

Florida Gator

ALLBLACK

Where I come from, my mind
I ain't the one

Birdie told me you was speakin' on me
Told that birdie I'm gettin' money, I don't care what he said
Y'all want ALLBLACK to be like James Stacey
Wouldn't stop runnin' if the doc amputated my legs
Run up a thirty strip and a tip out thirteen breads
Grindin' like Chris Cole 'cause I gotta keep Maxine fed
The words stop, quarter done, never roll off my tongue
Take the pedals off the bike, I'ma hop on the pegs
Niggas be Mike Epps, so goddamn funny
Hangin' around all these OG's and still ain't got no money
Hop around bitches tryna get fed like a white Dutch bunny
Keep tellin' fables on these beats and you might get lucky
Jenna ignored me, now she on me, they think I'm a dummy
I was in that Bronco with no cash, she would roast and record me
See me with HBK P-Lo and I was tearin' up Nordy's
Don't give a fuck if your name Cardi, I won't let you touch me
Nah I'm lyin', I'ma whip out and let the ho suck me
Let her think shit all gravy, take her out when it's sunny
Let her fade up on some packs, think she make her some money
And kick a four three on her dumb ass like '08 Humpty
I can't feed your old beggin' ass
You better dig deep for some change in that Michael Kors bag
Don't call my phone with that brother shit, askin' for dollars
Go ask that bitch you fuckin' on 'cause I ain't one of your partners it's BL
ACK

I got the flavor
Jordan Downs, I was a savior
I got the flavor, I got the flavor
Hopped in the game, kept it player
I need the cheese, every layer
Come with the sauce like a cater
Give me the mouth like a gator

I know some Zoes in the gator, I know some Zoes in Decatur
I took that show on the road, yeah I sold some zones in Decatur
Can't go for broke that's a no no
Mutumbo, my hustle on full grown gorilla
My body is covered in Bape
And Worcester sauce on my steak
And shoulders with bosses, don't shake hands with snakes
Now look, my mind too
That slime juice is in my Simply, all I need is a lighter fool
But he walk in these crime scene shoes
It's gon' be hard for you to find these Loubs
Heavy handed, I really sip when I ply the juice
Ayy, I'm booted up, all this shit on me
A young dog's on that shit, watch your lips on me
All this sauce on me, I'd hate for shit to get salty
My niggas come with poles and one goal like they went golfing
Catered to who, oh I see you think this shit come easy
I don't owe a nigga nothin', only dish out for my mama and seed
So I'ma tell you straight faced, go find a better reason
And hope a way to get some money is where the shit lead you

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