

Chaka Khan

ALLBLACK

Not now, JB
Yo (DTB, that's a slap)
Uh

Woke up and prayed, then I hopped up in that bag
Knee workin' the wheel, doin' 'bout fifty up the ave
I missed the cleat check, Amiri runners on the gas
Walked in Saks, spent it all, gave 'em everything I had
Kleptomaniac, every bitch I got stolen
Step on 'em, East coast gusty, I'm rollin' and controllin'
It could be rainin' or snowin', if she breathin' then she hoein'
I'm smashin' for my ration, I'm posin' to be chosen

I can't police no bitch, she ain't for me, I'm gon' pass
Nigga said he fuckin' with me, I fell out and start laughin'
Been ballin', shot callin', I'm McGrady on the Magic
You a Honda, I'm a Hellcat off the line, no traction
Sixty thousand in my bag, four thousand on the fit
No ice on my neck, no ice on my wrist
In New York, I'm in the trenches with a forty on my hip
I'm on some petty shit, I just flew out a nigga bitch
I ain't wanna hear her talk, I put dick on her lips
All she ate was DoorDash, Subway, and some chips
Took a sleeve up to Jersey just to fuck with Lil Rick
Ho said she had some money, told her, "Send it in a Lyft"
Got a bitch up in Dallas, shot up in her like I'm Luky
Tryna line me, she gon' die by a Five-SeveN Ruger
You niggas ain't no real trappers, y'all keep breakin' even
Niggas be broke and depressed, talkin' 'bout they fightin' demons

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Shit, I'm with ALLBLACK, we in all black
We'll pop out on you up in traffic, we need all of that
Talkin' 'bout he out here in the field, get him a ball cap
Let him run away, if he don't die, he gotta crawl back (Boom, boom)
Pull up with that chop to take the air out the gym
Tryna put it through the net, I don't care about the rim
I gotta put my cup down before I fall asleep
I gotta put my blunt down before it talk to me
I ain't got no plans, wake up, might go to Honolulu
Had my 20/20s on the dollars, you was watchin' Hulu
Where the fuck my crown? I'm a king, I feel like Shaka Zulu
Have you ever woke up, caught a bag and screamed out "Hallelujah?"
Hop up out that Wraithy, double R umbrella for the rain
He nuts, think he gang, he got Nutella as a brain
Why she think she Cinderella? Bitch can't fit the glass slippers
Put your hands down, we totin' ARPs for ass-kickers

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That's all here, that's all here, it's all here, every dollar
DTB, thank you
Every dollar here, I'm still posin' to be chosen, still smashin' for my rati
on (Yo)
Still the best that ever did it and got away with it (Yo)
This shit ain't easy, but somebody gotta- somebody
Nigga said he was fuckin' with me, I-
Nigga, I fell to the ground and started laughin' (Aw, man, aw, man, aw, man)
Yeah, it's BLACK
Yo, not now
Nigga said he fuckin' with me, I fell to the fuckin' ground and started laug
hin'
Not now, JB
It's Coachella day one, get your shit together
304, 304, BLACK