

# Harambe

## Young Thug

[Intro]

Mafia!

Yeah, peep game, bitch, you know what I'm sayin'?

Level up! Yeah

Yeah peep game[Verse 1]

Catch 'em down bad

Beat 'em with a bat, hashtag that

I call it New Jack, yeah, yeah

Bitch, I got a blue Jag

I make that cash talk

Bitch, I got a new house

You wanna get in, need a passcode nigga

Two twenty five on the dashboard, nigga

Stack it up until you get that foreign nigga

Stack it up and then take care of your daughter nigga

Stack it up and take care of your son nigga

Stack it up and take care of that money

You know I ran it all up by myself

And now your bitch is drinking cum nigga

My diamonds yellow like a corn nigga

Double R at the prom nigga

Skrt, skrt skrt

Got some hitters all of 'em my cuz nigga

Girl I know you love it

Love me, I know, I know you love me

You love me

Yeahh[Hook]

Bentley wheelin' nigga, bear killer nigga, back it up

Bands kill a nigga, fast wheel a nigga, back it up

Ape shit nigga, Godzilla, nigga, act up

Don't let your chick go Godzilla, bae, back it up

I just wanna have sex

I just wanna have a baby by you, girl

I just wanna go crazy about you, girl

Gon' make your nigga act crazy over you, girl

Ayy, cause you know I will

And I'm on a perky pill[Verse 2]

This shit can get ugly for you

I'll pull up and bust your mama

I'll pull up and bust your brother  
I'll aim at your fuckin' family  
I'll aim at your whole clique  
I'll aim at your mothafuckin' mama  
I'll aim at your fuckin' dad  
I'll aim at your daughter, son, nigga  
I'll aim it at everything  
I'll aim at the bag  
I got devil inside of me  
Got the devil inside me  
God tryna provide me  
But I'm tryna decide  
Do he wanna leave me assignment?  
Um okay I know you're frustrated bout a nigga and  
Every time I take you through  
I know I did a lot of sinnin'  
I hope you still let me make it through  
Just cause I got me a spot in LA  
That don't mean I'ma change the crew  
My bitch trying to figure out  
How she can tell me to chill without changin' you  
Fuck it, I'm changin' up on 'em  
But my fans, not changin' on 'em  
Makin' a band, I'm sangin' on 'em  
Whip out that bag, syringin' on 'em  
Hey, we lock that bitch out with no passcode  
I bought her some of those  
Damn, she already had 'em though

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