

# Overdose

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

[Intro]

I ain't no bad person, no  
Ayy I ain't no gangster, ain't no killer  
I ain't no gangbanger, I'm me  
Like everybody make mistakes, that's life  
Name one fuckin' person who ain't make mistakes, you feel me?  
Man like we, I don't know what to say  
I don't know if I'm targeted  
I don't know if it's from what I speak about, like I don't know  
I just know shit, until I'm dead I'ma be me  
Yeah, yeah  
And they ain't never seen this shit before  
(Ooh, BigHead on the beat)  
Young nigga shit  
Bitch, gang, gang, blatt, blatt, hrrr  
38 Baby

[Verse]

Without no coat I was walkin' and meditatn' in the rain  
Reminiscing about bein' in prison, I was locked in them chains  
Without no drugs I was workin' and stimulatn' my brain  
I ain't gotta act how I was actin', everything done changed  
I was missing out on plenty shit, just watchin' time fly past  
I was broke, down on my dick, I had to get me a bag  
Havin' shootouts broad day and we was runnin' from task  
I put my flex down, never sit down, I told that bitch I'll never stand down  
Creepin' on your block with a hundred rounds  
Go to shoot and try to run  
Hop out the whip and we gon' run you down  
Shoot him dead up his head, knock off his dreads  
Now he can't make a sound  
Kill him where he stand, we live by law and we gon' lay it down  
Tell me he want smoke, 187, that's that same shit  
.357 send you to hell, knock out your brain quick  
Sippin' on this drank, RIP Fredo, this that bang shit  
Doin' the same thing, time pass, got a bitch with a fat ass  
I told her turn around and bust it open  
That Soulja Slim, that C Murder, come in the tank just like a No Limit soldier  
I'm poppin' X so I'm steady rollin'  
Say he a gangster, got his chest out

When I hit him with this Glock I bet I fold him  
None of these niggas ain't never play with me  
Play with me, I bet you see  
Fuck that Twitter beefin', you want beef, I pull up where you sleep  
Bitch I'm out the North, 38 Baby, I come from the streets  
Two clips on that chopper for to stretch you when we fuckin' meet  
Got 'em all boxed in at the location, the police movin' in  
People tryna catch me with a pistol just to turn me in  
Same shit you did to go to jail, don't do that shit again  
Bitch I'm screamin' fuck it, never change, thuggin' to the end  
I got a question, tell me what these niggas hatin' for?  
Why they steady sayin' they gon' snatch my chain though?  
You want to rap, how you gon' think without a brain though?  
Take gunpowder out a bullet, put some crack, now this that 'caine flow  
I'ma hit 'em with this bitch and watch 'em overdose (shoot 'em up yeah, yeah)  
I'ma hit 'em with this bitch and watch 'em overdose (fill 'em up yeah, yeah)  
Overdose, I kill 'em slow  
What's the 4-1-1, they know I be, I be 'bout whatever  
You ain't got no bodies, you ain't 'bout it, boy you are not a stepper  
You play with me, bitch ain't no hidin', ain't nobody can help you  
Send your ass to the devil, in an envelope like a letter  
Got an FN with a clip with different colors up in it  
It's all bronze like a penny, only see fire when I spit it  
I ain't shoot this bitch in a minute, a nigga play, he can get it  
Double G, that stand for gang, you niggas know how we livin'

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