

Family Don't Matter (feat. Millie Go Lightly)

Young Thug

Yeah, whaddup
I'm tryina put my dick inside of yo panties
And when I tell this shit from round here
I be rolling loud
While they rolling loud
Smokin' backwoods and moving baggage
I was getting protected by my savages
Yellow school buses that's a Xanax
Causing me to sleep and I ain't plan it (yee haw)
I got some jobs all day
Roll out the jar all day
I be on Mars all day
I'm with the stars all day
Boss all day
Roll up the raw all day
Babysit your dog all day
Boutta watch you jog all day
Like family don't matter, oh, oh
What's poppin', what's the deal?
What's poppin', what's the deal?
What's poppin', what's the deal?
What's poppin', what's the deal? Bagged a bad bitch, I got a foreign son
Tommy Gunn, found a real Tommy gun
I dropped a milly on my chain, I got no Barry Bonds
And I got a head full of hair like I'm from Amazon
Uhh, blaze that ass like a candle honey
Uhh, Ferragamo shower shoes for me
Uhh, light pole and it got jewels on it
Uhh, like an ol' school I got some pooled on it
Huhh, Satan, abracadabra, abracadabra
Kill all you bastards, I want no wrassle
The bread ambassador, no nuttin else matter to him
I'm ballin' like Patrick Ewing
Turn up on you bastards
Hop in a Ghost like Casper
Everything go smooth for me, like I got my Masters
Fubu Platinum up, birds in the Acura
Albums platinum & up, I'm killin' these bastards
Like family don't matter, oh, oh
What's poppin', what's the deal?
What's poppin', what's the deal?
What's poppin', what's the deal?

