

# Liger

## Young Thug & Carnage

[Intro]

I wet 'em up and then it rain, their blood, it rinsed off  
Thugger  
Carnage, what it do, nigga?  
Let's turn up

[Chorus]

I tell the bitch to roll that dope, 'cause that's my kinfolk's  
We got the bricks, I got the bitches for the upper load  
We wet 'em up and then it rain, their blood, it rinsed off  
Lil' mama foreign and exotic, suck my skin off  
I bought a Rollie', but I coulda bought a Viper, ayy  
Everybody got tigers, so I wan' go get a liger, ayy  
I'm so different from these niggas, I won't be like 'em (Swear to God, ayy)

[Verse 1]

Uh, I bought a Bentley, then I went and chopped the top off  
I got a bad bitch inside and I'm gettin' topped off  
I got a foreign 'Rari, then I cut the top off  
I put these pebbles in the meat and knock the taco off  
A pussy nigga better stop playin' with Slime the boss  
You pussy niggas fuck around, have me behind the wall  
I swear to God, I can't wait to go wit' my fuckin' bro  
I know he miss me and I miss him, and that's word to Lord  
I got some big guns pointed at the dome  
Louis V armor fatigue, but it's camo' though (Get it, ayy)  
She smokin' loud like a high note  
I just wanna put my D on your cameltoe (Let's do it)  
I know they told you don't play with these fuckin' folks (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)  
You gon' end up in somebody mothafuckin' morgue  
Blue diamonds, water like South Beach, oh yeah, you can pour  
Oh yeah, I'm rich, oh, I don't gotta vote, fuck you

[Chorus]

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I'm so different from these niggas, I won't be like 'em (Fuck 'em all, ayy, swear to God, nigga)  
Thugger

[Verse 2]

Cash talk, baby, I want acres all in Vegas  
I got bitches wanna fuck me all around the equator  
I'm global, bitch, I'm global, yeah, I am not your neighbor  
No longer, yeah, all my cribs sit on hundreds of acres  
Bitch, I promise, swear to God, on my mom, on my daughters  
On my son, on my mothafuckin' gun  
If I'm lyin', make it jam while I'm tryna fuckin' blam  
Old bitch, hi there, ma'am, suck me loose in Guwop's Lamb'  
Suck my top off, yeah  
Bitch, I'm rich, this ain't luck  
Bitch, I'm climbin', why you stuck?  
Bitch, I'm yammin', in your guts  
Uncle Sam, mothafuck him  
I ain't payin' him, nigga, what?  
Yeah, I got right with God, I know he gon' keep me up

[Chorus]

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