

Texas Love

Young Thug

I got more hoes than Kanye West clothes
These bitches swallowin' and jumpin' like a fuckin' toad
Won't kiss your body it's a lot but hate me thats
Bae don't worry bout em I got 'em woah
Fendi with Prada, need no stylists I dress clothes
Dressing stylish and Pat Rileys
I'mma let you ride it while I bite it
Aye baby can we lay up, can we lay up
Black nigga at the court counter there with a mink coat
Got a fat ass and some D cups on
Call her at Popeyes, we can link up later on
Nigga aired out the spot now we can't link later on
I just want to flirt with you, want to flirt with you ya
Took it straight from a boy
Now I don't know what to do with you ya
I don't care what y'all think nigga just do you aye
I would teach you my dawg like I was Blues Clues aye
I just picked a 40 up on the back end
Got lil mama in the room running back in
I just popped a molly now I'm going back in
No features I don't do features
I don't like leeches and I done had enough of these leakers yea
If Texas love was a drug (You'd belong to me)
I said if Texas love was a drug (You'd belong to me)
If Texas, Texas, Texas was a drug (You'd belong to me)
If Texas, Texas, Texas was a drug, drug, drug, drug, drug
Ah goddamn
Sell the fuck out
I mean I wouldn't be able to keep a pack
You know what I'm saying
How you digg that
You can take a ride through the lime light
I can take a ride through the wild life
I can kick game like the Pied Piper
YSL Denzel sniper
Hundred bands in the damn Bible
I got a hundred bodies and they all idols
I first heard that they all 'bout it
But these niggas ain't even fightas
And these niggas ain't even buyers
I heard they leasing everything they ridin' in
And all they kids passed out in the play pen

Made a million dollars I'm amazing
They was popping collars I was patient
That's a massive foul nigga flagrant
Got on hella chains like a slave bitch
And I'm at it never comtemplatin'
Nigga gripping tan up the damn street
R.I.P. to Bankroll Fresh street
Niggas ridin' tan up the S40
The Maserati like the cash dog
When the drought come bring them bands up
I'm in LA bring the plaid out
Put the monkey bitches lookin' sad out
Watch a rich nigga issue cash out If Texas love was a drug (You'd belong to me)
I said if Texas love was a drug (You'd belong to me)
If Texas, Texas, Texas was a drug (You'd belong to me)
If Texas, Texas, Texas was a drug, drug, drug, drug, drug I said if Texas love was a drug
I would never give it up
I would do a hundred year 'bout it
Long as it get me right
Long as it get me 'round
I'mma burn the house down
If Texas was a drug
If Texas showed the love
I meant, they showed love so if Texas was a drug
I'd never never share
I want it all in my belly
I wan it all in my neck
I want it all in my hair
I want it all on my bae
I want it all in my spot
I want it all in the mansion
I want fuck on your thot
Your baby momma at the spot
You was tripping 'cause I had your baby momma at the spot
She was with my hoe nigga

Songwriters

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