

Red Star

Young Thug

Bitch, it popping, I'm on a boat like I'm Nautica
Hunnid K on the side and I'm not stopping ya
Bitch, I only provide for all my pat'na them
Put that dick right inside of her little body today!
Droppin' the top on the Bentley, now go pull up on my little boy and them
All of my pockets humongous, cause I'm the one with the formula
I swear to god 'bout two days ago, she rode me like rodeo
I'mma big 'ol red star like the Texaco You know not to go selling that dope in mama kitchen
If that bitch a dime, I might pay her little tuition
I know not to change for these little boys and bitches
Ballin' off the chain, man that came from water whippin'
(Whoo!) When I pull off, I drop all my ceilings
My ho say I look good wit' swole kidney's
Big ol' dinosaur, be what I told them bitches
I'mma cook his brain cells right in the kitchen
Ay, I'm leaning with one of my monkeys
Ay, I don't like Nike but you know I do this
Ay, they shot him fifty times like why they do this
And I'm having lunch at Ruth Chris, no Luda
Wait, I'm Michael Jackson "Thriller", he's a caterpillar
Wait, I want put all my kiddies right on top yo' liver
Wait, I might just drop 'Three' in like Reggie Miller
Bae, you made me stay here like a cup of tea
My big old safe look like a pot of gold
Sitting in the North Pole with a big red boat
Stop, pop, lock it, drop it
Plus I love tip, but I don't need no silence
You shoulda been silenced when you was out there wildin', boy
Got a hundred niggas wildin', I'm on a island, no salad
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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