

Think About It

Naughty Boy

Yeah

You know it's Naughty Boy and young Khalifa man

Hotel Cabana, Taylor Gang. Got me up all night

Just to start a fight

You don't wanna think about it

You drink about it

You smoke about it

Don't talk about it

Every nights the same

Who's the one to blame?

You don't wanna think about it

You drink about it

You smoke about it

Don't talk about it

Don't make it easy for yourself 13's on my Impala, raw cone filled with chronic smoke

Homie, I got game like the Shuttlesworth fam

Milk these lames for what they worth

HUF socks, ashes on my shirt, three wheel motion all you motherfuckers

The Porsche in the garage then got a life for my dogs

I had nothing at all but now I take trips to Vegas

Rolling up, playing songs on my oldies playlist

Diamonds on my fist, Rollie on my wrist, my life's the shit Got me up all night

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Who's the one to blame?

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Don't make it easy for yourself Standing over the terrace, made so much last year

These lil' niggas should be embarrassed

Claim we the same, but the difference is apparent

Copy my style so much they got me like 'where the fuck is their parents?'

Smoking so much that the public think it's scary

But I don't give a fuck, I'm rolling another one up

And giving middle fingers to you little fucks
Who get online and say I suck, long time you rolling papers and wearing chucks
And I ain't even had my best year, ten cars, 20 million, fuck I'mma do next year? Got me up all night
Just to start a fight
You don't wanna think about it
You drink about it
You smoke about it
Don't talk about it
Every nights the same
Who's the one to blame?
You don't wanna think about it
You drink about it
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Don't talk about it
Don't make it easy for yourself

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