

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