

I'm Scared (feat. 21 Savage & Doe boy)

Young Thug

[Intro: Young Thug]

Oh, really? Yeah

Oh, really? Yeah [Verse 1: Young Thug]

I'm scared to break the top (Why?)

I'm scared to make a mess because I'm watched by the cops (Fuck 'em)

I'm scared to count my blessings 'cause I'm being watched by my opps (Foes)

But fuck it, Lethal Weapon, let it rip from out the top of the drop to his scalp

Now he out like a light (Ayy)

Every nigga with me slime and sheisty

Stay on the PJ but I don't sight-see (No cap)

Somebody tell Oprah I want wifey (Call me)

I know that lil' mama tryna fight me (Ayy)

I got slatt engrated in my Nikes

Oh, you caught a body? Doesn't excite me (Fool)

All my niggas murderers, you're tiny

[Chorus: Young Thug]

Runnin' from the cops in a goddamn Rolls (Ayy)

I just cooked a opp on a goddamn stove (Cook him)

Shot up the opp block, and I robbed all they stores (Yeah)

Slime, do you got clocks? Nigga, twenty times four (Let's go)

Robbed him for his dank and his car and gas tank (Let's go)

I'ma rob that bank, I'ma, I'ma rob that bank (I'ma rob the bank)

If I hit New York, I take my shank like a Yankee (On God)

They stabbed him and he died, 'cause it's pointy and they yankin' (Woo)

Runnin' from the cops in a goddamn Rolls (Ayy)

I just cooked a opp on a goddamn stove (Cook him)

Runnin' from the cops in a goddamn Rolls (Ayy)

I just cooked a opp on a goddamn stove (Cook him)

[Verse 2: 21 Savage]

Straight up out the 6, I don't talk, I just fire (Straight up)

Book me for a show, I put a Glock on my rider (On God)

Niggas clout chasing, they don't want smoke, they wanna go viral (21)

I just cooked the opp block in a deep fryer (Straight up)

We don't go back and forth, dawg, we really shootin' shit (On God)

Y'all riding 'round like killers, nigga, who the fuck you hit? (21)

She let me nut in her jaw, I would've hit raw, but she ain't have walls (21)

This ain't middle school, when you sucking on me, please include the balls (On God)

Thirty hanging off my TEC, gang don't tippy-toe, nigga, we step (21)

Richard Mille cost more than all that cheap ass shit sitting 'round your neck (Pussy)

Buster, I could've booked you for a show same price that I booked this jet (Fool)

12 already know not to interrogate me if he got hit below the neck (Shh) [Chorus: Young Thug]

Runnin' from the cops in a goddamn Rolls (Ayy)

I just cooked a opp on a goddamn stove (Cook him)
Shot up the opp block, and I robbed all they stores (Yeah)
Slime, do you got clocks? Nigga, twenty times four (Let's go)[Verse 3: Doe Boy]
Yeah, nigga flexing money, if I want it, then I'll take it (Doe Beezy)
Heard y'all run them faces, you ain't heard? I shoot faces, yeah
Fuck shit, better save it, you ain't heard? We don't play it, uh (No cap)
If a nigga had some beef with us, he met the pavement, uh (Gang gang, gang)
This that ain't no cap at all, I can't hang around no fraud
Niggas hating 'cause I ball, grrah, problem solved
Hit your bitch, blow out her walls, I just bust all in her jaws
Bitch, we slimy as they come, my youngin probably snake his dawg (Slatt, slatt)
Cop that Rove' (Woo, woo), and that Rolls (Woo, woo, skrrt)
All my niggas sick, they wipe your nose (Grrt, bah)
Ain't never froze (Nah, nah), blow my pole (Boom, boom)
Heard you gangster, it don't count no more, you told (Pussy)
No, this Raf shit can't change, we just running up them bands (Let's go)
Tryna figure out which opp that's gon' get murdered with my advance (Freebandz)
Poppin' pills, it got me geeked up, nigga, catch me when I land (Let's go)
Please don't play like I won't hop right off the jet, jump in a minivan (Oh really?)

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