

# 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 shifts  
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  
Forty forty hit your woadie shorty  
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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 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  
 I turn twenty to a fifty  
 Forty forty hit your woadie shorty  
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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  
 I turn twenty to a fifty  
 Forty forty hit your woadie shorty  
 Balmain, Saint Laurent with the Fendi  
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 I turn twenty to a fifty  
 Fourty fourty hit your woadie shorty  
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 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

Songwriters

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