

# Make No Sense

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Buddah Blessed this beat I feel like I'm Gucci Mane in 2006  
All these diamonds, dancing on my fucking neck, cost like four bricks (Ohh)  
And the way that I be toting on that strap, don't make no sense  
He a million dollar nigga but be posted in the bricks (Ahh)  
It make no sense (Yeah)  
It make no sense (Uh)  
It make no sense (Goddamn)  
It make no sense  
It make no sense (Nah uh)  
It make no sense (Ay ay YoungBoy)  
It make no sense (Nahh)  
It make no sense  
I could hit it, I could whip it  
I could bag it, I could stash it  
I could trap out like a motherfucker  
And you know me, bitch, I just bought another.30 burner (Burner)  
I whip too hard, so I got Ike and Meech, got Tina Turner (Whippin hard)  
It don't make sense, I'm not alright, bitch I'll put you under  
Ain't cut too much, I got that shit that make them tweak, like damn  
Can't be in front the trap too much, the world know who I am (I am)  
This shit ain't sweet, who close to me, I see them hate, like damn  
All I know, get that money, still gon' be the one to slay 'em  
Like nigga, uh  
Nigga, nigga, bitch  
Nigga, bow, with my jewelry, Fuck that jewelry  
I feel like I'm Gucci Mane in 2006  
All these diamonds, dancing on my fucking neck, cost like four bricks (Ohh)  
And the way that I be toting on that strap, don't make no sense  
He a million dollar nigga but be posted in the bricks (Ahh)  
It make no sense (Yeah)  
It make no sense (Uh)  
It make no sense (Goddamn)  
It make no sense  
It make no sense (Nah uh)  
It make no sense (Ay ay YoungBoy)  
It make no sense (Nahh)  
It make no sense 4KTrey, BoB, I been that bitch you know it's me  
Tell them niggas I say fuck em'  
These hoes ain't shit they want my cash so I never love em'  
I flash and beat a nigga ass with this.50 above him  
On TV I could tell my youngin hit em' with the cutter (Motherfuck a nigga)  
There's a boy real nigga blessed him with that boy, he say yeah-eh

He out the eight you play he shoot you in yo face (Northside)  
Bullets flying, back to back bitch when we ride  
I'm convicted but issa issue I slide 'fore I slide  
Die today, before they say pussy niggas die 'fore I die (Slime)I feel like I'm Gucci Mane in 2006  
All these diamonds, dancing on my fucking neck, cost like four bricks (Ohh)  
And the way that I be toting on that strap, don't make no sense  
He a million dollar nigga but be posted in the bricks (Ahh)  
It make no sense (Yeah)  
It make no sense (Uh)  
It make no sense (Goddamn)  
It make no sense  
It make no sense (Nah uh)  
It make no sense (Ay ay YoungBoy)  
It make no sense (Nahh)  
It make no sense

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>