

# Slime Belief

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

[Intro]

(Hey-ah, yeah, hey-ah, yeah, hey-ah, yeah, yeah)  
(Hey-ah, yeah, hey-ah, yeah, ah) Hey ma, what it do?  
(Straight up)[Chorus]

If you want it, you got it, you know how I'm rockin'  
They never could stop it, it's stuffed in my pocket  
I got up for the score and they never could block it  
After the show, I count up in a Masi'  
Tears fall from the lies, despite  
Hunnid bands through the time of the night  
When you left, I ain't wanna live life  
Now I'm happy on the in and outside  
Can you make it better? Trap out like Griselda  
Post up with Baretas, hustlin' through the night, yeah  
Spin the block, finna stretch 'em  
Wake the hood up when we wet 'em  
And it's all gon' be alright, yeah  
When that wrong choice take your life, yeah  
Gucci pressure be on top of that Nike print  
From them rich niggas kickin' yo' back door  
And they should give a Rollie to niggas who want it  
Who don't know a thing but trap, though  
Blue faces, I put that over nat hoes  
The shit that we sellin' will make you relapse, though  
Thinkin' I'm slippin', run up and get clapped, ho  
I put that North on the map, ho (Gang)

[Verse 1]

Turn up on a bitch when I'm gone off a Perc  
That ho gon' fuck on a fast beat  
Ben behind me, do the dash, keepin' up in a Vert  
You get jacked out yo' shit, you can't text me  
Pussy nigga throwin' shots, ain't at me  
Strapped up, tell that nigga get at me  
Tough love for a bitch, won't trap me  
Pay for the body then I give them the MAC free  
Got a pound in the car, I'ma smoke on that  
Left the state for a show and I'm comin' back  
If he say he want smoke, ain't no fallin' back  
Want a bitch for the play, I'ma blow the strap  
He ain't usin' his head, put it in his lap  
He ain't 'bout it, could tell that he only rap  
I just put 40 bands inside the trap

Every manifestation, I'm callin' rare (Gang)

[Chorus]

Now can you make it better? Trap out like Griselda  
Post up with Baretas, hustlin' through the night, yeah  
Tell Jugg bust a right, yeah

Hop out, gun flames through the night, yeah  
You know how I'm rockin', you know that I'm with it  
You loyal to me, I'll make sure that you get it  
If you want it, you got it, you know how I'm rockin'  
They never could stop it, it's stuffed in my pocket  
I go up for the score and they never could block it  
After the show, I count up in a Masi'  
Tears fall from the lies, despite

Hunnid bands through the time of the night  
When you left, I ain't wanna live life  
Now I'm happy on the in and outside

[Verse 2]Pick it up, throw it out, watch it come back

Got a whole hunnid racks in a Dior bag  
Count up that money, I run up the sack  
Boardin' on the jet with a illegal strap  
The shit that they talk, I could tell you is cap  
Up off the X and I only took half

Stay energized, I fall back from the tabs  
Put a half in my way, I'ma pay off the staff  
I feel like it ain't no bitch I can't have  
Saint Laurent boot with the fur like a bear  
Balenciaga, that Gucci, and Prada

I got on all three and I bought several pair  
When it's up, what we slidin' in, duckin' from 12  
Time wise, clockwise, I never fail (No)  
Ain't no slackin', we hustlin', we on this for real  
If we don't get it, we take it, you know what it is [Chorus]

Can you make it better? Trap out like Griselda  
Post up with Baretas, hustlin' through the night, yeah

Can you make it better? Trap out like Griselda  
Post up with Baretas, hustlin' through the night, yeah  
Now, can you make it better? Trap out like Griselda  
Post up with Baretas, hustlin' through the night, yeah  
Spin the block, finna stretch 'em

Wake the hood up when we wet 'em  
And it's all gon' be alright, yeah

When that wrong choice take your life, yeah  
Gucci pressure be on top of that Nike print (Shh)  
From them rich niggas kickin' yo' back door  
And they should give a Rollie to niggas who want it  
Who don't know a thing but trap, though

Blue faces, I put that over nat hoes  
The shit that we sellin' will make you relapse, though  
Thinkin' I'm slippin', run up and get clapped, ho

I put that North on the map, ho (Gang)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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