

TTG (feat. Kevin Gates)

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Huh, huh, huh huh
You fuckin' with this?
I'm fuckin with that
Hard world
Oh yeah, they don't understand this business right here
Hard world I'ma cop one, and you can work back two
They go for fifteen, how you paid twenty-two?
Ooh love, I just transformed, lot of bands on
I'm Off-White, you can get it right,
Check the platform
Nation business, I just spent a fifty, tell me what's the ticket?
Portray that image, actin' like he with it,
We pay him a visit
Speakin' on my name,
droppin' change get you changed
Big body Range,
You know we are not the same
ZO6 got me retarded,
Super charged in this bitch
They want play me like a lil boy,
I snuck the rod in this bitch
Rewind the time, I'm in my prime,
I went and flooded my wrist
Bitch ass lil boy can't steal the style,
We who started this shit Shackles made out of metal
Behind a pressure plate of glass
Put that metal on he
Who wanna meddle in my affairs
Bitch I'm very important,
I'm not no regular artist
I can't do too much talkin', look,
Cigar got me coughin'
Do you like a pair of lungs,
All that smoke bring the coffin
All my niggas TTG, we turn up,
Trained to go for real
BreadWinner vending machine,
We really sell that coke for real
Any violation,
We both knowin' where we go from here You say your youngin TTG, he trained to go
Well my youngin on BBG and
All he know is blow

This for Boozilla,
We gon' make 'em at the corner store
Say he laid low but he got down,
Bitch we know you told I'm a cop one, and you can work back two
They go for fifteen, how you paid twenty-two?
Ooh love, I just transformed, lot of bands on
I'm Off-White, you can get it right,
Check the platform
Never tellin', all of us are felons,
Confidential steppin' Preach like a reverend, brand new MAC-11, give his ass a blessin'
Kamikaze, livin' like I'm ready, call that 9-11
All black Panamera, drive it like a 9-11
In your section bae, I'm comin', pick you up, leave 'em stressin'
Let the coroners pick 'em up, pick 'em up
In your section bae, I'm comin', pick you up, leave 'em stressin'
Let the coroners pick 'em up, pick 'em up
Cold blooded steppers standing on the blocks smokin' nicotine
Let them lil boys run the city,
I got bigger dreams
Nation business, we all different,
Stand for different things
A bright independent, plus we feelers,
That's by any means I'm a cop one, and you can work back two
They go for fifteen, how you paid twenty-two?
Ooh love, I just transformed, lot of bands on
I'm Off-White, you can get it right,
Check the platform
In your section bae, I'm comin', pick you up, leave 'em stressin'
Let the coroners pick 'em up, pick 'em up
In your section bae, I'm comin', pick you up, leave 'em stressin'
Let the coroners pick 'em up, pick 'em up, oh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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