Relationship (feat. Future)

Young Thug

Shinin' hard 'cause we back up
Rose gold from your neck up
You know you gon' get stopped tryna check us
Pop an X pill like we Malcolm, yeah, hey
I'm in a relationship with all my bitches, yeah
I need to cut some of 'em off, I need help
I got some bad tings, I want 'em to myself
Had to take the time to cut 'em off, I need help
I know how to make the girls go crazy
When you treat her like your number one baby
Put my bitches on yachts, we don't do jet-skis
Put your ice on rocks, they need to help me
No baby, your collection, won't stand for it
You know you're in relationship with all us
I get a few texts a day sayin', "It's all yours"
I got a few states on speed dial like good drugs
Get in your bag, uh, yeah, get in your bag, uh
Hundred new purse for a brat, uh, come to the street, new Jag
Chart broke, bitch 'bout to drag
Nigga had M's 'fore ass
Got a brand new bitch, who that?
Rock the flooded AP, all black
White toes, give me a tan
Cocaine, kilo tan
All a bitch wanna do is shine
Audemars, pick which kind
I made you a starter
You went from a dime to a quarter
I cheat code the projects
I'm leaving that loud in apartments, yeah
Don't play with a sergeant, I'm ready to spoil it
She suck on my dick, I'm hidin' in the closet
I'm hidin' the dope, three mil' in the room
You get silver spoon, I bought you some goons
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Put my bitches on yachts, we don't do jet-skis
Put your ice on rocks, they need to help meI bought the jet-skis
Bring the yacht please
I made you queen status
Check out my lean status
I'm in a relationship with all my bitches, yeah
I put my dick inside her mouth before she left
Yeah, I built relationships with all my bitches, yes
I put my dick right in her mouth before she act
I got your bitch in a backpack
I paid extra for the crib, it got a kid shack
I paid extra for the crib, it got a game room
Got a penthouse in the back, it ain't my main room
Tamika, Jo and Porsche kept it silent
That's the only reason I let 'em fly privateShinin' hard 'cause we back up
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