

Ratchet Ass

Tee Grizzley & Lil Durk

[Intro]

Billboard Hitmakers
Young BL\$\$D boy you saucin'

[Chorus: Lil Durk]

Gotta ride with them sticks
Screaming, "Fuck the opposite"
The streets gon' talk 'bout what they hear
The streets they took a lot of tears
Don't bring my ratchet ass up in here
Don't bring yo' ratchet ass up in here
Don't bring my ratchet ass up in here
Don't bring yo' ratchet ass up in here

[Verse 1: Tee Grizzley]

Tell that bitch I'ma hit her line when my plane land (let me get thru security)
When I'm in your city, I be runnin' around, don't even make plans (just chill in the room)
YSL hoodie on my top half, costed 8 bands (Saint Laurent)
Almost ran from the Sprinter, thought it was the raid van
Hit yo' city with 200 long, this before I pick up the back end
Move around like I'm a giant, my shoes you couldn't put Shaq in
Went on tour with 30 bitches, we gon' need way more credentials
50K just on this pendant, you reach I'ma let off a missile
Michael Jackson in my city turn you to a zombie, no Thriller
Caught an attempt on your bitch, when I fucked her I tried to kill her
Crib came with a theater, I used to sleep in the trenches
Space heaters, fast food boxes all you see in here, nigga

[Bridge: Lil Durk]

Don't wanna hear 'bout what you did
Go and tell them stories to yo' kids
You can go play tough with yo' bitch
You play with me, them killers split your wig
But I'ma tell them niggas

[Chorus: Lil Durk]

Gotta ride with them sticks
Screaming, "Fuck the opposite"
The streets gon' talk 'bout what they hear
The streets, they took a lot of tears

Don't bring my ratchet ass up in here
Don't bring yo' ratchet ass up in here
Don't bring my ratchet ass up in here
Don't bring yo' ratchet ass up in here

[Verse 2: Lil Durk]

Niggas to comfortable
Niggas finesse it, they fuck with you
I take the Xanny to substitute
All of the Percies I threw up, yeah, yeah, yeah, niggas too gullible
Chain one color, not colorful
My niggas don't fuck with you
When you hot, she gon' suck on you
I dropped my lean, I'm hella full
Call up my brother to bring a pint
Bitches be wanting to get clout off you, bitch ain't tryna fight
Cuban link dynamite, they shine without a light
You touch, you die tonight, my killers on dynamite
Ridin' round in the city in a Bentley
Ridin' round in the city, gotta get it
Never should've gave my youngin' a Hemi
Ain't nobody go, go, go against me
Lean steady fuckin' up a nigga kidney
Bitches tryna fucking suck up on a nigga
Diamond whole carat
Clearport jetting
Don't copy this convo, parrot
In the trenches, terrace
Gettin' money a fetish
Drugs coming in [?]
Break it down and sell it
Put the bag in the rental
I am the plug, ain't no middle man
That fake talk out the window

[Chorus: Lil Durk]

Gotta ride with them sticks
Screaming, "Fuck the opposite"
The streets gon' talk 'bout what they hear
The streets they took a lot of tears
Don't bring my ratchet ass up in here
Don't bring yo' ratchet ass up in here
Don't bring my ratchet ass up in here
Don't bring yo' ratchet ass up in here

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