

Woah Woah (feat. Young Thug & Gunna)

Mustard

[Intro: Young Thug]

Oh, woah

Oh, woah

Oh, woah, oh

Oh, woah

Woah, woah, woah

Woah, woah, woah

Oh, woah (Yeah)

Oh, woah (Yeah, Mustard on the beat, ho)

[Verse 1: Young Thug]

Tony Montana, white diamonds on my wrist and neck

I was just controllin' the way y'all niggas was trollin'

Led her to my opps, stab you up, and now your bed red

I went doctor on that bitch, now she sexy

I put a new nose on her face and new chest, chest

I put a chain on the bitch, now her neck wet

You can call her pawn

Mermaid, her hair way too long, yeah

I just take ecstasy if shawty takin' Percocet, yeah

You was tryna fuck the bitch and I was tryna get the neck (Woo)

I was tryna keep it crucial with you on some project shit (Ayy)

You was tryna keep it bougie with her, now you never hit, yeah

This my anniversary, I had my chopper six years

Rose gold Vista, got the temper red, rare (Ayy, ayy)

Blicky, blicky, real, real, diamonds give me chills (Ayy)

Steve Harvey, Benz red, rims solid kill (Ayy)

[Chorus: Young Thug]

Dennis Rodman, diamonds all colors, woah, woah (Ayy)

Clive Christian, all designer colors, woah, woah (Woah)

I've been mad shoppin' in a Sprinter, woah, woah (Woah)

When I get through fuckin', I'ma bill her, woah, woah (Woah, woah)

I'ma put a ring on her toe, woah, woah (Woah, woah)

Hopes and the dreams what was sold, woah, woah (Woah, woah)

Diamonds of Atlanta, I left 'em more, woah, woah (Woah, woah)

I've been gettin' supported since the stove, woah, woah (Ayy)

[Post-Chorus: Young Thug]

Oh, woah

Oh, woah
Oh, woah, oh
Oh, woah
Woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah
Oh, woah
Oh, woah

[Verse 2: Gunna]

Bad little nigga
Space coupe, panoramic glass in the middle
Jewelry box lookin' like a bag full of Skittles
Underdog, but that bag done got bigger
Owner of the house, none of my cars are a rental
Room for her and her friends, I pay for all their incidentals
Hope you comprehend, I do my songs without a pencil
She wanna fuck again, I look for time in my agenda
I stuff cash in my denim
And I'm strapped, I'll hit 'em
I can't be a victim, nah, I can't beat the system
And I always put it on, Gucci on my little ones
Know some niggas did me a wrong, I never forgive 'em
Me and my whole crew enormous, you niggas little
FN and the mini carbons, don't need a hitter
I stay high, I smoke a garden, weed in my liver
Young Gunna, I beg your pardon, forever dripper (Ayy)

[Chorus: Young Thug]

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[Post-Chorus: Young Thug]

Oh, woah
Oh, woah
Oh, woah, oh
Oh, woah
Woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah
Oh, woah
Oh, woah

[Outro: Young Thug]

Woah, woah

Oh, woah
Oh, woah, oh
Woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah
Oh, woah
Woah, woah

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