Sin (feat. Jaden Smith)

Young Thug

Man, fuck all y'all (just come wit' me)
Everything I do is for us only (yeah, yeah)
Only us, none of y'all other niggas (I know none of y'all can't tell)
It's on God (I'm in London, got my beat from London)Ayy, ayy, I'm drippin' again
The way that I drip this shit should be a sin
Ayy, ayy, divorce all my friends
I'm not a Migo, 'bout to trap out the Benz
Ayy, they told me don't spend
I went got the racks and I did it again
Ayy, I think she a twin
Plus she got red calamari skin
Ayy, you don't got man, the sugars just ripened so pour it on in
I went to school, got suspended
I told her I want some head, bobby pin
If the lil' kid don't got class, yeah we calling truancy
I ain't had no money to spend
I got my first check and went paid off my rent
I poured a four from the clouds down (gah-gah)
And my head float in them places
I'm on the phone with big bro now (goddamn)
He told me to keep Benz on the race
Until you see it like this, I promise man you'd never think it exists
Straight out a jet to the crib, I'm quick with the switch
Man we never miss, okay (gah-gah)
'Bout to turn up in the club and back the fuck up
We ain't takin' no pictures
See all the wings in the front, it's us, we had to triple the digits
See all those sexy mamas blowing kisses, man
We had to grant all they wishes (gah)
Casamigos got me spendin',
but I want some spendin' some out wit' some dealers, let's go
I'm rocking Dior Sauvage
I'm higher than Scotty, they calling me Pippen
I got some Cartier vision,
it costs me six thousand, I'm washing it with me
Money's the reason I'm sinning
Money's the reason I gotta take Ritalin
You niggas talking 'bout women
Just shut the fuck up, yeah I'm taking ya plenty
I put Chanel on a belt buckle, of when my price is half off
I keep a stick for my cover, got way more girls than Hugh Hefner
Got the same name as the butler

But more money than Ashley and her mother
Got a bag with full of sherbet, I'm 'bout to smoke like a murderAyy, ayy, I'm dripping again
The way that I drip this shit should be a sin
Ayy, ayy, divorce all my friends
I'm not a Migo, 'bout to trap out the Benz
Ayy, they told me don't spend
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If the lil' kid don't got class, yeah we calling truancy
I ain't had no money to spend
I got my first check and went paid off my rentOoh, hop out the back of the turn up,
avoid all the cameras, I did it on purpose
She tryna act like she perfect,
I see all the masks that you leave on the surface
She made me write all my verses in cursive
She need all them purses at Hermes
That's like 25 racks and we always on
a roll, man we always working, let's goAy, bitch I'ma pour some Act,
got some brand new graffiti, it's going down my back
I got Chanel slippers, Gucci panties, baby girl you can pick
I get Giuseppe Zanotti's a night,
I spent half a million designer on kids
I got Chanel slippers, Gucci panties, baby girl you can pick
I got so high, went off the equator, I feel like Buzz Lightyear
I met a broad, skinny like nails, and I was richer than ice cream
I had to grind without a rail, now all my cars got Nitron
Straight to Dubai, I feel like the mail, I was on a Global ExpressI had to grind without a rail,
now all my cars got Nitron
Straight to Dubai, I feel like the mail, I was on a Global Express
I'm in London, got my beat from London
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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