

# WDYW

## Carnage

I turn five to a ten  
I turn twenty to a fifty  
Forty forty hit your woadie shorty  
Balmain, Saint Laurent with the Fendi  
I turn five to a ten  
I turn twenty to a fifty  
Fourty fourty hit your woadie shorty  
Balmain, Saint Laurent with the Fendi  
Whatchu want, tell me whatchu want (What do you want?)  
Like whatchu want, like what do you want?  
Whatchu want? Let a nigga know  
Let a nigga know, let a nigga know You get hit, 40'll hurt you  
I got your bitch on me, your mama on me and she birth you  
Blowin' Uzi, I'm just off the shits  
Got your bitch on me, she all all on the dick  
I get so turnt up, countin' these bands bands  
I don't give a mothafuck, I am the man  
Stay down with mad niggas, your girl my baby  
I'm fuckin' on, I am too lazy I turn five to a ten  
I turn twenty to a fifty  
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Like whatchu want, like what do you want?  
Whatchu want? Let a nigga know  
Let a nigga know, let a nigga know Fergy gonna get 'em, youngin' doin' better  
Uzi with Uzi hit him through the leather  
Black Panther party, Huey with the leather  
Feel like I'm him with the cheddar  
Put 'em in the soup, portobello  
Hit him in the head through his cerebellum  
Nigga better tell him my uncle OG with a motherfuckin' felon  
He'll dead him in a second if I tell him  
Spoke to Number Nine 'fore he went to jail and  
He was on his way to his dreams

Then his dreams started derailing from a weapon  
These kids I try tell 'em  
Don't get caught with the weapon  
Hip Hop police on the 'Gram  
And they can't wait to get 'emI turn five to a ten  
I turn twenty to a fifty  
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Like whatchu want, like what do you want?  
Whatchu want? Let a nigga know  
Let a nigga know, let a nigga knowTrap, he smoking on midnight gas  
Finessing a nigga with pounds of the swag  
My bitches, they bustin', you niggas, you cuffin'  
I trap out the bando, them onions  
Whatchu want, whatchu want, my nigga?  
I booted them Xans, wrappin' the bricks in saran  
You don't want problems  
Bitch I got choppers, Afghanistan  
Migo Gang, A\$AP Mob, he might fuck around get robbed  
30 gold chains I flex, but I ain't ever had no job  
Turn twenty to a fifty  
Tryna jump at Rich the kid, diamonds dancin' like Diddy  
I trap in the kitchen with Whitney, Actavis killin' my kidneysI turn five to a ten  
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Let a nigga know, let a nigga know

Songwriters

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