Can't Tell (feat. T.I. & Boosie BadAzz)

Young Thug

:
Niggas say they fuck with you, I can't tell
500, 000 dollar Chevelle
I got bricks and birds for retail
I got 100, 000 worth of belts
These bitches and these niggas know that they can't play around here
I call the spot elementary cause I keep a K around here
All my Hatians if you play they make you grady baby
I might shoot you in your head and that is no more thinking
Pussy boy I'll leave you dead and call it dead-ication
I put Act inside my drink, they call it medication
Hold up, pull up, roll up, pour up
Ounces in a soda
Push up on your bitch and shawty I didn't even know her
See this hood I throw up, realest one I ever seen
ATL, call it XXL, cause we stay spittin' shells outta long magazine
Real nigga got a crown, better own that thing
If the game got a throne, bet I'm on that thing
Beloved dope dealer and a well known King
And a killer 'pending on how you put your spin on things
You know how many suckers get ahead I've seen?
Bout the same amount of pussy niggas dead I've seen
You know how many bitches in the bed I've seen?
They like asking me how much bread I've seen
More than enough, in God we trust
You love a real niggas then fuck with us
But if you got a problem with it then fuck, what up
It be ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Got your bitch riding everything but the bus
She let me put it everywhere but the butt
I always tell the bitch don't talk so much
She said "Who I'm hidin' from?"
What the fuck, for what?
Man that leanin so bad, I can't even do a push up for a million
(Lean, lean, lean, lean, lean)
Catch a nigga baby mama
Make her give me nothing but ceiling (head)
Never had time to wrap and cap
And doubt the trap my ice a lamp
I can't adapt, I'd rather the slap
I read the pop, it's capped in now
His mom is out, his dad, his cat

2004 I was screaming everything, Gucci no Big Cat
And we was scannin' the ride with them cases of all these big racks
Fuck a officer, Akon what it do bruh
Keep these fuckin hoes off for you
When you get some new money turn up uh
You gon' wish you would've or could've
Sit down and get rich like a booker
Might drop the top up off it
If I don't get into the helicopter
Feeling like I'm on a blue dolphin
Nigga roundin' round with like hella choppers
Every time I need new surgery I gon call her my head doctor
5 more thousands cause she ain't got no head problems
Yeah, all my niggas they be bleedin' niggas
They ain't gon' never cheat a nigga
Pop her while I'm in the latest season, nigga
I'm a bag her every time I see her, nigga
Fishing hoes with my Pockets all swollen, no book
Glasses on, she don't know how I look
Since I'm on how the fuck do I look?
You ain't got no milli, you can't tell me how I look
I'm a big old Blood over hereYou ain't read the paper, you ain't seen the news
Got a team of goons bout action
Never started, but I finish it so nasty
Ask em, they know bout me
I'm so Keyshia with the 9, rock a bye baby
So smooth, so fly baby, rock a bye baby
Let me turn up now
4 shows a week, 100 thousand a piece
We getting bread now
Mama don't worry bout nothin'
You can kick up your legs now
I ain't lying, got hitters on top of hitters
Got hitters on top of hitters
Rest in peace to my nigga Lil Bleek
I miss you, I miss you nigga
Just tryna live and have a lil fun nigga
Nephew just came home, half a million dollar bond nigga
I got fans that bust yo ass, you talk bout Boosie baby
Got off my ass, went got that bag and Boosie made it
Hey daddy made it
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