

NBAYOUNGBOAT (feat. YoungBoy Never Broke Again)

Lil Yachty

Young nigga, rich nigga, I'm a bad bitch getter
Fuck nigga, hoe nigga, I don't fuck with broke niggas
Always held my own since I jumped up off the porch, nigga
You ain't know, now you know, nigga, Hi-tec pour a four, nigga Bitch roll me my sack before I
come in
80 thousand dollars plus a jet on a backend
Twenty twin twins finna get plucked like a chicken
Brother locked up he spent much time in the kitchen
We ain't really with that pretending and shit
I got six Catholic hoes in here sinning and shit
Pour that shit up bust it down
Bought a new crib it got several amenities
You gon' get shot like the Kennedys
Fucking with Lil Boat and YB
Carbon it sound like a dump truck
Soon as I up we gon' back up
She wanna fuck I'ma smash her
He want a verse I'ma tax him
Say you want smoke it ain't bout nothing
I know that nigga ain't bout nothing
Bring out the boat when the flood coming
Strapped with a Tec when you pull up on me Unlock the 38 baby, my neck see more water than
the navy
I was finna fuck your bitch my nigga then I got lazy
I saw your new watch that shit cool but my shit crazy
Canary yellow diamonds in my mouth like I bit a daisy
I'm with Lil Baby yeah, keep a .380, yeah
I'm with big slime yeah you know we going brazy, yeah
17 with four babies, yeah
Lotta money know they hate me yeah
One on four they try to play me, yeah
Shoot his ass right up in here
Diamonds they shine like a headlight
I keep that lil bitch off her head right
I'ma lay up and fuck on her every night
When I'm leaving I'm heading straight to the flight
Got a tiger but no I'm not Mike Tyson
Scuff in the club like fight night
I make that lil hoe act right
I tell that bitch fuck up my sack right Put that lil bitch on a Spirit flight

Return her next to me one night
We running and ducking from squad lights
I got 32 shots in the gun fight
These niggas sweet like a honey bun
Don't worry 'bout where my money from
At the crib on the couch we got hunting guns Young nigga rich nigga I'm a big bag getter
Bitch nigga, snitch nigga, never met a real nigga
Never had six figures, my bitch do tricks nigga
I go by Lil Boat and I'm cooling with some real hittas
Whip on the wrist that's a brick on the fist, nigga
No light needed for this chain it's gon' glist nigga
VS one stone nigga that shit not far from flawless
Fuck a pretty bitch nigga my money gorgeous, bitch

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