Trippple Cross (feat. Future & Young Thug)

Young Scooter

[Intro: Young Thug]
Murder was the case that they gave niggas like us
Murder was the case that they gave niggas like us[Verse 1: Young Scooter]
Every day I wake up, I get high as a kite
Fuckin' with your baby mama, I damn near missed my flight
Drunk in the mall and pick it up, I don't check no price
My lil' bitch from New York, she told me talk to her nice
I told that bitch just pay attention, I could change your life
You drive these bricks to Atlanta, I'll give you 25 racks
How many bricks in the trunk? Bitch, don't worry 'bout that
Why you in that old ass Acura? I got a compartment in that
Trap check, trap check, nigga, check your spots
If anything missin', just connect the dots
Shit, I came from the bottom, no way in hell I could flop
Street Lottery, they waitin' on my album to drop
[Chorus: Young Thug]
Murder be the case they givin' niggas like us
First body we caught was off a Xan, school buses
All the jewelry I got on today is white like Ku Klux
[?] fire, dogs, jump in his cage, you ate up, yeah[Verse 2: Future]
Pocahontas bitch, her hair long down to her ass
White jewelry on, like the confederate flag
Diamonds on your ankle, I put minks on your back
Trap go super fast, nigga, bag full of cash
Trap money comin' in, thousand bags of gas
Walked in the Cartier store and I fucked up the stash
Good Actavis on, big Rolex on, that new bitch look like a check
15 bitches just came from England, sittin' on a Global Express
Walkin' in Fendi, no pretendin', gotta have a lot of baguettes
Drop top, wintertime, we can't turn down, 25 karats on my chest
14 keys on my desk, lookin' like an Olympic
Hit my first lick, I went to Gucci then I spent it
[Chorus: Young Thug]
Murder be the case they givin' niggas like us
First body we caught was off a Xan, school buses
All the jewelry I got on today is white like Ku Klux
[?] fire, dogs, jump in his cage, you ate up, yeah[Verse 3: Young Scooter]
Hundred racks, hundred racks, every day I juug a hundred packs
Walk out the door with it and you'll never get your money back
200 racks, 200 racks, every month I make 200 racks
Call with a brick or what, how the hell you get off bond for that?
Broke ass niggas got the game fucked up

Tellin' on niggas just to get their time cut
Wake up out my sleep and count some Freebandz up
Scooter get your money, stay away from them ducks
I'm not in the industry, I'm in the streets with bricks
In the streets with pounds, lay your bitch ass down
Send a ghost at one of you niggas, he won't make a sound
God blessed me with these millions so I'ma keep 'em around
Street![Chorus: Young Thug]
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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