

Mink Flow

Future & Young Thug

[Intro: Future & Young Thug]

One penthouse, two Benz
Just for shorty and her girlfriend, yeah
I feel like I'm Hercules, oh
You gone get paid if you work for me, oh-oh

[Verse 1: Young Thug]

'Bout to feed my dogs, need Pedigree, oh
Ain't lettin' no money get away from me, oh-oh
The TSA, they ain't ready for me
These bitches wish they was bartenders, just to get next to me
The latest coupe way too fast, you can't get next to me
And I want the smoke, for real
These forties gon' choke, for real
.45, no Colt, nigga get left afloat
Nah, we ain't writing no note
Never, nah
I ain't gotta ride to the store no more
I'ma let the Maybach go
The pent' got a pole in it
The marble is Raf Simons
Four levels in it
I ain't even know you was in it

[Chorus: Young Thug]

You can make love 'til the morn'
Cat mink flow, I'm warm
Got millions, just stay calm
Nigga get turned upside down
I was Rich way before the Gang
I was Slime way before the name
Kill shit like Sudan
And that's all I gotta say
I ain't leadin' you wrong

[Verse 2: Future]

Runnin' the cars, stealin' bombs, hope you blow up, uh
All this ice on my neck'll make you throw up, uh (Yeah)
Flew some bitch from Abu Dhabi, ready to go up (Yeah)
Soon as we give it to the streets, the price go up (Yeah)

Up, up, out of here, gone to Mercury (Up)
All Chanel stores around the globe heard of me (Somebody)
Might as well give it 'em now and catch the first degree (First)
Steven Spielberg shit with the currency (Movie)
Rock them dog collar chains, P. Diddy (P. Diddy)
I can't let her go nowhere, she too pretty (Truthfully)
She gon' have a bad day, she ever think about crossin' me (Gang)
I done paid off the lawyers, but they can't talk for me
When it come to closing deals, I finger-fuck the currency (Fuck)
Pop a half a pill and chill, all my ice is currently (All my ice is currently)
Plain jane, Richard Mille, I had to let my wrist breathe (Breathe)
Almost got frostbit when I rocked my AP (Yeah)
Give this bitch a minute to breathe
Looks can be deceivin', yeah
Looks can deceivin', we going through life speedin'
I fucked this bad European (Foreign)
She tucked her phone, I think she schemin'
Ain't been to sleep, bitch, stop dreamin' (Super)
If it ain't stress, you must be grievin' (What?)
Looks can be deceivin'

[Chorus: Young Thug]
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