

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Still Turnt (Forever B\$hot)

Par Metro Boomin

Album : Metro Boomin Presents: A Futuristic Summa (Hosted by DJ Spinz)

Still

I mean, over you, breaking you, informing you

Still (Metro)

Do what we doin', having what we having

Tell you, president

Let that money fly, fuck it, we done trapped to Mars, boy

When you swag like this, I got some hos you can borrow, boy

Bankroll bussin' out your pocket, we still call 'em thigh pads

We the ones that broke the scale, servin' out the trap bag

Let that money fly, fuck it, we done trapped to Mars, boy

When you swag like this, I got some hos you can borrow, boy

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We the ones that broke the scale, servin' out the trap bag

Buss out, trappin' in the water, then they comin' back glad

It ain't really nothin' to this shit, nigga, we just splash

Been a teacher to these nigga, took they ass to swag class

Supercharged, flyin' past, I'm just highway on the gas

Yeah, we still turnt (turnt up), yeah, we still turnt (turnt up)

Yeah, we still turnt (turnt up), yeah, we still turnt (turnt up)

Yeah, we still turnt (turnt up), yeah, we still turnt (turnt up)

Yeah, we still turnt (turnt up), yeah, we still turnt up

Antique on my pants, them Trues gon' show her ass

'08 Jim Jones, Chrome Heart on my hat

Goyard for the belt with the bag to match

Bitch, my life a movie, you know I'm livin' fast

Still lit, when they found me, I was turnt, nigga

Did my first song when I was 16 and it worked, nigga

Money, swag, Moncler, watch her twerk, nigga

Ho, sit down, for that work, hit my chirp nigga

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Yeah, we still turnt (turnt up), yeah, we still turnt up

Yeah, we still turnt and we smoking purp'

Big bro got Jamaican work, he say his chicken jerk

This natty truck on shacks, put three-five in the blunts

I'm mixin' Polo with the Prada, I do my own stunts

First young nigga sippin' Act', new lil' shit, her ass fat

Then I found that money, like that money, shit got LoJack

Me and Guap and Metro, yeah, we go back like four flat

Say, God, take it easy on your thug, you countin' up money, it's too much

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Yeah, we still turnt (turnt up), yeah, we still turnt up (Metro)

Me and guap and Metro yeah we go back, like four flat

Let that money fly, we done trapped to mars

When your swag like this, when your swag like this

Ay, Metro, check this out, man, look we tired of that zibba-zabba-zabba-zabba music, man

We need some of that real music back, that old Atlanta back, man

We need some of that futuristic lean

We need some of that J Money, first name, last name

Some of that, wassup, wassup, baow, baow, baow

We need all that back, okay?

Look I'm tryna have fun again, Metro

These clubs different now

I'm tired of the Percocet music

I'm tired of these girls walkin' into them clubs, drunk

Can't walk, can't stand up, they too turnt

All they wanna do is go Live and be on they Snap

Look Metro, we sick of that, okay? YN

Look we tryna have fun in the club

We ain't tryna worry about getting shot at all the damn time

Come on now, Metro, let's bring it back

Let's bring it back, baby, 'cause I'm ready

I'm ready to get twerked on again

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