

Hey I

Young Thug

I think she ready for a kiddy
She told me she gon' make me miss her
She let me wear her whole lil' ceiling
My dick like crack so yeah I'm dealing
She gotta love him, Peter Griffin
Nut on the front of her head like I'm Eddie Griffin
I make it count, I'm a star and she can make a wish
I'm going down with her hard till I'm addicted

Where the fuck you going girl? I miss you
I wanna bang like a pistol
I wanna bang like a crip do
I'm banging red like soo woo, ooh
Brand new rollie I'm living sporty
Flood you with gold like a trophy
She still the bomb, call her lotus
Hey, racks keep me up with that Folger's
I'm up, I'm up
I might hit 'em with them bucks just incase he out luck
This a Crime Mob lifestyle nigga knuck if you buck
Just cause I'm in New York with a puck
Don't mean you won't get stuck up, up
Ay, I might just tell these hoes my secret
First I like them red like a demon
A purse, every time lil' momma catch me cheating
Starburst, I won't eat it unless she creamy

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I, done completed my little mission
I, put something in your stomach next to your kidney
I, want nothing to do with none of these lil bitches
I, want something to do with everything and I'm willing
To go to church and ask God there for forgiveness
For everything and tell that preacher that I'm gon' remember
Him bringing You in my life and that's on my children
Fuck all them other hoes talking, they Wendy Williams
Now your wrist got ice like December
I pour out the paint like Mutumbo
I'm a fucking lion like Simba
And, yeah my girl ballin' like Kendra

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