

Won't Step on me - NBA youngboy lyrics

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“Won't step on me”

[Intro]

Leor, light it up

Mommy, India got the beats

Come on, ha

Now check this (Check this)

We ain't with none of that water whip ass shit (None of that shit you
niggas on)

I'ma preach it to you like this, I'ma give it to you raw

You heard me? However I bring it, that's how I'ma bring it, just catch it
It's some real gangster shit now

[Verse 1]

I quit that sad shit, I ain't trippin', they don't fuck with me then fuck 'em

You don't want YoungBoy, baby? Come on, know you love me, yeah

Real popular in my hood and that street shit I love, nigga

See me soldiered down and I'm good, I wish you motherfuckin' would

I wish you motherfuckers do it, yeah

Choppa came, I would

Okay, come play broad day, I up that spray, they gon' tell you 'bout how I
do it (Grr, grr)

Nawfside 3-8, I bang that 4KTrey, it ain't safe inside Baton Rouge

Nah, they ain't wanna see me on

They ain't wanna see me sell out my tour

They ain't glad that I came home (Ha)

They ain't wanna look out for my children (Ha)
Now the fact I'm back, I been gettin' stacks, don't fuck with 'em, tell 'em
let's do it (Yeah)

Turn boys to men, I'ma get it in
Grindin' to the ten, I been through it
Sticks in your hand, shoot on demand
I'll zip your man, find you a new one

[Chorus]

Hold on, no way at all you gon' step on me (Let it out)
Bitch, a issue if you thinkin' you gon' rep' off me (What?)
They gon' find this nigga stankin', he ran up on me
Boy, I ain't playin', I'm gone off bars of Xans, I mix with lean, that maple
lean (Ha, ha, grr)
I'm watchin' cars, I got my rod, I'm who in charge, they make-believe
I come from robbin' shit to Nawfside, I was robbin' jeans
I tell that ho get off my back 'cause only room there for my team
(Woah-oh)

[Bridge]

Give me that iron (Iron), I'ma roll with 'em (Roll with 'em)
Mama, don't pray for me, I don't back down for no nigga (No nigga)
They got a place for me
Lil Top, I got a K with me
A Drac', you know it love to sing (Grr)
He really pussy 'cause he red, because you know he gon' get down for
me (Baow, lay you down for me, bitch)

[Chorus]

Hold on, no way at all you gon' step on me (Let it out, yeah)
Bitch, a issue if you thinkin' you gon' rep' off me (Come on, come on,
yeah-yeah)
They gon' find this nigga stankin', he ran up on me (Pow, pow)

[Verse 2]

I come up with plenty killers, got to keep a pistol

Roll with me by any means (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Strung out all dope sniffers from the Northside and fucked 'em, that
methamine

Youngin' got on that Meth', he be lookin' mean
Cross your top with the Glock, you try anything (Yeah, yeah)
When my grandma had left, had to jump out the shelf
Bust the top with a Glock if you chop a seat
I 'member back in '17, I ain't had no money for weed
Man, I was bummin' for weeks
Down on my dick, so I scheme
Bitch take a bobby pin, and hide the money inside her hair for me
Know I got money, I got the bitch tryna tear her hair out for me
I used to live inside a house and used to stay out weeks
Told her that my home my girl house, I ain't have nowhere to sleep
I was in Houston dealin' boy with a warrant out on me
Ran off on Drea because I promised Jaz before we had linked (Damn)

[Chorus]

Hold on, no way at all you gon' step on me (Let it out)
Bitch, a issue if you thinkin' you gon' rep' off me (Bap, bap, bap)
They gon' find this nigga stankin', he ran up on me (On me)
Hold on, no way at all you gon' step on me (Let it out)
Bitch, a issue if you thinkin' you gon' rep' off me (What?)
They gon' find this nigga stankin', he ran up on me

[Verse 3]

I'ma whoop your ass, lil' nigga
I'm experienced, I'ma do you bad, you gon' be feelin' played
Now, you better go on 'bout your lil' business
'Fore it be some blood on top my Js
Right now I'm faded, I got on shades
'Cause I'ma renegade, and I play with K
Know I built the lands like it's my lands, I'm tryna find peace inside my
days
I ain't graduated 'til that glass

Bitch can't even pee about Lil Dave

Your bathroom window, I'm at your glass
I'm bringin' all you bitches pain
Soldier rollin' loaded, I tell 'em free JBeezy
He creepin' creature, man
Four doors on me, make it look easy
With that heat, he leave your brain
Ass, see me down bad, but that lil' storm, I overcame
They said I'm finna beat it like Soulja Slim when he had to pee in that
tank
But the only thing
It's a difference, I'm Cash Money, ain't no Hot Boy, I'm Rich Gang
And I got my own label, I'm a boss, NBA, I'm Never Broke Again
NFL, Nawfside for life, my heart goes out to most of my friends
Because I know that they want chains, they gon' be bangin' all to the end
No, wait, hold up, I mean my bros
We put you up, stuff out 'em hoes
Check how we roll up you (Uh), I already know, cutthroat, nigga

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