

It's KimSon  
Ian, thank you for fuckin' with me  
Drew Banga, thank you  
Drew Banga, thank you  
Meleswave, Meleswave, thank you

God, please help me 'cause them demons inside of my body  
And while you at it, ease my mind before I kill me somebody  
Devil kickin' my black ass, can you teach me karate?  
God, just help me one more time, I'ma change, I promise  
God, please help me 'cause them demons inside of my body  
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I called God, bruh ain't answer, I started feelin' worse  
I only talk to God in jail or when my pockets hurt  
I wasn't raised that way, I'm caught up in the fast life  
Don't give a fuck 'bout crappin' out, I'ma still roll the dice  
Spazz on my daddy, tryna tell me 'bout my fuckin' life  
Niggas threw six at my whip, granddad died that night  
Ain't breaks or time-outs when you up in them trenches  
Niggas get whacked stickin' they nose up in the boss business  
I slap niggas pocket watchin', Dime is my witness  
I'd kill them cops and kill myself 'fore I'd sit down in prison  
Like, "Yeah right, BLACK, you lyin', you just want some attention"  
Over a hundred hollow shots in this stolen rental  
Me and Moe Mike in the 304 from South Sacramento  
I'm droppin' forty shots to the neck like Dizzle, down the middle  
I'm done takin' up for niggas, I ain't sparin' shit  
Like Hello Jones said, don't punk me, nigga, punk the bitch

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Ain't no nigga finna push me, mush me, or woof me  
You scared to fight, I got a fully, a third grade bully  
Me and Dalenciaga rockin' like Buzz and Woody  
Fresh out the cleaners with that bag, call me Ace Boogie  
I could've been your stepdad if I ain't go back to jail  
Steve Cook, you a pussy, I still need that twelve  
Forty piece at Duke's house, BLACK ain't takin' L's  
On the Greyhound with eighty bags and two digi' scales  
Pray to God that canine don't pick up that smell  
Touch down in Denver, pick up Dub from Grape Street, Darnell  
In the club spendin' your last to impress a skeezer  
Point-five in them Backwoods, nigga, quit stretchin' reefer  
Every ho I put you on, you raw 'em and keep 'em  
Covered in semen, trickin' niggas, these bitches be demons  
You had a baby by that bitch, she look like a tranny  
Niggas be funkkin' but be slippin' off syrup and Xannies

It's BLACK

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Hah, hello?

Yeah, yeah

When I talk to my dad, he...

When I talk to, when I talk to my dad, he say Jehovah

When I talk to my aunt dukes, she say God

I don't know the difference

But don't fault me though

It is what it is, I'ma do what I gotta do

304, 304, BLACK

You're now listening to KimSon

Drew Banga, thank you

Meleswave, thank you

Ian, thank you

Bye, I gotta go