

# Can't Tell (feat. T.I. & Boosie BadAzz)

## Young Thug

:  
Niggas say they fuck with you, I can't tell  
500, 000 dollar Chevelle  
I got bricks and birds for retail  
I got 100, 000 worth of belts  
These bitches and these niggas know that they can't play around here  
I call the spot elementary cause I keep a K around here  
All my Hatians if you play they make you grady baby  
I might shoot you in your head and that is no more thinking  
Pussy boy I'll leave you dead and call it dead-ication  
I put Act inside my drink, they call it medication  
Hold up, pull up, roll up, pour up  
Ounces in a soda  
Push up on your bitch and shawty I didn't even know her  
See this hood I throw up, realest one I ever seen  
ATL, call it XXL, cause we stay spittin' shells outta long magazine  
Real nigga got a crown, better own that thing  
If the game got a throne, bet I'm on that thing  
Beloved dope dealer and a well known King  
And a killer 'pending on how you put your spin on things  
You know how many suckers get ahead I've seen?  
Bout the same amount of pussy niggas dead I've seen  
You know how many bitches in the bed I've seen?  
They like asking me how much bread I've seen  
More than enough, in God we trust  
You love a real niggas then fuck with us  
But if you got a problem with it then fuck, what up  
It be ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
Got your bitch riding everything but the bus  
She let me put it everywhere but the butt  
I always tell the bitch don't talk so much  
She said "Who I'm hidin' from?"  
What the fuck, for what?  
Man that leanin so bad, I can't even do a push up for a million  
(Lean, lean, lean, lean, lean)  
Catch a nigga baby mama  
Make her give me nothing but ceiling (head)  
Never had time to wrap and cap  
And doubt the trap my ice a lamp  
I can't adapt, I'd rather the slap  
I read the pop, it's capped in now  
His mom is out, his dad, his cat

2004 I was screaming everything, Gucci no Big Cat  
And we was scannin' the ride with them cases of all these big racks  
Fuck a officer, Akon what it do bruh  
Keep these fuckin hoes off for you  
When you get some new money turn up uh  
You gon' wish you would've or could've  
Sit down and get rich like a booker  
Might drop the top up off it  
If I don't get into the helicopter  
Feeling like I'm on a blue dolphin  
Nigga roundin' round with like hella choppers  
Every time I need new surgery I gon call her my head doctor  
5 more thousands cause she ain't got no head problems  
Yeah, all my niggas they be bleedin' niggas  
They ain't gon' never cheat a nigga  
Pop her while I'm in the latest season, nigga  
I'm a bag her every time I see her, nigga  
Fishing hoes with my Pockets all swollen, no book  
Glasses on, she don't know how I look  
Since I'm on how the fuck do I look?  
You ain't got no milli, you can't tell me how I look  
I'm a big old Blood over here You ain't read the paper, you ain't seen the news  
Got a team of goons bout action  
Never started, but I finish it so nasty  
Ask em, they know bout me  
I'm so Keyshia with the 9, rock a bye baby  
So smooth, so fly baby, rock a bye baby  
Let me turn up now  
4 shows a week, 100 thousand a piece  
We getting bread now  
Mama don't worry bout nothin'  
You can kick up your legs now  
I ain't lying, got hitters on top of hitters  
Got hitters on top of hitters  
Rest in peace to my nigga Lil Bleek  
I miss you, I miss you nigga  
Just tryna live and have a lil fun nigga  
Nephew just came home, half a million dollar bond nigga  
I got fans that bust yo ass, you talk bout Boosie baby  
Got off my ass, went got that bag and Boosie made it  
Hey daddy made it

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