## Relationship (feat. Future)

## **Young Thug**

Shinin' hard 'cause we back up Rose gold from your neck up You know you gon' get stopped tryna check us Pop an X pill like we Malcolm, yeah, hey I'm in a relationship with all my bitches, yeah I need to cut some of 'em off, I need help I got some bad tings, I want 'em to myself Had to take the time to cut 'em off, I need help I know how to make the girls go crazy When you treat her like your number one baby Put my bitches on yachts, we don't do jet-skis Put your ice on rocks, they need to help me No baby, your collection, won't stand for it You know you're in relationship with all us I get a few texts a day sayin', "It's all yours" I got a few states on speed dial like good drugs Get in your bag, uh, yeah, get in your bag, uh Hundred new purse for a brat, uh, come to the street, new Jag Chart broke, bitch 'bout to drag Nigga had M's 'fore ass Got a brand new bitch, who that? Rock the flooded AP, all black White toes, give me a tan Cocaine, kilo tan All a bitch wanna do is shine Audemars, pick which kind I made you a starter You went from a dime to a quarter I cheat code the projects I'm leaving that loud in apartments, yeah Don't play with a sergeant, I'm ready to spoil it She suck on my dick, I'm hidin' in the closet I'm hidin' the dope, three mil' in the room You get silver spoon, I bought you some goons Shinin' hard 'cause we back up Rose gold from your neck up You know you gon' get stopped tryna check us Pop an X pill like we Malcolm, yeah, hey I'm in a relationship with all my bitches, yeah I need to cut some of 'em off, I need help I got some bad tings, I want 'em to myself Had to take the time to cut 'em off, I need help

I know how to make the girls go crazy
When you treat her like your number one baby
Put my bitches on yachts, we don't do jet-skis
Put your ice on rocks, they need to help meI bought the jet-skis

Bring the yacht please I made you queen status Check out my lean status

I'm in a relationship with all my bitches, yeah
I put my dick inside her mouth before she left
Yeah. I built relationships with all my bitches, yea

Yeah, I built relationships with all my bitches, yes

I put my dick right in her mouth before she act I got your bitch in a backpack

I paid extra for the crib, it got a kid shack

I paid extra for the crib, it got a game room

Got a penthouse in the back, it ain't my main room

Tamika, Jo and Porsche kept it silent

That's the only reason I let 'em fly privateShinin' hard 'cause we back up

Rose gold from your neck up

You know you gon' get stopped tryna check us Pop an X pill like we Malcolm, yeah, hey

I'm in a relationship with all my bitches, yeah

I need to cut some of 'em off, I need help

I got some bad tings, I want 'em to myself

Had to take the time to cut 'em off, I need help

I know how to make the girls go crazy

When you treat her like your number one baby

Put my bitches on yachts, we don't do jet-skis

Put your ice on rocks, they need to help me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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