Young Thug, Slatty

(Southside on the track, yeah)
Yeah
Yeah

Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt
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Slatty, slatty, slatty, slatt, slatt
Slatty, slatty, slatty, slatt, slatt, slatty
Hop in a Benz (What?)
Hopped out a Porsche (Skrrt)
Hop in your friend (Yeah)
After your daughter (Yee)
Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt
Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt
Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt
Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt
I'm in the gym, of course
I can't even care, whore
I'm out the scene, yeah
Knock off your boy, yeah
Keeping it clean (whoa)
Drac' with the beam
I got your team
Popping a bean, yeah

I got a bag, it ain't enough
My left wrist bling, yes, it is tough
I killed his man in front of his mama
Like fuck lil' bruh, sister and his cousin
Now I kick my shit, that ain't no punt
Like fuck my wrist, it ain't enough
Now I fuck my bitch 'til it ain't nothing
I shoot out, blank, still ain't cuffin' up
Proud of my money
Kill 'em, not leaving a trace, yeah
Kill 'em, not leaving a trace (Brrt)
I'm 'bout to cut off the K, yeah
Black diamonds, Martin Luther King (Black)
I had to break in the safe, yeah
And I didn't leave 'em a trace (Yeah)
I had to break in that safe, yeah (Yeah)
Coppin' lil' mama the Range (Yeah)
Hop in the Jag, I just been doing the dash, whoa
Today my Margiela was big, I look like a dad, whoa (I look like a dad, whoa)
She got gator on her purse, it look like a rash, whoa (Look like a motherfuckin' rash)
Three hundred K out in Turks and I'm still in my bag, whoa (Still in my bag)

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Slatty, slatt, slatt, slatt, slatt (Yeah, yeah, woo)
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I can't even care, whore
I'm out the scene, yeah
Knock off your boy, yeah
Keeping it clean (ManiYak get 'em)

Drac' with the beam (ManiYak get 'em)
I got your team (ManiYak get 'em)
Popping a bean, yeah (Yak, Yak, Yak, Yak)

Dissect your body like science class, nigga
Give you my word, then I gotta deliver (I gotta)
Bet they gon' know when the slime in the building
Hot as a iron, I mean, hot like the skillet
Creeping up, crawling, know I was just skipping
Gangster 'cause you got a body, lil' nigga
Magazine clips, so you might get your issue
You think you gangster 'cause you got a pistol? (For real?)
Bye-bye, Felicia
Look for your body, so they gotta eat it (Okay)
I am Yak Gotti, but I'm not a vegan (Hell nah, nigga)
Flathead the pull up, the Honda, the Civic (Skrrt)
Running from twelve, then I jumped the defenses
Blood on my bottom, like Roddy Richie
Look at my trigger, my trigger start itching
Ride with that chick, she say point blank and period
(Point blank and period)
When I aim at you, it's point blank, no missing
(Point blank, no missing)
Lay in your grass and come out of your bushes (Let's go)
Pick up that trip and I bet I'll start tripping
Bet I'll start tripping like I get a rush
My slime, he a crip, keep that stick like a crutch

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We can't relate
We from the hood, I was renegade (Renegade)
Stepped in the spot, had fish parquet (Yeah)
Can't be a slime, he got bitch boy trait
She wanted to fuck, but I left L.A. (L.A.)
My savage, I bought him a new AK
My birthday, I ran up that STK
We smoke out the good and don't care what they say (Care what they say, slatt)
Baguettie wrist
I done got rich off of politics (Politics)
Canary yellow, I gotta piss (Uh)
Rich nigga brunch, I had fish and grits
Want nothing back, I don't penny pinch
Told her, "I'm pissed, come massage this dick"
I paid the high for that Glock with the switch (Glock with the switch)
Guaranteed me, if I pop, it won't miss (Pop, it won't miss)

I shot at your mans
None of that shit wasn't planned
I fucked this bitch and her friend, both of them bitches done came on my pants
Louis V dripping, lil' niggas, ain't none of my niggas ain't rocking no Vans
He mad at me 'cause his bitch is a fan, do what I want and he do what he can
I put that bitch in the figure-four, too many vibes, so it's hard to pick a ho
Came from the bottom, I used to be broke, I was trapping, and I used to trap out the liquor store

I bet it all on the tin and foil
Drop off the pack, that's a give and go
Now when I rap on the track, it's a ten or more
I'm in the club with a Glock, it's extended
Tint is so dark, they can't see who is in it
Niggas ain't cashing out, these niggas rented
YSL, we going overboard
Plugged everywhere like extension cord

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