

Young Thug, Killed Before

We got London On Da Track

Everyone know I've been killed before
I've been bent like a centerfold
I crap with my money, no-oh
Drop the top, get a breeze, oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Got four million in jewelry, oh-oh-oh-oh-oh (Whoa)
Let that money fly to the ceiling, whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh (Whoa-oh)
Did you pay someone's tuition? No-oh-oh-oh-oh (Whoa-oh)
Do you own a store? No-oh-oh-oh-oh (Whoa)

Yeah, fuck all this bullshit (Slatt)
Diamonds for all us kings, yeah (Yah)
Got my money, went Ludacris (Let's go)
Give some racks to a hood bitch (Hoo)
Give some racks to a pulpit (Woo)
Look at the grain, it's wood, bitch
On the floor, it's a wool, bitch
She suck dick like a whole tick (Come on)
Diamonds on me, they cold as shit (Phew)
I thank God that I went legit (And what?)
When we see 'em, you know we blitz (And what?)
I can bet up, you know I'm rich (Let's go)
Shut the fuck up, nigga, bet up, you say you rich
Different color diamonds, I'm a peacock
Different color diamonds, I'm a peacock
Spot full of birdies with no treetop
You know you my son, you can't be dad
I bought the boat, the jet-skis
Got an FN and a stick, don't test me
I stacked them hundreds up to God knees
I ain't goin' broke until 2070

Everyone know I've been killed before
I've been bent like a centerfold (Whoa)
I crap with my money, no-oh
Drop the top, get a breeze, oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Got four million in jewelry, oh-oh-oh-oh-oh (Whoa)
Let that money fly to the ceiling, whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh (Whoa-oh)
Did you pay someone's tuition? No-oh-oh-oh-oh (Whoa-oh)
Do you own a store? No-oh-oh-oh-oh (Whoa)

We ain't lettin' these bitches get between us
We ain't lettin' no monkey niggas stand that close to us (Close to us)
I ain't got no heart when it come down to my bro, yeah (Yeah)
She is not my dresser, she just iron my clothes, yeah (Thanks)
Pulled off in a Tesla, pulled back in a Porsche, yeah (Skrrt skrrt)
'Bout this mozzarella, you'll get burnt like toast, yeah
I get on that bullshit, you'll get extorted, yeah (Extorted)
Six kids with me, didn't think 'bout abortions, yeah
Ayy, I took a thottie out of Magic
Took her to the pent, then I woo-woo-woo, ayy
The private jet came with a stewardess
Like ooh-oo-oo
Ready for war like a machine, ayy
Came from pillies to post schemin'
Now I got fifty hoes on they knees
I put an X in my codeine (Oh-oh)
But I don't put nothing in my weed (Oh-oh)
And I took a jet right overseas (Oh-oh)
I want some head from overseas (Oh-oh)
I caught a case, my jewelry seized (Oh-oh)
I started off with fifty keys (Oh-oh)
My Bentayga clean like bleach (Oh-oh)

On a yacht with blue water and blue cheese
On this shit like fleas, ayy

Everyone know I've been killed before
I've been bent like a centerfold
I crap with my money, no-oh
Drop the top, get a breeze, oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Got four million in jewelry, oh-oh-oh-oh-oh (Whoa)
Let that money fly to the ceiling, whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh (Whoa-oh)
Did you pay someone's tuition? No-oh-oh-oh-oh
Do you own a store? No-oh-oh-oh-oh

Ayy, I took a thottie out of Magic
Took her to the pent, then I woo-woo-woo, ayy
The private jet came with a stewardess
Like ooh-oo-oo