

MIDDLE CHILD

PnB Rock & XXXTENTACION

Ah
Oh-oh
Oh, yeah Mama had five boys, me, I was the middle child
By the age of 13, bitch, I was young and wild
Caught my first case, then I got kicked out my mama house
Got nowhere to stay, bitch
I'm runnin' in your fuckin' house (Bitch)
Ooh, 30s out (Yeah), fuck you talkin' 'bout? (Yeah)
Yeah, runnin' 'round the city
I swear I'm lurking out (Lurking out)
Damn, buying shit, I'm off a percy now (Percy now)
Huh, nigga run up on me
I'ma blow him down So much cash in my jeans
Louis V., pocket wallet
Niggas hate, niggas bitches
Niggas bitches, pocket watching
Uh, not talkin' 'bout no pistol
I'm talkin' 30s now (30s now)
Hey, hey, 30s now
30 bands, 30 now (Hey)
Pussy nigga always talking
Why the fuck these niggas talking?
I don't know, pull up slow
Sticks out the window, look what you started
Huh, yeah, catch a opp, better bounce out
We gon' burn him down (Burn him down)
30 down, 30 rounds, sending rounds
(Buck, buck, buck)
Hold up, niggas don't want no smoke
Roll up dead niggas when I smoke
Babies, she put it all in her throat
She suck my dick while I'm floating the Ghost
New bustdown, yeah, my wrist is on froze (Ice)
These niggas is hoes, I keep me a pole
I swear these new bitches be doing the most
Vomit like I'm drippin' snot from my nose (Slatt)
You know I came from the mud with this (Mud)
They never showed me now love with this (Yeah)
I had to jugg and finesse, was just standing on corner
Was selling them drugs and shit (Drugs)
They used to be on some other shit (Uh)
Now they see me coming up and shit (Uh)

I tell them leeches to suck a dick (Uh)
Nowadays they see me dubbin' shit
Mama had five boys, me, I was the middle child
By the age of 13, bitch, I was young and wild
Caught my first case, then I got kicked out my mama house
Got nowhere to stay, bitch
I'm runnin' in your fuckin' house (Bitch)
Ooh, 30s out (Yeah), fuck you talkin' 'bout? (Yeah)
Yeah, runnin' 'round the city
I swear I'm lurking out (Lurking out)
Damn, buying shit, I'm off a percy now (Percy now)
Huh, nigga run up on me
I'ma blow him down So much cash in my jeans
Louis V., pocket wallet
Niggas hate, niggas bitches
Niggas bitches, pocket watching
Uh, not talkin' 'bout no pistol
I'm talkin' 30s now (30s now)
Hey, hey, 30s now
30 bands, 30 now (Hey)

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

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