Chevron 2

ALLBLACK

Well, well, well, well, well
PRA in first place

I can't wait 'til Rolling Loud (Huh?)
BabyKane strippin' niggas for they bustdowns
Touchdown, I ain't postin' pics or none of that (Uh-uh)
I need twenty-two racks if you want that back (Give it here)
Drove across the US in a Sprinter with straps (Factual)
Chopper lookin' just like rockin' an Oregon hat
That G23 fat, it look like Nikki Parker
I'm obssesed, I'm Professor Oglevee attached
You said you broke the ho for how much? (Cap)
You said that watch you got is how much? (Cap)
You said check the scoreboard and your gang up?
You work at Lids wearin' a Negro League baseball hat
You ain't gon' find one picture of me flexing stacks (Never)
I'm from Oakland where your ass get killed like that
Light Divine and Miss Kim helpin' me raise Max
'Cause Max mama bum ass tryna model and rat
Stomach bigger than a BB-dub at dinner
Cherry Moncler on stage like a Detroit winter
Still off that Patr-enn', beatin' up my liver
In Arizona gettin' ate by a bitch off of Tinder (Ugh, ugh)
Let's go head up, I bet I knock off your fender
After y'all done with that groupie ass bitch, I'ma send her
Offset Jim ain't come with us, but we still mobbin'
Bitch ass niggas ain't gon' even touch my baby picture
Floyd, Lloyd, Tells, and BLACK shootin' dice with the Mozzys
Baby dad, Burberry dripped on my body
Look like Giannis, 34 from the Milwaukee Bucks
Bitch, she ain't cheatin', so she ate my dry salami
Cleat check, one take Jake in my Air Force 1s (I need that)
Tied both shorts with a Glock 23 in the club
Moses with me, PRA, and like fifteen Bloods
I just left Crazy Girls with a strip full of ones
Do a few, knock two, and did my Dougie (Uh)
I wish I would give a bungalow bum my money
Clout chasin' ass niggas be famous and hungry
Dirty and bummy, press record and do something funny
Can't nan' nigga ever say they took shit from me (Never)
Can't nan' nigga ever say they killed shit for me (Never)
I wrote this shit while on tour driving through Tennessee
Soon as tour over, I'ma go cop a '63

I can't wait to bump into niggas' necks
Nigga talking down then I fuckin' his sis
This a backwood, bitch I ain't fuckin' with swishers
Finna hit the road, plus I found a [?] in a rental
They was tryna' tell the truth, their apology denied
I ain't ever catch a [?], that shit gotta be a lie
If I took [?] then she gotta be a vibe
By the way I'm shittin' on em, this shit gotta be crime
I can-I can count a whole ten with my eyes closed
I ain't duckin' no nigga less he five-oh
I ain't never been no bitch, that's on my soul
I don't fuck with those niggas, you can die slow
It's a beam up on the Glock, so if I miss then it's your lucky day

I just pulled up on that bitch you love and told her suck me bae
Don't offer me a seat, your color's green, that makes my stomach ache
[?] way I'm touching the cake
Hip-hop [?], bitch, the 40's around
What I spent on the shine cost more than your house
Tag, you're it with the Glock, tryna score me a clown

Talmbout I'm your nigga, got me confused with somebody else
Off-white on my waist lookin' like a new karate belt
Gettin' high so I can ease the pain that you ain't prolly felt
You still barely gettin' by if you still asking for your mommy help
Get up off your ass, what you waiting for, a miracle?
[?] the GOAT when brodie next lines predictable?
You know you that nig when white girls wanna take a pic with you
Nobody want to struggle but errybody want to get rich with you
Strapped in the church, still thankin' the lord
Paranoid with my lawyer, had to take it to court
Lil nigga be yourself, who you fakin' it for?
Made a movie with your bitch but ain't tape or record
Need 20 tanks of gas just to find where I'm at
Need big Ms and up, can't sign for no racks
Slide with my bitch 'fore I slide with a rat
Thought you really were my mans, I was blind to the facts
And I still pop a nigga that I love the most
Put this dick down your throat till you fucking choke
You made love to her feet, I wouldn't suck her toe
And I just seen an opp in court, he thought I was a ghost, bitch