

I Ain't Hiding

Youngboy Never Broke Again

[Intro]

Probably in yo city[Verse 1: NBA Youngboy]
Private number call my phone say that ima kill ya
I told that nigga I ain't hiding I'm probably in yo city
I keep it with me pull on me and shit gone get wicked
All this shit these niggas doing i swear that i don't feel them
11 thousand around my neck and that's just up in chains
10 bands up in pocket fresh up out the bank
You ain't my roun pussy nigga you don't feel my pain
This shit i spit on tracks straight facts
It ain't a fucking game
It ain't a song that I write I don't think about Dave
I walk on stage , thousand people screaming my name
He probably think i owed him something
I don't owe him a thing
Bitch you gone make me show you something
You go against the grain
Send my niggas to bust you up since you think that i'm playing
One night we hit two back to back
Like nigga what you saying ?
I cut the barrel, make it short, got that from cross the track
Catch you slipping down bad and we gone bust your ass
My OG say cause you'll shoot that don't make you a man
It's how you play your hand or react when you in that jam
This for my niggas dead and gone and the one's in the can
Ima forever hold it down forever take a stand[Hook: NBA Youngboy]
You say you looking for me nigga?
I ain't hiding bout it
Drop yo nuts and play with me (Get Touched)
I could bet 5 on it
That's on my mama all us bout that drama
(Bitch we Slanging iron bout it)
Reppin like you step we really spare
(These niggas lying bout it)
50 round choppa for whoever want it
You know how we coming
Run up on ya put this bitch up on ya, put this bitch up on ya
Shit get gutta gotta stay up on it
Never know who out to get ya

Better watch yo homies[Verse 2: NBA Youngboy]
Wake up every morning tryna get a dollar
When you down and ain't got nothing
They ain't got no holla
Gotta get this shit for my lil boys
Gotta get it for my mama
You bet not short me out my money
I want every dollar (or else)
Ima bust yo fucking head cause i don't play that
We gone load up with them cuttas
We gone swerve where you stay at
Can't keep hitting the block like this Youngboy
Too many people on that
I don't give a motherfuck
Ain't stopping till' I get my shit back (believe that)
Nigga said spin again when the sun down
All night we gone wait till' he come out
See his ass hop out on him with the Glock out
What it is ?
It's a man down
Where I'm from I was taught never stand down
Once my youngin spin believe I'm coming back around
Suppressor on the front take away the sound
(Suppressor on the front take away the sound)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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