Climax (feat. 6LACK)

Young Thug

You said no interest (tsh-tsh-ah)
Said you found a better climax (tsh-tsh-ah)
You said he's swagged out (tsh-tsh-ah), you leave (tsh-tsh-tsh)
It's like a shot to the back (tsh-tsh-ah)
Don't know why you think you're better for you don't want to go
(tsh-tsh-tsh, tsh-tsh)
But leave, like it's nothing (tsh-tsh-ah)You said no interest, said you found a better climax
You said he's swagged out, you leave
It's like a shot to the back
Don't know why you think you're better for you don't want to go
But leave, like it's nothing (we got London On Da Track)
I just be watching my words (words)
You say whatever the fuck (fuck)
I think I take what I get (get)
And say whatever they love (love)
This my heart for days
Now I can't find my way (ay)
Sike, know I'm just playin'
Onto the next like I'm okay
Aye, this a pimping can't you tell? (tell)
She like, "No I can't what the hell?"(hell)
Well then pull up baby, in a spell
Came out new hair, new nails
She take my heart then drive back
One, two, three, four, five, damn (yeah)
Deletin' pictures on the gram
You forgot who I am
From the frontseats to the nosebleeds
That's for actin' like you don't know me
Damn, my new bitch, she a trophy
And she love me for the old me
Yeah, the cold me, yeah, the old me (old me, yeah)
She the homie, cop her a rollie (rollie, yeah, yeah)
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It's like a shot to the back (tsh-tsh-ah)
Don't know why you think you're better for you don't want to go
(tsh-tsh-tsh, tsh-tsh)
But leave, like it's nothing (tsh-tsh-ah)Hu-uh, hu-uh, she r-i-i-ide
She wanna ride, ooh-oh-oh
My shawty better than that

Can't complain about nothin' (can't complain about nothin'!)
How the fuck am I ever gon' go turn myself in?
Got it stacked up on the Seroquel
Bitch it's can't you tell? (yeah)
This is pimping, can't you tell? (yeah)
This shit look fishy, I don't wanna see
Emergency, I'm tryna go to sleep
Money cut down a load of trees
Sauvage Dior, this ain't no creep
My dog got a deal, he back on the street
This bitch is so real, she as bad as can be
I had bitches around they was backstabbing me
I went straight to them racks like I
Good energy, I invest in my queen
I can ride on this hoe like a new 12 speed
My bitch, bad, tragedy
Bitch, bad, tragedyYou said no interest (tsh-tsh-ah)
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It's like a shot to the back (tsh-tsh-ah)
Don't know why you think you're better for you don't want to go
(tsh-tsh-tsh, tsh-tsh)
But leave, like it's nothingI'm in London got my beat from London
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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