

Tragic

Young Thug

(What you got?)
Got London on da track bitch
(What's her name?)
Hell yeah, i'm a savage
Pussy wet, fuck a pad you need some napkins
In the club, kill someone and make it tragic
I'mma make it rain inside the club
I'mma pop some bottles, make her bub
Homie I'm not looking at her, baby I do it just like I does
I just do my thang in these streets, yah!
I'm the biggest, toughest wildebeest
All these softy niggas didn't come with a feast, yah!
I'mma put a super charger like a priest, yea!
If you really havin' birds, lemme see yea!
I just got a new iPhone and I ain't sync it
So I might don't got your number, if a nigga play
I might turn it like I channel
Caught me banging with a red bandana
Not no February scary bandana
Yeah! don't get the scary bandana
I just might blow on that ho, no candle
No clothes baby that's my standards
Just make her smoking on cabana
Purp make me forgot I'm not having stamina
Every Tuesday, I throw racks at amateurs
(What you got?)
Got London on da track bitch
(What's her name?)
Hell yeah, that's my side bitch
Pussy wet, fuck a pad you need some napkins
In the club, kill someone and make it tragic
I'mma make it rain inside the club
I'mma pop some bottles, make her bub
Homie I'm not looking at her, baby I do it just like I does
Shoot a nigga down tragic, hold you number tragic
Your momma a tragic, your daddy a tragic
I pull up and trash shit, the whole bitty bastards
All my crew like trashing, let them have it
What if it ain't no baptist, Lil' boy Larry
Sit your little ass down like I used magic
I got more wood than a fucking palace
Dolly White told to me sit back, just point and laugh at

These niggas and these bum bitches
Porn bitches nigga come and get it
Nigga if I make it rain, let these bitches get it
I just want a long neck like a chicken, get it
Every YSL member get it
I left weed in my fender, get it
Bring a tender, you a member get it
No puppet, no pretending I'mma fuckin menace

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