

# Graffiti

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

What is they?  
Who is what?  
Who is this bitch?  
Who?  
Who is this bitch that you looking at?  
I on know her  
I'm really tired of this  
You tripping  
I'm so tired of this, I really hope them niggas get you  
Bet

I heard they speaking on my name  
They do it all for the fame  
Paid attention how you changed  
Know that I'll never change  
Know they ain't feeling my pain  
Yea, unnnnn huhhh

2016 I got locked in that cell and they ain't let me out  
Money I'm talking, you know that I'm ballin' I'm hustling and I ain't never seen a drought  
Spending this cash, but I can not forget to make sure that all my niggas on  
Spending this money no question do I think about it, I'll never say that I don't  
Walk off alone, when I talk on the phone, dropping the price and you know that they on  
Soon as we get it, you know that its gone  
I swear that we been at this shit for so long  
Momma ask for something and I tell her no  
She tell me I ain't shit, and act like I'm wrong  
I'm running that check up everytime I'm gone  
For Christmas I swear I'mma buy you a home  
I get on my knees and I pray on my own  
Thanking the lord that I'm here, I ain't gone  
I pray the judge that Q come home  
Choppa boy feel he all alone  
You know I got money but I'm in a hole  
Scared I'mma die when I'm out on the road  
Don't know how I'm feeling, don't know what I'm on  
All they wanna do is ask for a loan  
All this pain man, I feel like I can't hold it  
Gone off lean and you know that I be on it  
I ain't slipping boy, you knowing that I'm focused  
Fly time, prime time, I'm ballin' hard sideline  
Baby I'm sorry I ain't got time for to waste  
On the road, yeah I be gone everyday  
To 100 to put myself around the fakes

It's time for real niggas and fake bitches to separate  
I heard they speaking on my name  
You better stay up in your lane  
They do it whatever for the fame  
You know that I'll never change  
I paid attention how you changed  
I'm never exposing my paid  
I'm head first 'bout my game  
I swear all we know is pain  
Same nigga took your chain tried to kill me  
Meet up to buy it, you know I'm gon' split him  
He be with them boys, they ain't no gorillas  
It's only room for just me and my niggas  
They fake as a bitch and swear I don't feel em  
We catch 'em gon' stretch 'em you know we gon' hit 'em  
I stay with that poker, that Joker, let's deal 'em  
Free my hittas man the judge ain't bail 'em  
They telling me that hoe there got a million  
I don't give a fuck, I ain't far from a million  
I heard that bitch old man want kill me  
I'm sitting at the top I guess I'm the villian  
When you around me, hoe don't do no whisper  
You say I act funny cause I keep my distance  
When we be fucking don't do know resisting  
You know I go hard everytime I hit it ( come here)  
All this pain man, I feel like I can't hold it  
I can't swim but I'm deep off in that ocean  
I go to sleep in my jewelry, when I wake up I just smile how I'm flexing  
I know these niggas want test me, wish they could catch me  
I thank the lord that he bless me  
All this pain man, I feel like I can't hold it  
Gone off lean and you know that I be on it  
I ain't slipping boy, you knowing that I'm focused  
Fly time, prime time, I'm ballin' hard sideline  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

