

Hercules

Young Thug

Young Metro, Young Metro, Young Metro
Metro!
Young Metro, Young Metro, Young Metro
And what?
Metro Boomin want some more, nigga Sick
Shoot him in his back like Ricky but not Slick
Spent like 7 bands on a tri-colored pit
All my signs red like a stop, nigga no pit
Blow the purple, nigga, high like fuckin' martians, woah
In a foreign, yesterday I was just walkin', woah
Left my baby mama, now my bitch a Barbie, woah
All red Dickies suit, I'm ridin' down Slauson, woah
Hercu-Hercules
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Hercu-Hercules
Hercu-Hercules I smoke gas, that's that Hercules, strong marijuana
She looked at him, oh now she watchin' me
Bitch I'm speedin' to that guapanese
I was stackin' money up, no, I can't forget the T
Drop the top, shoot birds at the officers
Fuck them boys, they costin' us, they stalkin' us
They know they old lady not runnin', they'll fall for us
We so tired of takin' loses, ain't no more chalkin' up
I swear, I promise
YSL on ape and they donkeys
These niggas pointless
They want me
I'm still a stoner, mac and cheese on me
These niggas clone me, I'm full, but I'm still hungry
Hey when the click clock, I'll make your bitch stop
Ice Inside my tick tock, cookies, no
I just bought a Cuban link, flooded with big rocks
Bitches trying to juug at me? Well, I gotta get us up, woah shit Sick
Shoot him in his back like Ricky but not Slick
Spent like 7 bands on a tri-colored pit
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Okay first of all, I was doin' this shit 'fore I was rich
I don't care at all, I'll go do a dolphin for my clique
Fuck your conference call, pull up with a check and get my seed
Double D, you dig? No firework, it was lit
If there's a fuck nigga was hatin' on me
They took ya life and I know some fuck niggas waitin' on it
I grab that TEC, I grab that 40 and the F&N
Then we pulled up and hit the spot, yeah we laid it on 'em
Anaconda, we on that slime stuff, here to remind ya
Fucked your old lady, she wasn't fly enough
YSL, we shinin', let her stand behind us
Yeah my crew we rock, rock, baby you can climb us I call my migo, migo come and let me juug
through the city
He stuffed a burrito and he let 'em fly right to me
Bitches call me Casino cause I let 'em ride 'round the city
She want bingo kilo no sweat, now she can ride in a Bentley Sick
Shoot him in his back like Ricky but not Slick
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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