

# Flaws

## Young Thug

I be the Thugga  
Who are you?  
I don't know, I don't know  
Ay, ay RosÃ© goin' right inside the kitchen  
I might be a lame if I don't pay that ho tuition  
I found out like two weeks ago that I was a pimp  
I don't stack that shit by the four 'cause I'm not a shrimp  
Man I do it, put that shit on everything she know I do it  
Fuck that work I might not do it (Psyche!)  
Like my daddy at the school, I might listen to it My clothes they by Elizabeth Taylor baby  
Fuck on your lil bitch and get to moving with the skaters baby  
I can go around the bitch like equators baby  
And I feel free like the mothafuckin' nature baby  
That lil bitch fit the description like a blazer baby  
And she from L.A. just like the mothafuckin' Laker baby  
Imma fire shots off like I know Brian Nichols  
I just might ride or die for my niggas  
They talkin' life sentence I'll try with my niggas  
And I will beat trial with my niggas  
How you gon' eye my niggas?  
Tell me, how you gon' try my niggas?  
How you gonin' back and forth 'bout my niggas? Flaws and all my nigga  
Flaws and all, fell in wit my dawgs  
Flaws and all, ay  
Even with my paw, flaws and all  
Versace drawers for your broad, flaws and all RosÃ© goin right inside the kitchen  
I might be a lame if I don't pay that ho tuition  
I find out like two weeks ago that I was pimp  
I don't stack that shit by the four 'cause I'm not a shrimp  
Man I do it, put that shit on everything she know I do it  
Fuck that work I might not do it (Psyche!)  
Like my daddy at the school, I might listen to it Tell me how you see a nigga take the spots, and knock a nigga  
straight off his spots  
I mean how the fuck you think you gon beat the Thugger  
Defeat the Thugger, Don't bleach Young Thugger  
I mean how the fuck, you'll need the Thugger  
You'll please the Thugger, you'll eat the Thugger  
No leasing Thugger, yeah, No leasing Thugger  
The bitch so clean it's a shame no one love her

Yeah, never love these bitches  
When I ran my' money up I started duckin' these bitches  
She eat the dick so much, I ain't never seen the bitch in the mofuckin' kitchen  
Baby I love you, in a house full of grown folks, baby I love you  
Swear to God, you my bread & butter  
You can get my all if the Feds destroy us  
I'ma keep my feet in these streets  
Like a "d" we can go straight overseas  
Put purple in my brain just like a leaf  
If the bitch got class, yea she can come with me  
I ain't gotta tell these hoes, they know I'm prince of the city  
I just might pull up with bad bitches and take em to the trenches  
RosÃ© goin right inside the kitchen  
I might be a lame if I don't pay that ho tuition  
I find out like two weeks ago that I was pimp  
I don't stack that shit by the four 'cause I'm not a shrimp  
Man I do it, put that shit on everything she know I do it  
Fuck that work I might not do it (Psyche!)  
Like my daddy at the school, I might listen to it

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