

## P's & Q's 2

ALLBLACK

Shoutout Martin

Aye Sky, Sky thank you for fucking with me  
Wanna hear some crazy ass shit?

Pass the plate around the room like a dirty preacher (Shut up, Martin)  
Got two bitches on they knees sayin' who go deeper?  
Got the hiking bag from target, just to toe sweep her  
I got money on my mind I'ma big thinker  
Racin' dawn down the strip, carryin' the speakers  
Passed up 200k this year, 'cause I on't do features  
Left the club, walked to the car, I forgot the reason  
Oh, I remember, came back 'cause I forgot the heater  
Put her head under the covers, then let out a stinker  
Bitches love my dirty draws, and all my flaws  
I'm a dog, these bitches know to put cash in my paws  
Niggas I used to take care of, I had to cut 'em off  
Used to put dick in her mouth, now we don't speak at all  
Short, skinny, buff midget, or Yao Ming tall?  
Run up on my bitchass, you gon' get monkey mauled  
A lot of shit I love, but two things I can't stand  
A nigga lookin' like a opp, but really a fan  
Keep on starin' lookin' weird gon' make my nerves bad  
Roll a window down beside, flockin' yo' ass  
Moment of silence, rest in peace to that young man  
Starstruck, all he wanted was my autograph  
The times we livin' in, I cannot chance shit  
The other thing I cannot stand, haha  
Is a cute bitch with no bands  
Chane'-ne sandals on, pretty toes, matchin' bag  
Mink lashes on fleek, pics showin' cash  
Twitter famous, blue checks, love her instagram  
Ran her while I was on tour, took her from my mans  
Drop the addy, let her come to my connected room  
We all threw back, got dressed, and put on costumes  
Drank the liquor, got a quickie, spit on her back  
Told her bring her home girls so we can run it back  
One BB dub, one skinny, with a fat back  
Told my mans to entertain her while I check trap  
Called the bitch to get her order form jack in the crack  
Ten tacos for the thugs, and eight breakfast jacks  
Say less, I come back [?] the street clutchin'  
Fiend out, his eyes rollin', finna start bussin'  
Got to the room, don't need a key, my whole door open  
Looked around, ain't hear a sound, but I feel somethin'  
Dropped the fool, caught the bitches, hella comotion  
I'm screamin' he screamin', the bitch lookin' faded  
I start laughin' it was so sad I couldn't even take it  
When [?] find out what happen, it gon' get dangerous  
This would've never happened if I wasn't butt naked  
Feedin' faces got my whole privacy vacant  
Oh yeah, before this freaky fine bitch skated  
Broke ass bitches stole my laptop and Playstation  
Can't even practice what I preach, then got my head bussed  
Damn near tricked myself out the street over a nut  
Thinkin' with the wrong head'll have your ass missin'  
Every time get cocky I start fuckin' up  
Can't even practice what I preach, then got my head bussed

Damn near tricked myself out the street over a nut  
Thinkin' with the wrong head'll have your ass missin'  
Every time get cocky I start- yeah, I start fuckin' shit up

Shit'll call a light year for this shit  
Every time I think I got it goin' on, everything go wrong  
I be gettin' away with murder  
Sky thank you for fucking with me, again  
Shout out Martin, hahaha  
P's & Q's 2  
Aye somebody call Rolla  
Tell him this was all I was able to do