

# Nobody Tell a Name (feat. Raury)

## Taylor Bennett & Ludlow

[Bridge: Raury ]

Yeah, uh[Hook: Raury]

You don't need to wonder if I blow

There's alot of it

On my Koji Kondo shit, on my Koji Kondo

Technicolor platinum silver golds on my front some shit

On my Koji Kondo shit, on my Koji Kondo

East Atlanta, South Chicago flows

Yeah we run this shit

Don't you even front bout it, don't you even front bout it

[Verse 1: Raury]

Throw the peace sign, this is nothing, I be high

As two-pilot propeller planes

Got hella flame for the fuckboys that sell they fame

The pigs come round', nobody tell a name

Nobody tell a name, nobody tell a name

The pigs come round', nobody tell a name[Verse 2: Taylor Bennett]

My bitch bought me a Gucci shirt

I'm turnt up like Lil Uzi Vert

Fuck with me you might get murked

My clique draped in all type of flow

For my lil' bro moves all types of work

My gang out here, my gang out there

I'm with them hoods that you can't go

Atlanta like my second home

My side bitch if we technical

[Verse 3: Raury]

No nigga this fresh you know

Dressed like a professional, turquoise on my necklace though

You be on that western coast

Always on the dash you know, sorry I ain't checking though

I'm just out in Texas though, meet and text and sex these hoes

I'm not even flexing though

It's just my confessional, it's just my confessional[Verse 4: Taylor Bennett]

How a nigga move so professional

With an extra hoe?

I'mma let you know

Getting money like I never seen a check before

Getting blessed like I've never ever stressed no more

Putting bitches on, never getting dressed no more

I don't even send a text with address no more

She just pull up at the door, I finessed that hoe

Like oowah  
Young nigga savage  
Posted on your backstreet  
With a thick chick  
She looking like an athlete  
In the ave-y  
Saying thick ass Ashley  
I'mma pass her that  
Stick like track meet  
My boys don't sing  
But they BackStreet[Bridge: Raury ]  
Yeah, uh[Hook: Raury]  
You don't need to wonder if I blow  
There's alot of it  
On my Koji Kondo shit, on my Koji Kondo  
Technicolor platinum silver goals on my front some shit  
On my Koji Kondo shit, on my Koji Kondo  
East Atlanta, South Chicago flows  
Yeah we run this shit  
Don't you even front bout it, don't you even front bout it

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