

For My People (feat. Duke)

Young Thug

56 hundred for the Cartier
YSL shit, know what I'm sayin?
Me and Lil Duke
Aye lil' boo, who are you? I put it down for my people
Ready to die for my people
We multiply with the people
Have a shootout for my people
We gon' take lives for these people
We gon' fly high like an eagle
I sold them hunnas and eagles
I know that bitch and mistreat 'em (thugger!)
Beat up that pussy, no nerve in it
Bitch say she straight like a perm in it
Bentley Spur with the curtain missin'
Bentley Spur with the curtain missin' Pussy clean, ain't no germs in it
My pocket, it look like a book with the worm in it
I woke up, I prayed and I'm hustlin'
I roll up, I pull up with shorty I pour up a four of the muddy
I pour up a four of the muddy
I lean, I lean on my luggage
Got Aquafina, it's nothin'
I fucked that bitch while in London
I beat that bitch like I'm London
I put in work for my people
You say you not broke, but me either
Man I'm gettin' so fly like a seagull
And I'm ready to die for my people
Bitch I'm a zoe, not a zebra
I cook up the dope and no ether
Old school, it sound like a beeper
We not gon' let you mistreat 'em
Bitch I'm the shit, fuck a toilet
If you can't stand him then seat him
Run up a check and I'm glory
Farrakhan, me, I'm a leader
I was just smokin' on doja
Fuck niggas trick 'em and treat 'em
Pour up a four in a 40
We drop a four in a liter
I pour up a four while he cook up the blow
I just fucked your hoe, pussy nigga you know
I just got the blow and it came off the boat

Got racks inside my skinny jeans and they pokin'
No hokey, no pokey, fuck nigga you're broke as shit
I heard that you tote it, I heard that you wrote it
I heard that they pay you to watchin' your focus I put it down for my people
Ready to die for my people
We multiply with the people
Have a shootout for my people We gon' take lives for these people
We gon' fly high like an eagle I sold them hunnas and eagles
I know that bitches mistreat 'em
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Lil Duke insisted

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Thot bitch, she cripplin'
Play with me, he trippin' They find your ass missin'
We built like relentless
Pull up to shows in them Bentleys
Choppa go right for your kidneys
I'll prolly be fuckin' your mistress
I swear this one hell of a feelin'
I swear this one hell of a livin'
I drink on the Act all day

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I got a hell of a kidney I swear that they know that these niggas ain't scarin' me
YSL on, bangin' that 'til they bury me
These niggas fake and they're fairies, they're tellin' me
We some young veterans dodgin' the federal, settled
I whip up that white like she work, I'm the chef
I know a few niggas just waitin' on my death
Bitch I'm Sudan, I got planes on my steps
Y'all bitches, you know we in here Got bitches on bitches, you know we in here
Yeah, we make it snow in the VIP
Gats on our hips and we totin' in here
Racks in my pocket, they know what it is
I put it down for my people
Ready to die for my people
We multiply with the people
Have a shootout for my people
We gon' take lives for these people
We gon' fly high like an eagle
I sold them hunnas and eagles
I know that bitches mistreat 'em
Beat up that pussy, no nerve in it
Bitch say she straight like a perm in it
Bentley Spur with the curtain missin'
Bentley Spur with the curtain missin'

Pussy clean, ain't no germs in it
My pocket, it look like a book with the worm in it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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