

The Half (Ft. Jeremih, Young Thug & Swizz Beatz)

DJ Snake

[Intro: Swizz Beatz]

It's a Friday, I'm 'bout to go off

Got my chains on and I'm 'bout to show off

DJ Snake up in here about to go off

Now go off, now go off

Goddamn! [Pre-Hook: Jeremih + Swizz Beatz]

Smoke stress to get rid of all the stress

On the run, nigga, goin' for the checks

These niggas don't know the half (show time!)

These niggas don't know the half (show time!)

See the hoes, see the clothes, see the cash (goddamn!)

Gettin' high for the low, shit was bad

These niggas don't know the half (say what?)

These niggas don't know the half (talk to 'em)

Swear to God, these niggas don't know the half

(Rewind now!) [Hook: Jeremih]

These niggas don't know the half

Smoke stress to get rid of all the stress [Verse 1: Jeremih]

Kill 'em off like I got a mask on it

Guillotine a Benz, you don't know the half of it

Whole squad winnin', you got small money

Don't need too many hands, I need all of it

You ain't ever been around, call me 2Pac

Pull up in my old hood in a new drop

On that kush, on that kush, blow a cloud of it

I'm the man, I'm the man, yeah I'm proud of it

Blowin' bands, got 'em jumpin' out the window

Shout out, shout out, pour some more and call it reload

Know I pull up, pull up on 'em like a free throw

Or go straight up, up the middle like I'm D. Rose

Treat your chick just like a whip and get another one

Wanna grab it, push it, smash and get another one

See my dogs on top, that's the math of it

Multiply the money up, no that's just half of it

(Talk to 'em! Rewind now!) [Hook: Jeremih]

These niggas don't know the half

Smoke stress to get rid of the stress [Verse 2: Young Thug]

Smoke that kushy, smoke that kushy, baby

Meanwhile me and you stuntin', that lil' mushy, baby

I don't want cook, I wanna book it, baby
I'll knock that lil' shit out the park to let you know I'm not no rookie, baby
Oh, take a breath
These niggas don't know the half of the first steps
My day one niggas, I don't pick through, I don't stutter step
That's cakin', nigga, you not a pimp, you don't know the steps
She showered and she dry it off, and then she lay it
That head done brought that dope back, like I'm in the 80s
I'ma pimp the parkin' lot, I'ma let you play it
You never 'posed to stop, but you can relay it
And I'm like wooh
You don't know the half, you don't know the mothafuckin' truth
You don't know how much stress I release when I'm on boots
It's all a lot, you don't know what come behind the groove
It's a lot, but get with, lil nigga, I do
(Talk to 'em! Rewind now!)[Hook: Jeremih]
These niggas don't know the half
They don't know
Smoke stress to get rid of the stress[Outro: Young Thug]
See the hoes, see the clothes, see the cash
Gettin' high for the low, shit was bad
These niggas don't know the half
These niggas don't know about it
These niggas don't know the half

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

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