Trap Black

ALLBLACK

That nigga- that nigga that love drawings got that Timmy Turner hat
Nigga that Hey Arnold hat nigga, nigga take that lil ass hat off

These hoes won't leave me 'lone, is it these player ways or this cheese?
Your bitch say she love my sweater, so I put it on the ground for her knees
You wanna eat me, you must pay that fee
Buddha chain on me like I'm Chinese
KimSon way down there like I'm Drew Brees
For them niggas who watching my jeans
Other side, ain't switchin' no teams
Haha Davis, that trip was a breeze
Left Orlando like Tracy McGrady
I fired her many ago, she was greez
Can't nobody say BLACK ain't 'bout paper
BLACK dunkin' like Shaq on the Lakers
Sixteen like Sac Kings Peja
Marcus Peters when he playin' the Ravens
I am Brad 'cause I keep a bag
Bought some bitcoins to post me an ad
Flight school like '09 Wiz
I just printed out a boarding pass
Glock-21, Amare Sams
That molly I just ate was tan
I'm back, 'bout to hit for them bands
I can knock your bitch in these Vans
Freed that bitch, she wasn't a keeper
I can't stand a bitch who think I need her
Broke and bummy but swear she a diva
You niggas be wifing these eaters
Trickin' on bitches at Ninas
She ain't gettin' shit from me but semen
ALLBLACK ain't cuffin' no rats
Disrespectful like Family Guy Peter, yeah

Got a bankroll on me
Safe to say, money I had from yesterday
These hoes won't leave me 'lone
I guess they love a nigga for my player ways
And if a nigga get in my way
That forty gon' Mike Alstott, that Tampa Bay
Slow it down, hold it down
I'm bustin' like Oakland High School, the mari-yay
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Keep your eyes to yourself, your hands to yourself
And we A-1, as simple as that
It's dangerous being around broke niggas
It's like pullin' out cheese around rats
Niggas be whack, talkin' these packs
Talkin' 'bout all these military straps

'98 Juvie, I came in this rap shit, bitch
Tell me how you lovin' that?
They can't wait to see a nigga bust his head
Lose his bankroll and end up dead
I got two hands, two legs
Forty yard dash when I'm after them bands
I kill grannies, mamas, daughters
Your old man and my own best friend
I'm greezy, this ain't no pretend
Pour kerosine on your kids
Send niggas to heaven with Dame
Since you thinkin' everything is a game
Last week I traded my Glock-19 for a tre pound 'cause I got aim
More-IP Rain, since you left
The other side ain't been the same
22nd still rocking and rolling
Still livin' life with no shame, it's BLACK

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