

Young Thug, Mil In Vegas

Yeah
Yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah (Wheezy outta here)

Top off the Maybach ridin' down in Rodeo
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Baby, tell me that you listenin' to my say so (To my say so)
Tie my tie, sprinkle her face with the mayo
We don't do hand me down, no, we got plenty clothes
I've been rockin' rose gold diamonds on the low
You keep bitches by the low, but you ain't pimpin' though
All my cash come by the four, I'm talkin' hundreds, ho (Six)
Talkin' hundreds, baby girl look so scrumptious (So scrumptious)
Uh, niggas hatin' on me but I'm shittin' on these niggas, no plunger
Fuck where you from, just ran your money to the sun, just
Take care of your mama, yeah, boss up most of your man, yeah
Boss up your man (Boss up, boss up)
Give him some bands (Give me the racks)
Give her some bands (Uh, yeah)
Watch 'em expand (Watch her go crazy)
You a fuck nigga, yeah, yeah, yeah (Why?)
'Cause you put on a strand (Put on a thot)
I might call her baby (What?)
But she'll never be ma'am (No)
Yellow-blue diamonds, ram
But I ain't payin' Uncle Sam (Fuck)
I ran off on my man (Yee-ye)
I won't pay Uncle Sam (Ha)
I just took her to lunch (I just took her to lunch)
Bitch ordered some clams (Ha, yeah)
I've been smokin' on Runtz (Uh, Runtz)
Might serve you grams (Serve, Wheezy outta here)

Me and my nephews just lost damn near a mil out in Vegas (Woo)
Woke up, said a prayer to God like, "Thank you I'm not basic" (Thanks)
Nigga ran up talking 'bout he ready to kill but he fakin' (Yeah)
Told Ralo it's nasty, crack the seal then just take it (Flip)
Tired of playin' with niggas, should've murked 'em when they was babies
I just have four hoes on the mop goin' crazy
Me and my nephews just lost damn near a million in Vegas
Soon as I pull my pants down, lil' mama gonna taste it (Taste it)

Doors up on my coupe, I'm drivin' down Rodeo (Rodeo)
Doors up on my coupe, I'm drivin' down Rodeo (Ooh, ooh, ooh)
Took her straight out the projects, mold her like some Play-Doh (Like some Play-Doh, she mine)
Everything bueno and I'm riding 'round gettin' my pesos (Gettin' the cash)
Made a hunnid K by lunch time, girl, I got plenty dough (Plenty)
Wrappin' that punch in a punchline, I'm goin' blow for blow (Oh, oh-oh)
I'm gettin' cash in by the four, I'm talkin' overload
I fucked your girl like it's crunch time and I never told her so (Crazy, huh?)
Told my shorty to stay in the house and she ain't gon' tell me nothin' (Nothin')
Brand new crib, we breakin' the couch, I spit in her mouth, she love it
Lots to lose, gotta watch my moves every time I go in public
So much water all over my body, no wonder I drive in buckets (Let's go)