

# Bout (Damn) Time

Young Thug

We came a long way and that's why I say

Bout time, bout time, bout time, bout time, bout time  
Bout time, bout time, bout time, bout time, bout time  
Bout damn time, I swear to God  
God damn time, ayy

I done ran that money up, bout time  
I used to stack a five, now I'm stacking dimes  
I don't care if none of y'all ain't my kind  
Your watch cost 5000, you wasted your time  
And I'm finished, why you still at the line?  
If you ain't Damu nigga, you must be blind  
And I ain't turning down, turn down for what?  
I'ma turn up every time, every time  
Every time, every time  
I cop a ten thousand pimp belt  
I told the bitch she gotta suck and f\*ck  
Ooh, in front and back and make her double nut  
Wrapped up in towel, got out my cat plug  
I swear to God she wetter than a tub  
I supply real niggas and they show me love  
I f\*ck three, four hoes every time I'm in club  
Rap pack count, I gotta see these f\*cks  
Mommy wassup? No gives, I got kilos  
She a cook up a [?]  
I wanna be that nigga, my Denali truck stand tall  
I can't even see these niggas  
If I wanted to I still couldn't see these niggas

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I came from the bottom, bout time, yeah  
I know these niggas want f\*ck with me, bout time  
I'm a footballer bitch, for a long time  
Came from smoke in the cup, quite a long time, yeah

These bitches know I wanna f\*ck 'em all  
Young Money shit  
These bitches know they come round me with no drawers  
(Cause what?) I'm on that horny shit  
This that horny shit, I don't care, I got horns bitch  
A capella now, I'ma beat your f\*cking clique  
I might mail this shit, I won't never tell no bitch  
All my bitches thin and brown, this that pretzel shit  
Miss Chelle, Miss Chelle  
She got bumps and rumps all over BB  
I buy her CC, then I turn that shit to BeBe  
I'm like feed me, feed me, feed me  
I don't wanna eat ye

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It's bout time bitch  
He ain't have nothing to say nigga  
Ain't going back, nigga  
I drank pints a day, bitch  
Loaded, ay