

Go Getta

Young Thug

I let my homies air ya out
Like a car that's been sittin' for seven days
Yeah, and you can split the money seven ways
Or, let them strip you like you work at Blaze
Ray Bans, dark shades
Yeah, purple syrup, call it pink lemonade
I'm paid and I sip syrup all day
It's my sport you should call it Leanoray
Orange and purple Kush sprayed with finger spray
Nigga I'm a jankey, you niggas minor racks
I'm chasin' money, I never ran from that
I never ran from jack
If you make me run, shit I'm back, uhhh

Ear piece is too cold, my neckpiece ridiculous
Ooh, my ring get me barking like it been frost bitten
I be gettin' bitches while you couch sittin'
You niggas soft as mitten, don't make me pay a visit
See I be in the kitchen, rappin' and pitching
You know I gotta keep the smell down, vacuum city
You broke like an old elbow, you can't pay attention
See I be in the trenches and the bitches
Franklin steady knocking and I'm like "who is it?"
I let 'em right on in
Now why would I You can ask your girlfriend, this money don't bend
I got the more hundreds, I then

Oneway gettin' In and out this whip this ain't no photo
And two nines stay with me, Rondo and Romo
Thug, fuck what they talkin' bout, holmes got out too quick
Follow my footsteps, but step over all the shit that I kick
Need a kickstand in the booth cause I been sippin
So I might fall
Got my whites on and just sound like a motherfucker
Turn the lights off
Boss shit, take a loss get it right back
Yeah, tax write off
Fuck nigga, nah we don't like ya'll
Damn, I'm a problem can't solve me
I'm fly as a bitch me
Fake barbers tryna done me
Nah, not happenin'
But we foldin' niggas like napkins
No round of applause, we clappin'
This Flya again what's crackin' nigga

Thank you, thank you gentlemen, let me take that
Money is all I think about, I'm in love with that
Hunnids is all I'm bangin' on, I'm in love with cats
Money is all I'm talkin' now, where Franklin at?
I'm bout kick in the prison like take Franklin at
Juney, they say you snitch nigga, what's up with that?
You homie but my crew say you gotta go with that
You piss and shittin' on yourself nigga, you wrong for that
And ya, we from the sewer, but we don't fuck with rats
Ay and if I ran from ya nigga, ey, I don't fuck with crack
What up crap

OG Poppin' nigga
Ey, freaky fuck what they say that nigga out too quick
And I'm like freaky nigga go ahead with that bullshit
Cause both, both of ya'll nigga hard
Both of ya'll got famous cliques
So let, let's get that rap money, fuck them bricks
Uh, got stripes every day, it's zebra day
Uh, and if they play, let ninas spray
I'm chasin' money, I never ran from that
I never ran from jack
I mean they made me run but I'm back ugh