

Major (feat. Key Glock)

Young Dolph

Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up, break that down
Ayy bruh, don't get that shit on my sheets bruh Mobbin' in the Bentley, smokin' moon rocks
(hey)
Pocket full of motherfuckin' blue (blue), guap (guap)
Half an ounce in my Gucci tube (tube), socks (socks)
For the summertime got a new (what?), drop (skrrt)
Trapper slash rapper slash bad bitch snatcher (ayy come here)
Baby mama mad, she say you live like a bastard (so what?)
Sold a hundred pounds and gave ten percent to the pastor (church)
Keep goin' up the ladder (ayy), they mad, make 'em madder (hey)
Told my son when I'm gone you gon' be a rich lil bastard (yeah)
Pointers on me hittin' (woo), leave a bitch dizzy (uh)
All my old bitches feelin' salty, yeah, yeah
In my DM, talkin' 'bout why you dog me? yeah, yeah
But I still miss you, can you call me? yeah, yeah
I heard ain't shit change, that you still ballin', yeah, yeah
She used to bust them scripts for me at Walgreens (pour up, pour up)
Smugglin' narcotics was my calling (hey), ayy
Fours on the Mercedes, that's major (uh uh)
Whole gang going crazy, that's major (uh uh)
Millions on the table, that's major (uh uh)
I turned dirt into diamonds, that's major (uh-huh) Hah-hah, you searchin' for fame (damn)
I became a superstar in the dope game (it's Dolph)
Found out you a hater, I can't look at you the same (goddamn)
She said can she take a picture with my chain? (goddamn)
Got two twin sisters, call 'em yin yang (goddamn)
I wish I wouldn't've fucked that bitch, she insane (goddamn)
Alexander McQueen on me, ain't got a stain (yeah yeah)
Turned to the plug, my life ain't never been the same (yeah yeah)
Fours on the Mercedes, that's major (uh uh)
Whole gang going crazy, that's major (uh uh)
Millions on the table, that's major (uh uh)
I turned dirt into diamonds, that's major (uh-huh)
Fours on the Mercedes, that's major (uh uh)
Whole gang going crazy, that's major (uh uh, gang)
Millions on the table, that's major (uh uh, woo)
I turned dirt into diamonds, that's major (uh-huh) House full of bitches like Flavor (Flav)
These cuts in my thumb come from countin' paper, yeah (racks)
Paper Route the gang and bitch we a label (gang, yeah)
New Glock with a laser, yeah I let you meet your maker (yeah)
Then go out to Jamaica with my motherfuckin' rastas, yeah, yeah
I'm movin' with my motherfuckin' shottas, yeah, yeah

I walk in, pop my motherfuckin' collar, yeah, yeah
A pistol in the motherfuckin' party (Glock)Fours on the Mercedes, that's major (uh uh)
Whole gang going crazy, that's major (uh uh, gang)
Millions on the table, that's major (uh uh)
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