

# My Jeans (feat. Young Thug)

## Lil Baby & Gunna

[Intro: Young Thug]

I just [?] can't do nothin'

Yeah[Chorus: Young Thug]

I got big racks in my jeans (Big racks in my jeans)

I'ma mix some dirty with this clean (Dirty with this clean)

Almost all my bitches ballin', no [?]

21, I'm 'bout to stunt on all your dreams (Stuntin', yeah)

This money better not stop (Ayy)

I hit the target with the bullseye (Hit my target, hittin' my target, hittin' my target)

Loot on the pigs every time (Hittin' my target, hittin' my target, hittin' my target)

Me and my dawgs gon' ride out (Hit my target, hittin' my target, hittin' my target)

Me and my dawgs gon' ride, uh (Target, hittin' my target, yeah)

(Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)

Money tall like Charlie Sheen, yeah

(Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)

Spend your bonnus on my lean (Yeah)

(Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)

This money callin' me in my sleep

(Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)

Don't trust a rich nigga that creep, yeah

Run that back, Turbo!

Wheezy outta here![Verse 1: Lil Baby]

I was daydreamin' 'bout money, then I woke up

I be thinkin' all this pimpin' give the world to her

If I ever get the check, give you the world, girl

See us goin' up and down, roller coaster

I'll be the FN, you be my holster

Tell the city 'bout my love, I even post her

Pourin' all this lean in my styrofoam cup

4 Pockets Full, every one of these shows

[Chorus: Young Thug]

I got big racks in my jeans (Big racks in my jeans)

I'ma mix some dirty with this clean (Dirty with this clean)

Almost all my bitches ballin', no [?]

21, I'm 'bout to stunt on all your dreams (Stuntin', yeah)

This money better not stop (Ayy)

I hit the target with the bullseye (Hit my target, hittin' my target, hittin' my target)

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(Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)

Money tall like Charlie Sheen, yeah

(Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)  
Spend your bonnus on my lean (Yeah)  
(Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)  
This money callin' me in my sleep  
(Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)  
Don't trust a rich nigga that creep, yeah[Verse 2: Gunna]  
Top off the Lamb', I get a breeze, yeah  
My travel kit is this codeine, yeah  
I fell in love with Billie Jean, yeah  
But YSL like Wu-Tang with that cream, oh  
And I done bought you everything  
Boss you up and put your condo in the trees  
I bought some Gucci socks so long they can reach my knees  
Got a bust down Rollie with big racks in my jeans, oh[Chorus: Young Thug]  
I got big racks in my jeans (Big racks in my jeans)  
I'ma mix some dirty with this clean (Dirty with this clean)  
Almost all my bitches ballin', no [?]  
21, I'm 'bout to stunt on all your dreams (Stuntin', yeah)  
This money better not stop (Ayy)  
I hit the target with the bullseye (Hit my target, hittin' my target, hittin' my target)  
Loot on the pigs every time (Hittin' my target, hittin' my target, hittin' my target)  
Me and my dawgs gon' ride out (Hit my target, hittin' my target, hittin' my target)  
Me and my dawgs gon' ride, uh (Target, hittin' my target, yeah)  
(Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)  
Money tall like Charlie Sheen, yeah  
(Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)  
Spend your bonnus on my lean (Yeah)  
(Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)  
This money callin' me in my sleep  
(Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)  
Don't trust a rich nigga that creep, yeah[Outro]  
Run that back, Turbo!  
Wheezy outta here!  
Wheezy outta here!  
Wheezy outta here!  
Wheezy outta here!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>