

# NBAYOUNGBOAT (feat. YoungBoy Never Broke Again)

## Lil Yachty

Young nigga, rich nigga, I'm a bad bitch getter  
Fuck nigga, hoe nigga, I don't fuck with broke niggas  
Always held my own since I jumped up off the porch, nigga  
You ain't know, now you know, nigga, Hi-tec pour a four, nigga Bitch roll me my sack before I  
come in  
80 thousand dollars plus a jet on a backend  
Twenty twin twins finna get plucked like a chicken  
Brother locked up he spent much time in the kitchen  
We ain't really with that pretending and shit  
I got six Catholic hoes in here sinning and shit  
Pour that shit up bust it down  
Bought a new crib it got several amenities  
You gon' get shot like the Kennedys  
Fucking with Lil Boat and YB  
Carbon it sound like a dump truck  
Soon as I up we gon' back up  
She wanna fuck I'ma smash her  
He want a verse I'ma tax him  
Say you want smoke it ain't bout nothing  
I know that nigga ain't bout nothing  
Bring out the boat when the flood coming  
Strapped with a Tec when you pull up on me Unlock the 38 baby, my neck see more water than  
the navy  
I was finna fuck your bitch my nigga then I got lazy  
I saw your new watch that shit cool but my shit crazy  
Canary yellow diamonds in my mouth like I bit a daisy  
I'm with Lil Baby yeah, keep a .380, yeah  
I'm with big slime yeah you know we going brazy, yeah  
17 with four babies, yeah  
Lotta money know they hate me yeah  
One on four they try to play me, yeah  
Shoot his ass right up in here  
Diamonds they shine like a headlight  
I keep that lil bitch off her head right  
I'ma lay up and fuck on her every night  
When I'm leaving I'm heading straight to the flight  
Got a tiger but no I'm not Mike Tyson  
Scuff in the club like fight night  
I make that lil hoe act right  
I tell that bitch fuck up my sack right Put that lil bitch on a Spirit flight

Return her next to me one night  
We running and ducking from squad lights  
I got 32 shots in the gun fight  
These niggas sweet like a honey bun  
Don't worry 'bout where my money from  
At the crib on the couch we got hunting guns Young nigga rich nigga I'm a big bag getter  
Bitch nigga, snitch nigga, never met a real nigga  
Never had six figures, my bitch do tricks nigga  
I go by Lil Boat and I'm cooling with some real hittas  
Whip on the wrist that's a brick on the fist, nigga  
No light needed for this chain it's gon' glist nigga  
VS one stone nigga that shit not far from flawless  
Fuck a pretty bitch nigga my money gorgeous, bitch  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>