666 (feat. YoungBoy Never Broke Again)

YG

UhStars in the roof, sittin' in the Wraith
Got it all off these bars, man, this shit kinda crazy
I been out wildin' with these young niggas lately
Fuckin' all the pretty bitches, man, this shit kinda crazy
I'm blessed up with Christ, Lifestyle too much for life
I been on some player shit, hoops my nigga don't make
You is not the reason I'm pullin' up in the latest
Westside nigga, ho, I don't need no favorsAyy, damn this beat got bass
Everything that's bad for me right here in my face
I been on the fo' block, I been on the A
Gun upon my waist like I'm tryna catch a case
Move bitch, a nigga need a little space
Stank look on my face, that's too much drugs and drank
Been a hundred 'bout my past, I'ma help me get away, damn
What you think I do? I buy more drugs and drank
Move bitch, a nigga need a little space (uh-huh)
Don't tell I'ma be okay 'cause this shit not okay (uh-uh)
Give a fuck 'bout what you think
bitch, fuck what you think (fuck you bitch)
But don't come judgin' me because I had too much drugs and drankI ain't in the mood bitch, don't come inside my gate
That's trepassin' you bastard, I can shoot you in your face
If I run past you, my bad, my whole life feel like it's a maze
Been drink my life away, they can't stop me, I go crazy
Drunk drivin' in that G-Wagon, they tell me it ain't safe
But I'm drunk drivin' that G-Wagon, get your square ass out my face
The homie just got a wraith, Po-Po brought him my name
They know we from the gang, this shit out my range
This shit out my fuckin' range bitch
I ain't plannin' on a change bitch
I'm goin' through a field of pain bitch
4hunnid gang got that bang bitch
I'm hundred bodies demons, yeah, I see 'em walk (walk)
So you know I got the devil in my thoughts (thoughts)
I be seein' the devil in my living room hall (hall)
I just hope I ain't got the devil
in my little whore, this shit for realAyy, damn this beat got bass
Everything that's bad for me right here in my face
I been on the fo' block, I been on the A
Gun up on my waist like I'm tryna catch a caseMove bitch, a nigga need a little space
Stank look on my face, that's too much drugs and drank
Been a hundred 'bout my past, I'ma help me get away, damn

What you think I do? I buy more drugs and drank
Move bitch, a nigga need a little space
Don't tell I'ma be okay 'cause this shit not okay
Give a fuck 'bout what you think bitch, fuck what you think
But don't come judgin' me because I had too much drugs and drank(Then I'll pull up) Then I'll pull
up with a hundred in each pocket bitch
Fresh up out the slammer, these lil niggas on some cocky shit
Play me like a jit and you get hit up, you ain't stoppin' shit
Tell me when to pull up, make the tre light in the lobby bitch
Move bitch, get shot up in your face
Niggas 'round me hate, tryna figure what I made
Can't make it to my house if I dont buzz you at the gate
Secure 'bout my gang, bitch I gotta play it safe
Plenty racks off in the safe, shit
Check it, you get make, bitch
Five, that's my Blood batch, strictly FOL shit
Quick, a shooter 12 shit, without the dope, young nigga rich
Challenged at your own risk, I up and bust your dome bitchAyy, damn this beat got bass
Everything that's bad for me right here in my face
I been on the fo' block, I been on the A
Gun upon my waist like I'm tryna catch a caseMove bitch, a nigga need a little space
Stank look on my face, that's too much drugs and drank
Been a hundred 'bout my past, I'ma help me get away, damn
What you think I do? I buy more drugs and drank
Move bitch, a nigga need a little space
Don't tell I'ma be okay 'cause this shit not okay
Give a fuck 'bout what you think bitch, fuck what you think
But don't come judgin' me because I had too much drugs and drankLord, help me Lord. These kids Lord,
they playing with all these guns and drugs,
they remind me when I was young. See, in the 80s,
we didn't play that shit. But we was crack babies. No Lord,
I'm not no hypocrite, I'm just an old motherfucker,
tryna save some shit. Lord, I ask my son "Why it is just thugs here,
hanging away?" He looked at me and said "Pops, I'm staying dangerous.
" Help me Lord, I tried to tell him there are many ways to stay
dangerous. Power is dangerous, knowledge is dangerous,
having them dollars is dangerous.
He just looked at me Lord and said "Pops, I'm talking dangerous."
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/