

# Old English ( ft. Freddie Gibbs & A\$AP Ferg )

## Young Thug

800 capsules of Molly  
Just be very still, I ain't gonna hurt anybody  
Hell nah, I ain't Twelve, but if I like it I cop it  
I met papi and he said he good at uploading wallets  
Catch me ridin' with them slimes, them my youngins  
Catch me boolin' with them slimes, them my youngins  
I be sliming with them slimes cause they my youngins  
Catch me sliding with the slimes cause them my youngins  
Chrissy Carter bezel inside my baby pampers, eww  
I get out the work and let the jay snap the scale  
My bitch ride slow with the yay like she get L's  
I wear that white, I cook that white, but I am not no chef  
Add a little soda, put the tan on it  
I got the shit for the L O and my shawty want it  
I drink more mud than a pig, I think pork want me  
And the front of the Mazzi look like a fork don't it?  
Let it breathe  
I'm not no rat but Young Thugger be chasing cheese  
I want the M's and I'm not talking Micky D's  
My jewelry gold like the tokens at Chuck E. Cheese  
Old English, 800 capsules of Molly  
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Catch me sliding with the slimes cause them my youngins  
Clapping with my youngin's, couple hundred onions  
Breaking down them 20's what you need, we got it for you  
Chop the chicken down to chicken nuggets for my cluckers  
Spray that Cutlass, threw them Forgiato's on that motherfucker  
Gangsta Gibbs ho'  
Fresh up off a powder pack, so low on the '94  
Bitch, I want that powder bag, geekers do that zombie walk  
Bitch, I let the chopper talk  
Niggas get to talking, ch-ch-chop 'em off like Tomahawks  
Ch-ch-chop 'em off like Tomahawks  
Eight thousand capsules of molly  
Yeah, selling dope, and robbing, momma I dropped out of college  
Yeah, jumped off on this rap shit, I've been one hundred solid  
Yeah, police ever catch me then they gon' catch a body  
Old English, 800 capsules of Molly

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One night I was in Santos, it was lit like a candle  
I was fly like a bird, I had on StÃ¼ssy Bape camo  
With a cutie espanol, she had a booty like J-Lo  
She had on jeggings and sandals, you've been trapped in the bando  
She has to trap in the bando, 'cause her momma got cancer  
She can't work in the states because her green papers ain't legal  
Fuck Obama un peso, she be like grande un peso, push the molly un peso  
So she can feed her abuelo, she refuse to just settle  
On them shoes with them red soles  
And refuse to be nude in front of them dudes on that there pole  
She can't lose she just ooze a bunch of ambition like Nepo  
Meanwhile I could be ruler, and ride the streets on my Benzo  
So now she get money by carrying stuff for friends though  
'Cause the kid named birdy look nerdy but he be up at the bandos  
She robbed Birdy for birdies, now Birdy's after her head tho'  
Hold on I think I see Birdy, and Birdy killed my Cuban ho

Songwriters

DAROLD DURARD BROWN, FREDDIE GIBBS, NICK HOOK, PAUL SALVA, JEFFREY

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