

Webbie (feat. Duke)

Young Thug

Thugger!
I roll me one, smoke to the face
I roll me one, smoke to the face
Roll up a blunt and I'ma face it
King slime aye They politickin' 'bout these cases
I told her roll me up a blunt and I'ma face it
Trouble maker man
I've been shootin' out with my neighbors, yeah
My lil niggas been tryna trap it out in the vacant, yeah
Patek Phillipe, they got my wrist and they don't play with that
She been suckin' dick way before a nigga made it, yeah
Pass me the mothafuckin' lighter
Lil mama overseas, I'ma Skype her
Nigga checkin' out the squad, tryna bite us
But my hand is way different got the Midas
Do a dream with me, aye do some things with me
Bae drink your lean with me, bae fall asleep with me
Ayy fall asleep, we drive
Jeopardize your life or mines
Let me fuck one more time
And I'll help you write your rhymes This politician is so fake
They politickin' 'bout these cases
I told her roll me up a blunt and I'ma face it
Troublemaker man
I've been shootin' out with my neighbors, yeah
My lil niggas tryna trap it out in the vacant, yeah
Patek Phillipe they got my wrist and they don't play with that
She been suckin' dick way before a nigga made it, yeah
Bad, bad, bad
I'm a player, player, player
I'll pop at your man, man, man
I'll do what I can, know what I'm sayin'?
Guess I'm geeked up
Like an astronaut, I'm off Earth
I'm way in the moon, kickin' shit without a broom
My mama can't lose
I'ma keep her in a fresh car
And I'ma put on them shoes
I'ma keep her so froze up
Yeah I'ma keep her in some jewels
I'ma go 'head and nut in my bitch
I'ma gon' and give her juice

She did two times now, I done told her that was rude
They don't wanna see you win
Nah they want you always to lose
They gon' always want you be stuck with them
They'll never wish you good luck on them
And they'll never wish bad luck either
And I don't know what the fuck to think either
Got a foreign car like a white beatle
Actin' like she like people
Knowin' they don't give two fucks if they're still here
They'll leave her This politician is so fake
They politickin' 'bout these cases
I told her roll me up a blunt and I'ma face it
Choppa make a man
I've been shootin' out with my neighbors, yeah
My lil niggas been tryna trap it out in the vacant, yeah
Patek Phillipe they got my wrist and they don't play with that
She been suckin' dick way before a nigga made it, yeah Got on mines and I got tired of waitin'
Mama say, "You gonna make it, you gotta be patient"
Came out the hood, trap out the stove out that vacant
Now we flyin' different places, fuckin' bitches all different races
I did this shit that they thought I wouldn't do and I made it
I was so down, man it's so fucked up, couldn't make over 80
I lost some friends, that was so fucked up and I know that they hate me
Thugger, he gave me a chance and I had to take it
Used to chop on the block with the 380
Now when I pull up they gotta pass me
I came from nothing more than the 80s
These niggas actors like Patrick Swayze
I gotta get it, I can't be lazy
Didn't have a dime so my mama crazy
Ran up a sack with Thugger, baby
Man this shit so amazing Patek Phillipe
Cost a hundred bands, man
Clear nothing' on it
Then I went and seen Elliott and iced up my Pigalle, you dig
That's on Big Duck, that's on all 6, know I'm sayin'?
I got like a 170, 180 thousand dollar watch, bro
And it glow up green at night
And when the sun hit it on the plane
You understand what I'm sayin'?
Yeah, I used to do this shit to maintain
Til I started usin' 14% of my brain
And that left me with 5 stars worth of stains, you dig?
Thugger!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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