

# Target

## YBN Cordae

Eee-oooh!

Ooh-oooh-oooh!

Uh uh

They said check at the tank

Daytrip took it to ten I was cruising in a 6-4 with all of my hoes

Two niggas with a pistol that's ready to go

New bitch named Crystal, steady to blow

My team way too official, with Chevy's and Rolls  
Seen the red and blue lights, and I got pulled  
over

Redneck-ass cop asked me was I sober

I said hell nah nigga, stupid question to ask

I got a half pound of weed in the messenger bag

But I couldn't tell 'em that, I was wantin' to laugh

That's the number one rule, don't be flauntin' your pack

And stop asking all these questions, now I'm tauntin' yo ass

And, if you want to search my car, you need a warrant for that

As soon as I said that stupid shit, my gun had slip into his grip

My nigga, I plead the fifth, I don't mean to diss man, but I gotta dip

He said "what in tarnation", hit the gas I'm car racing

Plus I'm high in the sky, gas got me stargazin'

So here's a little advice, my sugar n' spice, and you can get nice

Free my nigga T-Mac, that shit is so whack, they tryna indict

I just paid off all my debt, I'm gettin' them checks, it's changin' my life

I need a little respect, just copped a Patek, just look at my ice

So he ran up, "put yo hands up, you in handcuffs

You done lost your mother fuckin' head like you got dandruff

Woman lie, a nigga lie, fuck the cell, that shit is dry

Why you pull me over doing 60 in a 55? All y'all is suspects, you knew that homes

Five niggas in the car, and y'all got doo rags on

Plus y'all bumpin' all the really loud new rap songs

That's three fuckin' strikes, I wanna go back home

How the fuck my straps slip, I be grounded and tight

He said, "boys it look like y'all at the County tonight"

And the canines comin', you can stop with the jokes

So while y'all in there tonight, don't be droppin' the soap

I know that you hate me, I know that you jealous

I know you crazy, hiding behind an umbrella

Man I know I'm a target, shit I know I'm a threat

And I know y'all tryna stop me, 'cause you know I'm up next, nigga  
I was cruising in a 6-4 with  
all of my hoes

Two niggas with a pistol that's ready to go

New bitch named Crystal, steady to blow

My team way too official, with Chevy's and RollsDaytrip took it to ten, hey!

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