

# Daddy's Birthday

## Young Thug

Dropped out of school and brought myself a chain  
I must've taught myself a million things  
I'm out the trap, I can sell anything  
I wish I would allow myself to hear this hoe's dream  
I pray my daughter never ever experience no train  
I told her Colgate, baby you gotta keep your teeth straight Yeah, bae I'm flexing, extension  
Brand new 'Rarri, Smith and Wesson  
Made myself ballin, hold my credit card  
Speaking of credit, they all owe me, I got credit, yuh  
Vrrrrm vrrrm, V12, y'all ain't ready at all  
Trapping beats I'm like "hurry up and buy"  
Extra Draco for my pops, 'cause his birthday 4th of July  
I'm so busy it's making me feel like I'm in and out my kids' lives  
Ooh ooh ooh ooh  
Oooh  
(I'm the father of six babies, you know what I'm sayin?)  
New coupe, new shoes (new coupe, brand new shoes)  
Ooh ooh ooh ooh  
Red bottoms kicking shit, I'm flossing on you fools  
Cameltoe big, I see the print inside her suit  
Rose gold my jewelry up, and I'm in and out it too  
Fuck'em by the 2 and let them travel with a few All this fuckin money, had me switchin, now  
bye boo  
I'm livin right and they ain't ever read a book  
Chanel vintage, you can put it on the books  
The way I whip that pot, they charging me with cruelty  
Don't try to stop me, don't you try to knock me  
You see me got these crackers in the back  
You gotta forgive my heart, I don't mean to stunt like that (I don't mean to do that to you, you  
know what I'm sayin)  
Red bottoms on, I'm at Met Gala (I'm bout to spaz)  
Ain't playin geek, yea, I want every problem (I'm bout to spaz)  
\$2000 for the newest snake collar  
Been a swagger, had dollar  
Raw clean, Balmain (c'mon let's get it)  
Vintage swag (vintage hoe), New Celinés (just want my glasses)  
Hands dirty  
Watch me turn them clean  
Lil shawty hot (Magic)  
Kerosene  
I'ma kill By Any Means  
Favorite sound "ching ching"

I spray her face with my genes  
I'ma turn up with my team  
New condo on 17 (new condo hoe)  
I turn none to something (I turned nothin to somethin)  
AP match my jeans  
Converse is McQueen  
Patek for my queen  
Gambling for these coins  
Mattress in front of the swing  
Private jet living (pussy ass nigga)  
I'm on go like beam (Ima go)  
New backwoods no strings  
I put ice in my cup  
Indoor pool, no chlorine  
Dropped out of school and brought myself a chain  
I must've taught myself a million things  
I'm out the trap I can sell anything  
I wish I would allow myself to hear this hoe's dream  
I pray my daughter never ever experience no train  
I told her Colgate baby you gotta keep your teeth straight  
Oooh  
New coupe, new shoes  
Red bottoms kicking, yeah I'm flossing on you fools  
Camel toe big, I see the print inside the suit  
Rose gold my jewelry up, and I'm in and out it too  
Fuck 'em by the 2 let them drive in with a few  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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