

No Games (prod. by TMack)

Young Thug

You don't get close to who ay
My goons gonna murder you ay
Whatever you do just make sure
You don't play no games, play no games
Play no games, don't play no games
Don't play no games Different Glock, same rock same fuckin' socks
Same street sweeper niggas sayin' "Fuck em all"
Same snitchin' ass niggas muh'fuck the cops
Shooters comin' at your ass so clear out
Yeah, I'ma mash out the suburb
Wit a trunk full of birds, why you full of words?
Blunt full of herbs, bricks like a nerd
I just shit on you, yeah I'm full of turds
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
I'm in a muh'fuckin' phantom, no roof up there
Gettin' muh'fuckin' high, then fuck her ass
Good weed and a tire no fuckin' spare
No fuckin' air, I said I'm higher than hair
Get any rim from Misses and her mutha'fuckin' bitches
You don't get close to who ay
My goons goin' murder you ay
Whatever you do just make sure
You don't play no games, play no games
Play no games, don't play no games
Don't play no games Walk into the mutha'fuckin' gun shop
Hundred niggas wit me got that gun so
Come up out the jungle ready for war
You ain't got no gun you better run forrest
Run run run
Yes you better run from me, I got the golden gun
Yes sal or sir [?]
Yes sir I'm the golden son, I'm having golden fun
I'm havin' Metro ton, I'm bags of X son
I'm not servin' less than one
[?] bankrolls yeah I'm up there
Re-up, get a condo for my Grandson's son
My Grandson's son
We're having [?], Scooter what's up?
We are one

You don't get close to who ay
My goons goin' murder you ay
Whatever you do just make sure
You don't play no games, play no games
Play no games, don't play no games
Don't play no games.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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