeah (Oh, ohh)
I'm a real, I'm a real
I'm a real good slime I'ma ride that red eye (Red eye) like a demon
Stack that money 'til I can't no more (No more)
We be robbin' and schemin' (On God), oh Lord
How long would it be until this pain gon' go?
Straight from bottom, blow a bag on my bros, oh, yeah, yeah
Just for his head, a hundred thousand, say less, I pay that
Got plenty money, but I had to jump up out my bag
I stayed down lately, shawty, I'd die for you
Fuck that shit that he be talkin', did he ride for you?
I jeopardize and send my brothers 'fore to slide for you
And every nigga 'round me willing 'fore to die for you
Who you judgin'? I come up straight from the gutter
We done struggled, me and my brothers had no one but each other
I can buy a hatchback, but can't buy my family back, my life nothin'
I want my Ni back, but I'm caught up with these hoes and I'm thuggin' I'ma ride that red eye
(Red eye) like a demon
Stack that money 'til I can't no more (No more)
We be robbin' and schemin' (On God), oh Lord
How long would it be until this pain gon' go?
Straight from bottom, blow a bag on my bros, oh, yeah, yeah
Just for his head, a hundred thousand, say less, I pay that
Got plenty money, but I had to jump up out my bag
Ride foreign ride, got plenty money, but that north where I reside at
But I'd fly miles 'cross this town to see you smile
She be fans of other niggas, like this bitch wan' be a hype man
But the minute I wan' be alone, she don't like that
I took heed into your letters, I was locked up with no celly
I ain't wanna be no rival with you
From the bottom all the way back to my section
Everyday, yeah, we be steppin'
Fuck chasin', I will not be through
I'm all caught up with money, like, "Fuck this dream, it ain't nothin'"
And fuck these hoes that don't love me, niggas don't like how I be stuntin'
I miss Big Dump like my granny, we still at war 'bout my cousin
Diggin' 'but I ain't searchin' for gold, I know I'm lookin' for somethin' I'ma ride that red eye (Red
eye) like a demon
Stack that money 'til I can't no more (No more)
We be robbin' and schemin' (On God), oh Lord
How long would it be until this pain gon' go?
Straight from bottom, blow a bag on my bros, oh, yeah, yeah

Just for his head, a hundred thousand, say less, I pay that
Got plenty money, but I had to jump up out my bag (Yeah)Yeah (Slime)

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