

Headlocc (feat. Young Thug)

Yella Beezy

Say JT (Ayy)
I said I'm on my young nigga shit with this one, you feel me (Ayy)
And I got the streets too, you know (Ayy)
(Blame it on Monstah) I got it, I got it
I got it, I got it, I got it, I got it, I got it Ayy, I got your bitch in a headlock
Fucked on the bitch and I sped off
Hit the girl, lookin' for red dots (Headlock)
Kickin' bitch shit 'till my legs lock
What the fuck nigga? Them fed costs
.223 knock a bitch head off (Headlock) [Post-Chorus: Yella Beezy]
Young-young-young nigga 'round me rouge-ish (Rouge-ish)
You ain't gotta ask, I'm totin' (Totin')
Big-big .45, I'm focused (Headlock)
I bust a nigga head open (Open)
Killers outside their store (Store)
And I put the play in motion (Headlock)
Hey, hey
You bumpin', I hope that you 'bout it nigga ('Bout it, nigga)
Got all of my lil' nigga ridin', nigga (Ridin', nigga)
And that shit that gon' make you come out it, nigga (Headlock)
Got Uzis and choppas nigga (Choppas, nigga)
Cuffin' that bitch and she garbage, nigga (Garbage, nigga)
I shoot her a text, she come swallow, nigga (Headlock)
We ain't worried 'bout him
We-we ain't worried 'bout shit (Nah)
He so tender dick
I can send the play his way (Why?)
'Cause he still worried 'bout a bitch (Ooh)
These niggas say they gangsta (Ooh)
Talkin', Rah, rah, but he ain't really murkin' shit (Huh)
He ain't really hurtin' shit (Huh)
In the car with him and gotta be careful, lil' bitch
'Cause it's gon' get him
He'll be the first one to snitch (Ooh)
He'll be the first one to switch
The first one to bitch, he'll be the first one to trip
Ah, shit, damn, look at this, mm
What happened to the tough time?
Niggas just bumpin', that's bluff time
I swear my lil' niggas clock time
Fifty niggas with me, gotta pop smoke
Comin', hey

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 I-I-I pour up the purple potion, ayy
 I made lil' mom give the bullshit, ayy
 The coupe is all white like it's lotion (Headlock), uh, ayy
 You talkin' like hoes and they noticed
 AK, it can stop all your motion
 I put some on your head like Yoshi (Headlock)
 I bought the Patek at Saks
 Ask the bitch for her hip and it's snatched (Woo)
 That lil' bitch comin' back like I'm crack (Woo)
 I told that bitch, Gucci, my slacks (Slatt)
 I hid guns and shotties in back (Slatts)
 Pay the cops to cover my tracks (Like)
 Get the mop, too big for the spatula (The mop)
 She had came on my dick, then I sped it
 Can't go back, we too far for the straggler (Yeah)
 Get them pounds out the bags and we bag it up (Yeah)
 I hit [?] the sounds on the Davins truck (Woo)
 Then I told the lil' bitch get her caddy up (Woo)
 Through the Cartier scope, I see they mad at us (Ha)
 Yeah, I see they mad at us (Yeah)
 With the black 'Ventador and we sped it up (Skrtrt)
 Got a baddie and she ain't American (Yee)
 That lil' shopping bag, I'm in America Ayy, I got your bitch in a headlock
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