

# Hercules

## Young Thug

Young Metro, Young Metro, Young Metro  
Metro!  
Young Metro, Young Metro, Young Metro  
And what?  
Metro Boomin want some more, nigga Sick  
Shoot him in his back like Ricky but not Slick  
Spent like 7 bands on a tri-colored pit  
All my signs red like a stop, nigga no pit  
Blow the purple, nigga, high like fuckin' martians, woah  
In a foreign, yesterday I was just walkin', woah  
Left my baby mama, now my bitch a Barbie, woah  
All red Dickies suit, I'm ridin' down Slauson, woah  
Hercu-Hercules  
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Hercu-Hercules I smoke gas, that's that Hercules, strong marijuana  
She looked at him, oh now she watchin' me  
Bitch I'm speedin' to that guapanese  
I was stackin' money up, no, I can't forget the T  
Drop the top, shoot birds at the officers  
Fuck them boys, they costin' us, they stalkin' us  
They know they old lady not runnin', they'll fall for us  
We so tired of takin' loses, ain't no more chalkin' up  
I swear, I promise  
YSL on ape and they donkeys  
These niggas pointless  
They want me  
I'm still a stoner, mac and cheese on me  
These niggas clone me, I'm full, but I'm still hungry  
Hey when the click clock, I'll make your bitch stop  
Ice Inside my tick tock, cookies, no  
I just bought a Cuban link, flooded with big rocks  
Bitches trying to juug at me? Well, I gotta get us up, woah shit Sick  
Shoot him in his back like Ricky but not Slick  
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Okay first of all, I was doin' this shit 'fore I was rich  
I don't care at all, I'll go do a dolphin for my clique  
Fuck your conference call, pull up with a check and get my seed  
Double D, you dig? No firework, it was lit  
If there's a fuck nigga was hatin' on me  
They took ya life and I know some fuck niggas waitin' on it  
I grab that TEC, I grab that 40 and the F&N  
Then we pulled up and hit the spot, yeah we laid it on 'em  
Anaconda, we on that slime stuff, here to remind ya  
Fucked your old lady, she wasn't fly enough  
YSL, we shinin', let her stand behind us  
Yeah my crew we rock, rock, baby you can climb us I call my migo, migo come and let me juug  
through the city  
He stuffed a burrito and he let 'em fly right to me  
Bitches call me Casino cause I let 'em ride 'round the city  
She want bingo kilo no sweat, now she can ride in a Bentley Sick  
Shoot him in his back like Ricky but not Slick  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>