

Now (feat. 21 Savage)

Young Thug

[Intro: Young Thug]

Yea, Thugger, 21

Let's get it

Hold on, hold on, hold on [Chorus: Young Thug]

Used to be dead down (broke), hop out the jet now (the jet)

We don't play radio, Funkmaster Flex, now (flex)

I just got a new foreign, 'bout to go park the 'Vette now (facts)

And I got the dawgs with me (woo), yeah, better call the vet now (hey)

I want some inside head now (head), 'bout to call my bitch now (head)

I got a Harley Davidson now (skrra), 'bout to pin a T-Rex down (yeah, yeah)

I do the whip, no eggs now (woah), I got chips and VICs now (woah)

'Bout to Liu Kang kick it now (woo)

'Bout to chop it with machete now, now, now

[Verse 1: Young Thug]

Real bitch, talk on my kids (woah)

Baby, put your tongue on my dick (woah)

I put ice on my kids (woah)

I put red in my drink (woah)

Act' got here with my medicine (woah)

Nigga pop, drip, we wet (woah)

Man I got some ice on my ankle (woah)

Fuck around, gon' 'head, slit it (woah)

It was heavy smoke in my chest (woah)

Might jeopardize my checks (woah)

I'm 'bout to pop another X (woah)

Then Ima fuck on my ex (woah)

And I'm gon' pour my syrup (woah)

Not my Act', just red (woah)

And I hit him on the dick (woah)

Think he 'bout to keep my check (woah)

Green diamonds, on me like piss

I just got a new Kel-Tec

And it don't come with no kick

And I came up from nothin'

Louis Vuitton my neck

High end clothes on deck

Let 'em all read my text

[Chorus: Young Thug]

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'Bout to Liu Kang kick it now (woo)
'Bout to chop it with machete now, now, now[Verse 2: 21 Savage]
Yeah, Saint Laurent Don, yeah (21)
Got a lot of blue money, yeah, yeah
I cut my thumb, yeah, yeah
Bums chasin' crumbs, yeah, yeah
Gucci jacket, ah yeah, yeah
Fuck her on the mattress, ah yeah, yeah
Got a draco in traffic, ah yeah
I just left Magic, throwin' ones out the plastic, yeah, yeah
I'm with Slime in that Maybach and we laughin' (21, 21)
These rappers jumpin' dick to dick and we laughin' (on God)
Come and get your baby mama, this bitch a maggot (21, 21)
Half a ticket, worth a jewelry in my carry-on baggage (yeah)
Thinkin' 'bout pullin' Savage's card, you must be on acid (yeah)
Cheap ass shots got her feelin' like plastic (21)
My earrings cost more than a nigga life savin' (cash)
Fuck a weddin' ring, I gave her a mouth full of babies[Chorus: Young Thug]
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