

Graffiti

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

What is they?
Who is what?
Who is this bitch?
Who?
Who is this bitch that you looking at?
I on know her
I'm really tired of this
You tripping
I'm so tired of this, I really hope them niggas get you
Bet

I heard they speaking on my name
They do it all for the fame
Paid attention how you changed
Know that I'll never change
Know they ain't feeling my pain
Yea, unnnnn huhhh

2016 I got locked in that cell and they ain't let me out
Money I'm talking, you know that I'm ballin' I'm hustling and I ain't never seen a drought
Spending this cash, but I can not forget to make sure that all my niggas on
Spending this money no question do I think about it, I'll never say that I don't
Walk off alone, when I talk on the phone, dropping the price and you know that they on
Soon as we get it, you know that its gone
I swear that we been at this shit for so long
Momma ask for something and I tell her no
She tell me I ain't shit, and act like I'm wrong
I'm running that check up everytime I'm gone
For Christmas I swear I'mma buy you a home
I get on my knees and I pray on my own
Thanking the lord that I'm here, I ain't gone
I pray the judge that Q come home
Choppa boy feel he all alone
You know I got money but I'm in a hole
Scared I'mma die when I'm out on the road
Don't know how I'm feeling, don't know what I'm on
All they wanna do is ask for a loan
All this pain man, I feel like I can't hold it
Gone off lean and you know that I be on it
I ain't slipping boy, you knowing that I'm focused
Fly time, prime time, I'm ballin' hard sideline
Baby I'm sorry I ain't got time for to waste
On the road, yeah I be gone everyday
To 100 to put myself around the fakes

It's time for real niggas and fake bitches to separate I heard they speaking on my name
 You better stay up in your lane
 They do it whatever for the fame
 You know that I'll never change
 I paid attention how you changed
 I'm never exposing my paid
 I'm head first 'bout my game
 I swear all we know is pain
 Same nigga took your chain tried to kill me
 Meet up to buy it, you know I'm gon' split him
 He be with them boys, they ain't no gorillas
 It's only room for just me and my niggas
 They fake as a bitch and swear I don't feel em
 We catch 'em gon' stretch 'em you know we gon' hit 'em
 I stay with that poker, that Joker, let's deal 'em
 Free my hittas man the judge ain't bail 'em
 They telling me that hoe there got a million
 I don't give a fuck, I ain't far from a million
 I heard that bitch old man want kill me
 I'm sitting at the top I guess I'm the villian
 When you around me, hoe don't do no whisper
 You say I act funny cause I keep my distance
 When we be fucking don't do know resisting
 You know I go hard everytime I hit it (come here)
 All this pain man, I feel like I can't hold it
 I can't swim but I'm deep off in that ocean
 I go to sleep in my jewelry, when I wake up I just smile how I'm flexing
 I know these niggas want test me, wish they could catch me
 I thank the lord that he bless me
 All this pain man, I feel like I can't hold it
 Gone off lean and you know that I be on it
 I ain't slipping boy, you knowing that I'm focused
 Fly time, prime time, I'm ballin' hard sideline
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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