

Locker Room

ALLBLACK

22nd, 22nd
Hahah, hahahah
Four shots of XO dog
Hah, thank you Rachel

Every time I count up cheese I get chills through my bones
I love a ghetto bitch, slave weave been pressed off
She can't leave me alone 'cause my campaign strong
Ned a play, call Lil Tyrant, he gon' get that bag gone
New niggas come around but they never last long
Same bitches curving me is blowing up my phone
Say it's great, Giuseppe steppin', I get fly like a drone
404 my second home, 289 Franklin Road
Drop some weed off in the bluff then I tell 'em Mexico
Alpharetta to Bankhead, like a weave I got it sewed
Extended stay, Marriott, or the six I'm sendin' toes
I hate guns but keep one in case I ever feel hoed
Julio Jones on these niggas, D up on me, get exposed
Store runner, ball boy, always gettin' smashed on
Up in your feelings like a ho, make sure you put a pad on
Bum nigga in these streets, kingpin in these songs
Ask the streets about me, they gon' tell you who I is
Scooter-dad, the ho sender, ALLBLACK the bag getter
Usher in the church but really was a born sinner
California pack flipper, mister never miss a dinner
Blue Flame, knock a stripper, flex all over but won't tip her
Love starting shit on purpose, I'm a petty ass nigga

Yes I am, haha
Nupid, this is neutered
You're now listening to the KimSon
Wax thank you
Kim thank you
Yeah
KimSon