

Soul Child-Yung Bleu Lyrics

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“Soul Child”

[Intro]

Yeah (Yeah, yeah)

For better or worse I'm here with you (For better or worse)

[Verse 1: Yung Bleu]

I just logged of the internet, 'cause niggas be fake beefin'

I showed these niggas what to do with a Drake feature (Yeah)

Six-time nominated, used to wait in line, I done got us accommodated
(Yeah)

Just think about the last seven months that I dominated (Yeah)

The cars that we drive come in like common denominators

You could be the one livin' this life or the commentator

I hope I live a life to see my niggas exonerated

Why they gettin' canceled? (Canceled)

I'm not a slave in my whip, I'm ownin' my masters

When I drop that Moon Boy I took off like NASA (Skrrt)

I'm finally at a place where we can talk 'bout the fucked shit (Fuck it)

Don't need you complainin' because I go through enough shit

These niggas all my sons like I grew up on Bushwick

I went from no money on my books to overbooked, bitch

We out in Palestine, they had to give me my flowers like I'm their valentine

It was a matter of time, I never talked to the cops when it was a matter of
crime

How the fuck a legal drug turned to a federal crime?

I got some niggas in prison who doin' federal time

And I heard you niggas fallin' off, I could feel the decline
My shit through the roof, don't give a fuck how the ceilin' designed
Hangin' with some made niggas who be on militant time
You niggas toy soldiers, when they was tryna keep me in the game, I
crossed over
Feds tryna intercept the pack and got Moss'd over
Filipino hoes in the room get tossed over
Now look at me cross-over (Yeah)
And I rap like my life depend on this shit (It does, nigga)
I ain't got no love for these bitches, yeah
They never treated me special, they never did shit but be extra
No Uber, make her drive herself like a Tesla
Guns on the dresser came with a compressor
Don't you treat, treat, treat me like sixth man, uh, yeah
Ayy, tell the valet, "Bring the Urus to the parking lot"
I got shooters in this car, don't whip up in this parking spot
I know niggas talk a lot 'cause they all make 'em walk a lot
I'm bougie, what you talkin' 'bout? You never sucked this dick so stop
Bitches, they be fake as fuck, fake ass, fake titties
Fake attitude, hoe, actin' like you don't drink Henny
Talkin' 'bout some nights before the tour, what you gon' do to get it?
Ayy, I prolly got half of your rent, if not, get up in it
Pay me, the hottest in the city, I'm tryna take over the whole fuckin' world

[Verse 2: Lil Wayne]

The world cray, always first, never second, suck my third leg
Got her legs in the air like some bird legs
Fuck her 'til she can't feel her legs like a mermaid
I'm a Perc' head, lean fiend, I'm a weed boy
Coke on my fingers, work a key like a keyboard
Cocaine cowboy, yee haw, high comin' down
Put some pounds on the other side of the see-saw
Yung Bleu, I got 'em, I won too, I'm not 'em
Put the gun to his collar, alhamdulillah'd 'em, yeah
Bum boo and olives, mushroom and molly

Been a pro since a kid like the young Luka Dončić
Promethazine make my punch punch like Muhammad
New Orleans love me like Miami love Udonis
Yeah, red bandana and blue collar
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, soul child in this bitch
Platinum teeth but they I smile in this bitch
What's beef? Get the whole cow in this bitch
If you's lack, keep your nose out of this shit, yeah

[Outro]

Yeah (Yeah, yeah)
For better or worse I'm here with you (For better or worse)
