

Let Up

Young Thug

I'd like you tell you about the strangest secret in the world
What's that?
Some years ago, Albert Schweitzer, the late doctor
And Nobel prize-winner was being interviewed in London
And the reporter asked him 'Doctor, whats wrong with men today?'
TK

They scared? Oh, yeah!
They sell? I bet
Saboy? Retail!
Mexico, mix the dough
Wheneva god give me my moment
I ain't gon' led up led up led up
On the bed, inside my coffin
I ain't gon' let her let her let her
Got yo bitch inside the office
She gon' lead up lead up lead up
Anotha show up in da car
You know they leno leno leno

I'm on a Holly David
I'm on a choppa Nemesis
I got a lot of babies
They go for 34 a piece
I feel like Tom Birdy
I got them nines in my feet, nigga show 'em
I'm on a high speed chase
I ain't gon' led up led up
Take the penitention fuss
Tryna run up on my fun
Young thugga pimping bitch
Feel like fucking dough off
And the clock talk language
Kamikaze on the limbo
I trait my hoodie on
She say see me, she no bingo
I spit gel like bird man
Put my steering wheel in mirror
The kids who got my spy field on
With builds'zls, can you dizl?
My Dk got my spot filled with bitches, can you dizl?
You talk a million dollars, where you paper and yo pistol?

I feel like Tarazan
My fucking spy field of a tree
I got a newer plan
Might fuck the streets, take over the beat
And this is fuck insane
I build a kinsel and a man
Bitch ain't got no class
You know we call her true assass
All the flesh be like P, LATT
You know my jury, I see water like the AC&T
My bitch bad but I'm the bongie, I'm like TNT
You wanna reclamate the starter, mac the END
She need a trophy cause I mellow just like Mela Vanilla
I drink that adivicial spider they got starburstin' skillers

I got a big meat on, I'm a walking gorilla
Every tech on all these bitches, many nigga done killers

[Hook]