

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

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These niggas they tellin', they counterfeit You 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, woah I 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 it I got a bottle of Ace and I popped it and I
don't even pour it up

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I got me a Birkin like I'm a bitch

These niggas they tellin', they counterfeit Yeah, 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
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