

# On Deck (feat. Young Thug)

## Boosie Badazz

Boosie Badazz, I got mine  
On deck nigga, on deck nigga I ain't never love these bitches  
Man you know I keep them things on deck (things on deck)  
Man I'm a hit my nigga  
Cause I know he keep them things on deck (you know them things on deck)  
My nigga we some anybody killers  
And we always keep them things on deck (got them things on deck)  
Man I'm a young rich nigga  
And you know I gotta keep them things on deck (got them things on deck)  
Young nigga got them things on deck  
Young nigga got them things on deck, deck, deck, deck (got them things on deck)  
Young nigga got them things on deck  
Young nigga got them things on deck, deck, deck, deck (got them things on deck)  
Young nigga got them things on deck  
Young nigga keep them things on deck (got them things on deck)  
Got them things on deck, nigga that's a bet  
If I say you getting wet, you can cash that check  
Make a nigga Chiraq your whole set  
I ain't lost a street war yet, I'm a anybody killer  
I'm a headshot, deadshot keep 'em weeping  
Don't cross fish now cause we beefing nigga  
Got a pass that make you not laugh  
Niggas want my head bad, yeah so I sleep with pistols  
I don't love these niggas, fuck these niggas  
Walk up rah rah rah, crush these niggas  
Can't run, can't hide trust me nigga  
Got Yao Ming arms, I can touch you nigga  
Yo, red you already know  
It's no pick and chooses they all got to go  
You want rap beef nigga, we can rap beef nigga  
Come see you perform and kill the whole show  
Who you playing with partna I on think you know  
AR15 with a perfect scope  
Go hating ass bitches now you got free front row  
Nigga to my murder show  
I'm a young rich nigga who be wilding  
Every nigga 'round me got at least one body  
So don't talk shit cause this Glock part of my outfit  
On deck, on deck nigga  
I chop 'em, I pop 'em, I stop 'em, I hit 'em, I drop 'em, he lay down it's over  
My life familiar we lay low, we stay low, we end up not guilty we soldiers  
And them things on deck bet not fuck with this chain on my neck that's a don't do

Ain't no if and butts if its up there with you when I see ya, I'm gon' shot  
With the P for toting the pistol, ride around tripping then load the whip  
Me and Lil Bleek in separate cars looking for them boys with seven [?]  
We strap we ain't just acting hard, real this ain't no camouflage  
Whole feet clean I got fancy cars, whole feet clean I got classy broads  
I keep the ratchet broads and I slang it like I'm John Wayne  
Certified and untamed and I'm blunt mane, Ion wanna fuck with a nigga who fuck with a nigga  
who uh  
Scuff a nigga, eye for an eye like them Russians nigga  
In my hood they ain't talking 'bout none my nigga but who can kill the most for the summer  
nigga, on deck nigga  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>