

Floyd Mayweather (feat. Gunna & Gucci Mane)

Young Thug

This real talk type shit, I swear to God
We just don't call this shit drink, you know I'm sayin'?
Lil bitch, you ridin' niggas dicks like a bitch, damn
Lil bitch, you ridin' niggas dicks like a bitch I got, six brand new foreigners on my wrist
I got six Forgiatos on my fist
I got fifty foreign hoes on my dick
I'mma nut in all 'em hoes, lets have some chicks, aye
Nigga tried to hit a lick and missed
Tried to run then I caught him like a fish
I'mma catch his ass with the whole clip
I'mma beat they ass up like Ron Artest
Pussy nigga ran like a miss
I got your bitch up under water tryna kiss, aye
Hammer gon' shit and take a piss, aye
We done fucked her legs and fucked her face, woah I'm sellin' purple rain, RIP to Prince
When I was behind the fence they treated me like a prince
So much jewelry on her pussy gettin' tense
1017 the ones you don't wanna diss
And you can never be like 'Wop you little snitch
You make me mad, I have a threesome with your bitch
I'm from costa east Atlanta, yeah the 6
I make one brick turn to two, I know a trick
Don't walk and limp my chopper is my walkin' stick Everybody got they pack boy, ready to dip, Europe
UK, 25,000 dollars on a trip
I just-I just found out rats could use they lips
I got, I got, I got me a thirty round clip
I got one in the head, thirty one rounds on my hip
Aye, okay, Lil Dora said I would born with a steel
My lawyer say it's guaranteed when he appeal
I got a bad bitch wit' me and yeah she strip I'm in Vegas spendin' thousand with my chips
I can't love these bitches, fell in love the rip
I was doin' this shit just for my peers
Hop out, put inside my blood, my sweat, my tears
Do this shit all on my own, don't need no deal
Diamonds flawless 'round my neck, gave me a chill
Lately I've been flyin' on them Lears Flyin' cross the world, these bitches killin' me
Flood her bank account with bands 'cause she feelin' me
Nigga cash on delivery
If it's a snake on my clothes then it's double G

I don't like police hoes, ain't no cuffin' me
All my diamonds dancin' like they Bruce Lee
Check out my smile I got some new teeth
Pop a molly now I'm in the fuckin' air
Cloud nine and I'm smokin' like the fuckin' barrel
We at the club port, you niggas never there
I wouldn't even count, lil bitch this our year
I do it for my fam, 20 racks on gifts
Bitch we blowin' gas, roll me up a spliff
Now what you think a young nigga grindin' for?
I sip it 'til I'm sleep, might overdose
She made it out the hood and left that dope bowl
Get them bricks from my momma, she got truck loads
Fuck you mean you get it from your mami ho? Yeah
Diamonds all on my chin, diamonds all on my fork
Piercin' in my nose, diamond in my nose
Giuseppe open toes, diamonds on my toes
I just got a family pack of Jimmy Choos, damn
I just bought a chopper and I'm ready to use it, damn
I got a lot of bitches comin' by the twos
I got a lot of bitches, Balmain buy a few
Big di-diamonds but we call 'em jewels
All these racks think I sell dog foods
I spend thousand on my fuckin' shoes
Pull up in this Ave, it cost the Christian Loubes
Nigga watch your mouth, we ain't fuckin' cool
Boy you sell the molly, it's a fuckin' fool
Take this shit out and shoot

Songwriters

JEFFERY WILLIAMS, BRYAN SIMMONS, WESLEY GLASS, JACQUES WEBSTER, RADRIC

DAVIS Published by

Lyrics © THE ADMINISTRATION MP, INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>