

# 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

