

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
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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 'em I turn five to a ten
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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 Trap, 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 kidneys I turn five to a ten
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Songwriters

Darold Ferguson, Terrell Woods Published by

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