

# My Yout

## Icekid, Sickman & Stylo G

Badman Ting

[Verse 1:]

Uh, just put it in the air  
Light that loud and watch disappear here  
Thoughts at the speed of light years, I could see the light  
Yeah, this the right year made the flow yeah  
Clear and easy to steer in space and time erasing fine  
Amazing in the mason cliches  
Each day weighs out enlightenment  
Niggas blacked out cause I got ultra violent  
Now my wave lengths to the radio waves  
Still keep it under pavements but not a ratio change  
My patio the same, but I ain't even got to tell them that  
Poppy leave them dimes at my welcome mat  
Get high as heavens, Hope hell never come back  
I'm like 5'11, but have angelic contact  
The devil jealous in fact, Cause I rebel the spells  
With a letter to God, I swear you know me so well  
This one time, I said lord would you help?  
Some short time after see my music on the shelf  
And of course, I gotta thank myself  
My wealth is in my happiness and mine  
And not my pocket health in it's ashes  
If you don't even think sometimes  
If it's passion and relationships synchronize  
Drownin' inside her, true eyes is to the higher  
I don't drink too much, I know the bud wiser  
It's the livet one  
Bedford-Stuyvesant

[Hook: x2]

Yo dogs I got the load,  
Blow the smoke straight up to the cloud like  
I sky high, my sky high,  
Sky high, sky high

[Verse 2:]

One hand on the mac, one hand on my sac

I'm thinking to myself what if I handed it back  
But I gotta hand it to myself I'm handling rap  
Handsome versin' that's like hand-to-hand combat  
Rehearsin', I got eight arms, nigga  
Disarm your favorite rapper he won't come back  
Made flex drop eight times, nigga  
On contact, whine that like eight times  
Got to keep it G, this for my masons  
Figure it out, eight times, the average of mind  
I may sign which I don't like lime light  
But I'll shine witcha  
Bitch I gotta eat I might dine witcha  
Yeah I got bars but I'm like Akon ouwitcha  
Convict music for real  
This industry give me chills  
Cause in the streets I'm chill  
But still heating up for a mill  
I'm like so real  
Life is so surreal  
Sosa already got sealed for the way he revealed  
Taking hold of pitchforks still  
But I will never yield  
In this pitchfork [load?] thinking I gotta appeal  
Cause I'm thinking like a deal  
Could get me living swell for real  
But if I skyfall, thinking ideal

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Collie Buddz]  
Selling hellbys on CDs  
Grassroots with grassroots, seeds on civis,  
Five finger this con weed leaves,  
Exceptionally speaking determination,  
Breeds success and proceeds,  
Feds want the photos and IDs  
Into them blood like IVs  
Cause every youth,  
Want the newest Nikes,  
Straight jeans and white tees,  
But these things will get pricy

[Hook x2]

[Joey Bada\$\$:]

And I'm gone, hitting [?]  
And I'm hitting the strong,  
I've been hurting way too long  
And I can't wait too long,  
And I'm gone, hitting [?]  
As I'm hitting the strong,  
I've been hurting way too long,  
I can't wait too long.  
I've been hurting way too long,  
I can't wait too long.

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