

# Just Might Be

## Young Thug

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Baby you know that I might be the realest little nigga you ever gone see  
Baby you know that I might be trillest little nigga that you wanna be  
Baby you know that I might be the richest little nigga you ever could treat  
And you know that I might just scoop that little bitch up off of her feet  
All of these niggas they know that they fallin' and everyone wanna be me  
All of these bitches don't wanna be cheated on but all these bitches wan' cheat  
All of these bitches wanna be the new wifey but all of these bitches be cheatin'  
All of these rappers I swear they watering down, on the chlorine Feed me, feed me

These pussy niggas tighter than a wedgie, weegee  
I live life like a sniper, they can't see me, see me  
Her heart like an old diaper, I can't leave it, leave it

I'm drinkin' on this motherfuckin' mud  
Okay my fuckin' back pocket is fat like a butt  
I swear I'mma blood, I can never be your cuz  
You can roger that like my motherfuckin' buzz (Losie!)

I'll bippoty-bop, then stick it and fade  
I keep some coke and the rocks on me everyday  
I got a bitch with a yacht missin' in the bay  
Come here choke me if you wan' go on a date

I'll make bail within' the first 48

I'll give her the stick

She gone get a clip, bigger than a porn star dick

And I need new casting, for a porn star clip Baby you know that I might be the realest little nigga you ever gone see

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All of these rappers I swear they watering down, on the chlorine That's called breathin', that's how you let that  
bitch breathe fool Okay you know all my diamonds got no flaws

Momma move to 85 north, not 85 south  
I think these hoes piranhas, excluding my baby momma  
I take care my daddy momma by pullin' up with them bundles  
If I ain't treat you good little baby just know it's karma  
You did my nigga wrong, I know it, it was last summer  
Lyin' to me, tellin' me I'm the bomb like Osama  
I wish I could spend 50 bands on tour for grandmama  
I'd crack that nigga head with a bottle  
I could never call, not a fed, not a cop  
Niggas sit on the bench and I said do ya'll  
YSL scream, for the red crew, we got it right now  
Niggas had me on my syrup in this Bentley, see ya'll  
That little bitch just want birds and you know I said ya  
She gone act just like a clitoris with them feds and act dumb  
She might act like she know Bird when them players in there  
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nigga you ever gone see  
Baby you know that I might be the trillest little nigga that you wanna be  
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