

Power

Young Thug

We got London on the Track
First you get that money then you get that power
If he tune his nose up, boy he on that powder
Now you walk around with 50 in your trousers
Diamonds boolin' on my chest, no fuckin' blouser
Bitch, I make it rain shower, ya dig that?
They wouldn't know one thing about ya if ya zip that
Hit 'em with that blocka-blocka, nigga get back
Beat that bid an never crack, did that, sheesh!
Before I go without a sack, I swag pack
I spoiled my bitch & now she actin' like a brat
I met Ellis, I know Jimmy, he got racks
Bitch I'm bleedin' like a tat
Roll it, roll it, for me on ya back
Just for show, my diamonds yellow like a taxi
I'm a cat, I'ma take out them pussy rats
Pussy nigga better not look back
Or, or else I'm killin' 'em, hell yeah, that's a fact sheesh
There's blood all on my Timberlands
Make a nigga say "whaat?!"
I swear to God she feelin' 'em
She sucked like eight dicks, I call her Octagon
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Bitch, I dig it, I eat ice cream with my chicken
Bitch, I'm rich just like a Simmons, not lil Diggy
If I got legs, bitch you know I'm gonna get it
She got good head, so she welcome to my Bentley
Big Bentley in that big Bentley, Bentley
Hop out with that semi, cuz I know these nigga hear me
Is you mad bout Instagram on how I keep my pimpin?
You keep that Ace of Spades, I'm sippin'
I'm a rocket, rocket, I can't stop it, stop it
I'm a GTV, boy, bitch I'm poppin, poppin'
I need coke, need coke like "Where the fuck is papi?"
If you tryna run off, you know we pop ya
noggin'
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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