

# Knocked Off (feat. Birdman)

Young Thug

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm gon' beat that pussy up just like a champion  
I'm a beast inside these streets like a barbarian  
Told my baby next February we married  
We laughin' at these pussy boys, they're so hilarious  
I might get her knocked off, pull some spaghetti strings  
I might get her knocked off for a double sealed pint of lean  
I might get her knocked off while I pull a bank scheme  
I might get her knocked off for just tryna join the team Yeah, we roll these bitches like they centipedes  
We get this money, flip some honeys then we blow some Gs  
I gave her life and then I showed her Bs  
We fucked the world but now we overseas  
Inside of the car, we stashed a hundred bricks  
We put it down and hit the town, we 'bout the money trips  
Wait, the ice is rollin' cause we're rollin', bitch  
Flakes, the dope is cola cause we're polar, bitch  
I answer the call and put her right beside me  
Two, we 'bout that woop like them brand new Spyders  
Keep your mouth closed, boy, cause we're aimin' fire  
I just might one night her, show love and wife her  
I'm bangin' green like the lizard in Geico  
I pull up and wet you, burn your top like Michael  
I got bullets bigger than fingers in rifles  
It's big Bs with a hundred Gs in each one of my pockets I'm gon' beat that pussy up just like a champion  
I'm a beast inside these streets like a barbarian  
Told my baby next February we married  
We laughin' at these pussy boys, they're so hilarious  
I might get her knocked off, pull some spaghetti strings  
I might get her knocked off for a double sealed pint of lean  
I might get her knocked off while I pull a bank scheme  
I might get her knocked off for just tryna join the team I'm not gon' pass, I'ma smash 'em  
She want that nut so I blast her  
My Bentley grey like a pastor

Whippin' that snow, no Alaska  
Good head, she got her masters  
Shawty a long way from dumb  
Your money flat like a plasma  
Good kush, smoke is the bomb  
I drink that Act while you be drinkin' red  
I don't fall in love, I run over it instead  
Like, bobble, that bitch go head  
I'm like, "lil baby, I don't know your kid"  
I keep my pistol I'll give you the lead  
They 3 deep I call 'em Ed, Edd and Eddy  
Baby take a picture, that photo cred  
She make me lean back like a sofa bitch I'm gon' beat that pussy up just like a champion  
I'm a beast inside these streets like a barbarian  
Told my baby next February we married  
We laughin' at these pussy boys, they're so hilarious  
I might get her knocked off, pull some spaghetti strings  
I might get her knocked off for a double sealed pint of lean  
I might get her knocked off while I pull a bank scheme  
I might get her knocked off for just tryna join the team

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