

Burpees

ALLBLACK

Black hoodie eight fifty, Mike Amiri
Stop askin' all them questions, I'm not Siri
Slick talkin' like I slick dice [?]
Rip the jewelry of your wrist, pussy, come get it
AT&T my main line, my trap phone Cricket
Can't take it with me when I die, so I'm gon spend it
My ho bitch need one fifty for that quick visit
Miss Kim ask me what I'm doin', I said, "Great pimpin'"
Got this rap shit on lockdown like San Quentin
In LA with thirty on me, I'm Todd Gurley
Cougar bitch cashin' out, look like Mrs. Pearly
Run up on me in New York, I'm gon' get sturdy
Chop cheese, Durant Ave, mobbin' through Berkeley
Hoopin' with my opps, Laimbeer, I play dirty
Never ever would've thought I'd switch jerseys
To the neck now, I went straight, I'm on my own now
All my days full of pressure like fourth down
I done bought six more guns since Rolling Loud
I wanna quit, but I can't let my fans down
Told big mama, "Niggas playin' with your grandchild"
No jewelry, nappy head, I'm J Cole
I ain't never been the type to flex bankrolls
You know the truth, I'm the coldest nigga in the booth
Swing on me, I'm a cowboy, I'm gon' shoot
Ruger on my hip, Glock 43 in my boot
Eses with me that done smoked more shit than Snoop
On Maxine, I got so many shots on me
Got enough to knock down you and your troops

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Cougar bitch cashin' out, look like Mrs. Pearly
Run up on me in New York, I'm gon' get sturdy
Feva, uh

Look, I stay on bullshit, go ahead and empty out the full clip
All that politickin', you ain't slide, how you prove it?
'95 roofless, I can get to drillin' off my mind, let's get to it
Half-swerve leave 'em clueless
First nigga run up, boom, shot, crushin' his skull
Plead the fifth on the stand, I ain't never gon' tell
Well-respected in the hood, but my name ringin' bells
I was down on my last, but I got up when I fell
I ain't beefin' 'bout no bitch, that's for a pussy nigga
All that talkin' on the net, but you ain't pullin' triggers
You went and bought a chop, but niggas know you actin'
You the first nigga missin' when it's action
In the Bay with two thirty-sticks, feelin' like Curry
I ain't never have to bluff 'cause I'ma up in a hurry
Twenty-seven shots, three left in the clip, Jamal Murray
Throwaways, toss it right over the bridge, both dirty
I was broke on the Fifth and it was never a problem
Niggas hatin', I got rich, I got the money without 'em
All this money I'm pilin', I might move to an island
I'm tryna live a normal life when I'm so used to the violence

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Cougar bitch cashin' out, look like Mrs. Pearly

Run up on me in New York, I'm gon' get sturdy
Chop cheese, Durant Ave, mobbin' through Berkeley
My hoes down on the blade at nine thirty
Fifteen years strong, ain't nan nigga serve me
Party bus with uncle Earl, finna get swervy
Let a nigga trip, the Glock gon' start doin' burpees