

# Amazing (feat. Jacques)

## Young Thug

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Nigga have you ever dreamed?  
I was the man and you a thing  
One and two, anytime I get mad, I can't get mad at you  
God damn, who the hell let rats in the house?  
King of lions, who let these cats run out of the house?  
Houston, Texas when I'm on land, I lean back like a couch  
Hun I'm playin', I wanna bank call shots like a spouse  
We roll that kushy up, we eat that pussy all  
Suck it til you're throwin' up, my Phantom grey, no hound  
I lost near no bucks, still waitin' on that Bentley truck  
Stop playin', look bitty boy, you're duck  
He ain't YSL, nigga, he ain't in the hut  
I might stop buy and let that little bitch lush  
I pull up and chop at your cousin, your bus  
Little nigga, you know what it was  
You know what it is, you know what it does  
I'm makin' your old lady shakin'  
She suckin' too slow, I'm impatient  
My diamonds so wet like they basin  
Don't know where to go, I'm amazin' What's amazin'? I don't know  
What's amazin'? I don't know  
What's amazin'? I don't know  
What's amazin'?  
I might accept your apology  
I mean you throw L's up if you ain't followin'  
I am a beast, your life I'll be swallowin'  
And I've been drinkin', I need to bottle this Man I'm so tired of these niggas man, I am so tired of these bitches  
I'm so magnificent, studio workin', I'm wearin' a top like I'm pimpin'  
Your bitch want my milk, I'm sittin' at the top lookin' at these wimps  
These hoes just roll me a blunt and you know that they stuffy, they cannot beimps  
I never had Cutlass and Donald shop based up my Burrough and bassed out my trunk  
I might fuck that lil bitch in the mornin'

I might put her out and call Tyrone  
Snoop Dogg, I might go ahead and bone  
I'm big ballin', bitch put me inside the dome  
I'm wearin' Maison Margiela  
I'm wearin' Maison Margiela  
I'm wearin' Maison Margiela  
I'm wearin' Maison Margiela  
Take some sand to the beach  
Party with a couple foreign freaks  
Kim K lookin' ho, Yeezy  
Florida livin' nigga, poke at beats Yeah, and I'mma ride this bitch tonight  
And I just might ride this bitch tonight  
Poke it bae where you at baby? Poke it bae where you at baby? Brown sugar on that bitch  
Pull up with a ho and she know I'm ready to  
Bust her, pay her, leave her, fuck her  
I don't wait up, hold up, let me check my mail  
He broke, he servin' his squad with a scale  
I make it rain, I hope all is well  
I pull off deep like what in the hell?  
Ho give on my niggas some bails  
Wait I'mma lay down for a tail  
Pull up in old school Chevelles  
I don't save pictures, they might get revealed  
How many times have I asked are you well?  
How many times have I popped a perc pill?  
How many homies at home on the bail?  
How many times have I told you you shell?  
How many meals have I ate until I burp?  
Dropping the top on the Mulsanne no hard top on verts  
Hey I worked so hard to get out that dirt  
Hey I was stickin' that dick down at work

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