Homie (feat. Meek Mill)

Young Thug & Carnage

Uh
Uh
DJ Carnage times Thugger, you know what I'm sayin'?
Thugger times DJ Carnage, you know what I'm sayin'?
You know what I'm sayin' nigga?
Ya dig? Ya dig?I got a bottle of Ace and I popped it and I don't even pour it up
We pullin' up foreign, we walk through the club and the bitches they knowin' us
This for them niggas that hated on me and they drankin' that Robituss'
I had a baby at fifteen and ever since then I been growin' up
Player, oh you the homie
If you did time then you the homie
If you got bail, then you the homie
If you not stale, then you the homie
Grew up with criminals, scandalous
Rockin' Chanel, then you the bitch
I got me a Birkin like I'm a bitch
These niggas they tellin', they counterfeit
Put that fuckboy on the newspaper
In the sea with some tons strapped to his ankles
Fuck nigga, try me at any angle
I'ma shoot him and turn him into an angel
Boy, you gon' turn him into an angel?
Fuck yeah, turn him to an angel
Don't come around with the anger
You know everybody having bangers
If a pussy nigga play with me
Swear to god Kirk Franklin can't save him
I can get you whacked real easy
You are not a Power Ranger, you a stranger
Pussy nigga you're no danger
Gangster bitch with me, she'll spank ya
Swear to god all I gotta do is point one finger
She'll close range ya, hah
Drinkin' 'Tussin', nigga slow it down
RIP to Troupe, pour it out
You want me dead but I can't ever die
They livin' false, but I can never lie
Mob baby, baby I got ties
I want chicken wings on the side
You got higher dreams when you fly
Until then you're never near the sky
I got a bottle of Ace and I popped it and I don't even pour it up

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These niggas they tellin', they counterfeitYou was the plug, then you the homie
You never tell, then you the homie
You know it's nothin' but shooter on me
Them niggas know and never movin' on me
I keep a Mac in the Louis bag
Look like I got the computers on me
I'ma get back at your stupid ass
We gon' whack you to better the sooner homie
I be fucking your Wednesday crush
I'm with that bitch and she droolin' on me
All of that shit be made up
I'm poppin' and they makin' more rumours on me
She gon' jump on this dick and manuever on me
I'ma cut her a check and she gon' do it for me
Even though my lil' bitches be used to money
Just like Jay and Bey daughter I blew the money nigga, woahI took the bales out in the rainy weather
This a eight passeng' jet, this is not propeller
I'm a big dawg, got my dawgs with me, German Sheppard, uh
Yeah I'm rich, kid, but I'm so ready to Bobby, Whitney
Can't let you go outside, I just cannot let you dig itI got a bottle of Ace and I popped it and I don't even pour it up
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Rockin' Chanel, then you the bitch
I got me a Birkin like I'm a bitch
These niggas they tellin', they counterfeitYeah, I got a motherfucking ten thousand dollar toe ring on, know what I'm sayin'?
With some motherfucking Giuseppe sandals on, bitch
Know what I'm sayin', with my tattoos on my toes too, by the way, know what I'm sayin'?
Yeah, and I got blue cheese on me, all hundreds
Blue cheese, no ranch
How you dig that, know what I'm sayin'

Yeah I dig that with a golden shovel on another level
With a iced out AP times a Rollie bezel
It's YSL slime shit
You gotta stay ready to keep from gettin' ready, you understand what I'm sayin'?
Yeah man, when the bread ready, call yo I'ma take it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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