

# Webbie (feat. Duke)

## Young Thug

Thugger!

I roll me one, smoke to the face

I roll me one, smoke to the face

Roll up a blunt and I'ma face it

King slime aye They politickin' 'bout these cases

I told her roll me up a blunt and I'ma face it

Trouble maker man

I've been shootin' out with my neighbors, yeah

My lil niggas been tryna trap it out in the vacant, yeah

Patek Phillipe, they got my wrist and they don't play with that

She been suckin' dick way before a nigga made it, yeah

Pass me the mothafuckin' lighter

Lil mama overseas, I'ma Skype her

Nigga checkin' out the squad, tryna bite us

But my hand is way different got the Midas

Do a dream with me, aye do some things with me

Bae drink your lean with me, bae fall asleep with me

Ayy fall asleep, we drive

Jeopardize your life or mines

Let me fuck one more time

And I'll help you write your rhymes This politician is so fake

They politickin' 'bout these cases

I told her roll me up a blunt and I'ma face it

Troublemaker man

I've been shootin' out with my neighbors, yeah

My lil niggas tryna trap it out in the vacant, yeah

Patek Phillipe they got my wrist and they don't play with that

She been suckin' dick way before a nigga made it, yeah

Bad, bad, bad

I'm a player, player, player

I'll pop at your man, man, man

I'll do what I can, know what I'm sayin'?

Guess I'm geeked up

Like an astronaut, I'm off Earth

I'm way in the moon, kickin' shit without a broom

My mama can't lose

I'ma keep her in a fresh car

And I'ma put on them shoes

I'ma keep her so froze up

Yeah I'ma keep her in some jewels

I'ma go 'head and nut in my bitch

I'ma gon' and give her juice

She did two times now, I done told her that was rude  
They don't wanna see you win  
Nah they want you always to lose  
They gon' always want you be stuck with them  
They'll never wish you good luck on them  
And they'll never wish bad luck either  
And I don't know what the fuck to think either  
Got a foreign car like a white beatle  
Actin' like she like people  
Knowin' they don't give two fucks if they're still here  
They'll leave her This politician is so fake  
They politickin' 'bout these cases  
I told her roll me up a blunt and I'ma face it  
Choppa make a man  
I've been shootin' out with my neighbors, yeah  
My lil niggas been tryna trap it out in the vacant, yeah  
Patek Phillipe they got my wrist and they don't play with that  
She been suckin' dick way before a nigga made it, yeah Got on mines and I got tired of waitin'  
Mama say, "You gonna make it, you gotta be patient"  
Came out the hood, trap out the stove out that vacant  
Now we flyin' different places, fuckin' bitches all different races  
I did this shit that they thought I wouldn't do and I made it  
I was so down, man it's so fucked up, couldn't make over 80  
I lost some friends, that was so fucked up and I know that they hate me  
Thugger, he gave me a chance and I had to take it  
Used to chop on the block with the 380  
Now when I pull up they gotta pass me  
I came from nothing more than the 80s  
These niggas actors like Patrick Swayze  
I gotta get it, I can't be lazy  
Didn't have a dime so my mama crazy  
Ran up a sack with Thugger, baby  
Man this shit so amazing Patek Phillipe  
Cost a hundred bands, man  
Clear nothing' on it  
Then I went and seen Elliott and iced up my Pigalle, you dig  
That's on Big Duck, that's on all 6, know I'm sayin'?  
I got like a 170, 180 thousand dollar watch, bro  
And it glow up green at night  
And when the sun hit it on the plane  
You understand what I'm sayin'?  
Yeah, I used to do this shit to maintain  
Til I started usin' 14% of my brain  
And that left me with 5 stars worth of stains, you dig?  
Thugger!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

