

Military - NBA youngboy lyrics

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“Military”

[Intro]

Rich Gang

[Pre-Chorus: D-Roc]

I'm a boss, been gettin' it, my niggas, big drippin'
And this sauce and these diamonds on my wrist authentic
Nigga, fuck the opps, if it's a problem, we tote them blicks with
extensions
'Bout business, we handle it
My young niggas, they step on shit

[Chorus: D-Roc]

Roll with big poles like the military (Mm-hm)
Roll with big poles like the military (Yeah)
Roll with big poles like the military (Mm-hm)
Like the military

[Verse 1: YoungBoy Never Broke Again]

Look, come from the hood, since a child, tryna get it
Standin' on top and we be 'bout our business
We run and we duck and them niggas start hittin'
Take cover, start busting right back, know I'm sinnin'
Move militant or the outcome be good riddance
Bottom the Glock is extension, I'm with it
I'm in this bitch with my nigga Hot Beezy
Took over Rich Gang, take a look at my pendant

**Did time, and fished for poles like the military
Whenever the price droppin' low, gotta catch it
It's hectic, it's reckless, it's bad in my section
That's a new .223 with that drum on the bottom, I bought it in Texas
Havin' 'em sticks like I come from the army
They in the Tesla, the Bentley, the Rover and Chevy
Know that I'm up in this bitch with my burner
Know that I'm up in this bitch, I'm with Stunna
Know that I'm up in this bitch, I'm with your ho
And she flew in from Arizona
She heard it, she heard it, I'm in the Scat with them blickies up in it
My society only got killers up in it, big Benjis
Baby Russia, them youngins ain't failing no mission**

[Pre-Chorus: D-Roc]

**I'm a boss (I'm a boss, mm-hm), been gettin' it, my niggas, big drippin'
And this sauce and these diamonds on my wrist authentic
Nigga, fuck the opps, if it's a problem (Big business), we tote them
blicks with extensions (With extensions)
'Bout business, we handle it (We handle it)
My young niggas, they step on shit (They step on shit)
[Chorus: D-Roc & YoungBoy Never Broke Again, D-Roc]
Roll with big poles like the military (*Mm-hm*)
Roll with big poles like the military (*Yeah*)
Roll with big poles like the military (*Mm-hm*)
*Like the military***

[Verse 2: YoungBoy Never Broke Again]

Mama wrote his goals inside the obituary, mm-hm

**Broke, came home tryna get some money
Still totin' straps like the military
None of them don't like YoungBoy
So I guess that's why they despise me, ooh, yeah
Fuck all the rules, I'm onto you, fool (Woo)**

**4MATIC Maybach, I call it a Minibach
Hustle, my daughter gon' need her some Similac
What I feel? I don't care how it turn out
I'm not worried 'bout a thing, we got plenty gats
Some more achieving, makin' songs inside of the house, I am a grown
man**

**You a woman, you shouldn't play no games
She ain't wanna sell the gun, it's for her old man
I want the money, they typin' on Twitter
I'm in this bitch with D-Roc and my lil' one
Elevator to which floor that I'm feelin'
Damn, they done let me get the millions
I got the spot with no help, they wan' X me out
I got them slimes with them sticks and they flood it out
Shoot the award show, shoot at your mama house
I'm a boss like Montana, the fuck they thought?**

[Pre-Chorus: D-Roc]

**I'm a boss, been gettin' it, my niggas, big drippin'
And this sauce and these diamonds on my wrist authentic
Nigga, fuck the opps, if it's a problem, we tote them blicks with
extensions**

**'Bout business, we handle it
My young niggas, they step on shit**

[Chorus: D-Roc & YoungBoy Never Broke Again, *D-Roc*]

**Roll with big poles like the military (*Mm-hm*)
Roll with big poles like the military (*Yeah*)
Roll with big poles like the military (*Mm-hm*)
*Like the military***
