

With That (feat. Duke)

Young Thug

Hunnid' bands, hunnid' bands
Dropped on the head of any nigga that want it man
Pop me a Xannie I'm fast
I'm so fast I'm so faster than Sonic man
True the man, true the man, true to my nigga True religion, Buddha man
My money stack tall as Ludacris afro
And I swear I'ma shoot with that
I just hit for 9 birds, what I'ma do with that?
Pull up on the curb, then you hop out and be through with that
I'm so fresh like dish detergent If you not fresh she so through with that
If you are a nerd, everything here you not cool with that Yes you not cool, no you not booi
don't give no damn I'm not calling you boo
My bitch she a jewel
You can't prove a point, boy you know you so doomed
You know you so doomed
I swear I'm so lost with no clue
Don't know what to do
Over load, over load I over load on these niggas
Ain't know how to milk these cows
She made that dick grow now it's big like a tower Yaow, front pockets filled up with bands, no
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If you are a nerd, everything here you not cool with that Pull up hop out the block, they tucking
they tail like a hooter clan
Dressed in all black, I'm always on the road, just like a Uber man
We wrappin' and sendin' them packs
Soon as they land we movin' em
Blame it on the OG's, they influenced me on everything
Count money nigga, I ain't juh met money, nigga
I put lipstick on the 'rari, she say that's delicious
Who that in that Crown Vic, he look suspicious (Shhh)
I just jugged 100 pounds, I made a...Hunnid' bands, hunnid' bands

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>