

DMX

ALLBLACK

Scott, thank you for fucking with me
Helluva made this beat, baby
Yeah (think bout, when a nigga didn't have, when I told a joke)
Hahahaha (ay, didn't laugh, ay)

I think bout
When a nigga didn't have
When a nigga told a joke and the bitches didn't laugh
Now they all in my DMs, ready to sock it to my pocket
All out of pocket, beggin' me to fuck with they ass
I think bout
When a nigga didn't have
When a nigga told a joke and the bitches didn't laugh
It's all gravy, I need cash before the ass
Leave the car on, cause when I finish I'mma do the dash

20k my choosin' fee, you ain't got it, that's too bad
Bape trenchcoat on, look like I left science class
Bitch fire, her neck average, I call her C class
Clip on that Glock long as hell, like Guapdad durag
High as kites off these Kyries, had to pour up to come down
Took that bitch to the fair since she like fucking with clowns
Look like I did the Hokey Pokey, for that bag I turn around
Up in Philly choppin' game with Trigga and OG Brown
Bitch, how you like me now? Spent a bag on a smile
Start a moshpit with the thugs like we up at Rolling Loud
A fan stepped on my cleats, I start knockin' at the crowd
Took the tag off my purples, I don't like my drip loud

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I got a BeBe and a CeCe, you can call me Oscar Proud
I be paranoid as fuck when my high start coming down
Double park the pickup, them boys love me in the 'jects
Cleat shopping with [?] and Ricky, got a 50 in his sweats
Bitch asked me who I was when I whipped out a check
Told the bitch I'm just visiting, I play for the Mets
Cap so hard, I need a Von Dutch hat with the net
Later on put on my bitch, she opened up, we play catch
And I been feeling [?] since lil' mama checked me 80
And I been eatin' good, mashed potatoes with the gravy
And when I'm off this dog, I'm so outta
Jerry Rice in my account, Warren Sapp all in my pocket

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You now listenin' to No Shame 3
And when I'm off this dog, I'm so outta pocket
I'm a clumsy motherfucker, I be breaking wallets