

On Deck (feat. Young Thug)

Boosie Badazz

Boosie Badazz, I got mine
On deck nigga, on deck nigga I ain't never love these bitches
Man you know I keep them things on deck (things on deck)
Man I'm a hit my nigga
Cause I know he keep them things on deck (you know them things on deck)
My nigga we some anybody killers
And we always keep them things on deck (got them things on deck)
Man I'm a young rich nigga
And you know I gotta keep them things on deck (got them things on deck)
Young nigga got them things on deck
Young nigga got them things on deck, deck, deck, deck (got them things on deck)
Young nigga got them things on deck
Young nigga got them things on deck, deck, deck, deck (got them things on deck)
Young nigga got them things on deck
Young nigga keep them things on deck (got them things on deck)
Got them things on deck, nigga that's a bet
If I say you getting wet, you can cash that check
Make a nigga Chiraq your whole set
I ain't lost a street war yet, I'm a anybody killer
I'm a headshot, deadshot keep 'em weeping
Don't cross fish now cause we beefing nigga
Got a pass that make you not laugh
Niggas want my head bad, yeah so I sleep with pistols
I don't love these niggas, fuck these niggas
Walk up rah rah rah, crush these niggas
Can't run, can't hide trust me nigga
Got Yao Ming arms, I can touch you nigga
Yo, red you already know
It's no pick and chooses they all got to go
You want rap beef nigga, we can rap beef nigga
Come see you perform and kill the whole show
Who you playing with partna I on think you know
AR15 with a perfect scope
Go hating ass bitches now you got free front row
Nigga to my murder show
I'm a young rich nigga who be wilding
Every nigga 'round me got at least one body
So don't talk shit cause this Glock part of my outfit
On deck, on deck nigga
I chop 'em, I pop 'em, I stop 'em, I hit 'em, I drop 'em, he lay down it's over
My life familiar we lay low, we stay low, we end up not guilty we soldiers
And them things on deck bet not fuck with this chain on my neck that's a don't do

Ain't no if and but's if it's up there with you when I see ya, I'm gon' shot
With the P for toting the pistol, ride around tripping then load the whip
Me and Lil Bleek in separate cars looking for them boys with seven [?]
We strap we ain't just acting hard, real this ain't no camouflage
Whole feet clean I got fancy cars, whole feet clean I got classy broads
I keep the ratchet broads and I slang it like I'm John Wayne
Certified and untamed and I'm blunt mane, I on wanna fuck with a nigga who fuck with a nigga
who uh
Scuff a nigga, eye for an eye like them Russians nigga
In my hood they ain't talking 'bout none my nigga but who can kill the most for the summer
nigga, on deck nigga

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