

Y.N.A.F.

ALLBLACK

Well well well well
If it isn't mister fool's gold, mister gold plated
DTB on the beat, that's bro

Doin' eighty down Labray and Lightyear [?]
FaceTime with Guapdad 4K, showin' off my cleats
So fuckin' high, can't close my eyes, and I can't even think
I feel like Future when he made Harley and ate that bean
Rap niggas want the fame, that's a goddamn shame
Kill ape jacket, mini-jeans and a Highline chain
Play 2K, fuck weak bitches, and brush them waves
That princess cut Jesus piece on got him thinkin' he safe
That ain't eczema, that's a chain that gave you a rash
Your partner's shit real but I bet he ain't got no cash
Niggas gon' fake it to they grave just to get that ass
Jail ass niggas always talkin' 'bout what they had
I can't believe you took a pic with that lil ass bag
Don't even know you but that shit really made me mad
Pimp this, pimp that, but you out here trickin'
Take out the trash 'fore Ma Dukes give your ass the whippin'
Niggas ain't never spent two months worth of rent at the Saks
I watched Lil Tyrone cop a house to the neck off packs
Foothill lookin' like a dyke club with all them straps
Put your gun down like Craig, that's it and get whacked
All that Mayweather Ali hand throwin' is old
Put a price on my head, bet it won't get sold
Dip your chain in some water, prove it's real gold
Go ask them gangsters in your hood if I ever got hoed
Go ask the coldest pimp you know if I really stand toes
Let's play a game called show me, whip out your cheese
Niggas got chargers, wallets, lint, more lint
Carmex, fourteen dollars, and a dream in them broke ass jeans

Look around at what I built, they know I'm all about it
Might flip pack on DL but never talk about it
The only one that know it's me, I ain't told no one else
You all for the 'Gram 'til you go down, you done told on yourself
Top floor all Caucasian, I'm the hype though
My daddy was a Panther, give a fuck about these white folks
Black and beautiful, I'm the owner, that's unusual
I could've hired your mama, had that bitch all in the cubicle
They throw money at me 'cause my talent indisputable
Luckily I'm musical but still got pharmacueticals, uh-huh
Lookin' at you niggas, you a boy band, why
'Cause you be on the gram with your boy bands
Backstreet ass niggas, in sync with that fraud shit
I run big play, I get burned like a wall sit
One funny move, have my young niggas called up
Run through your crib then get dipped like it's salsa, uh-huh
Thank you, very much, yeah

BLACK, what's the deal my baby?
Hey, outcall for five hundred, let her keep two
Spent your motherfuckin' rent on a jump shoe
Makin' plays, avoiding 12, I'm tryna be smooth
Police tryna catch me with that ratchet like the green room
Skrtrt skrtrt, actin' bad, forty in my hand

Pull up and whack niggas like Jody and his mans
White twenty-ball on me, courtesy of scams
Gotta keep that Tommy close, Martin, Gina, Pam
Couple people rooted for me 'til I took off, huh
Some ain't start rooting 'til I took off
Riding with that big motherfucker like I'm Rudolph
Y'all niggas lame as hell and y'all look soft
Ass full of stretch marks and it's soft as hell
Soon as I bust this nut, bitch go talk to Mel
Care package on his head, get him offed in jail
Nigga I ball like I lost my scales
Real niggas with me, it's hereditary
Five-six-seven-four, bitch we legendary
Out here in the field like the secondary
You ain't got no thirty on you like February
Flashing guns all on Insta, I'm still not convinced
Crib full of dog food like I'm Michael Vick
I won't take the trash out if I ain't got the stick
If police use my raps in court then I'm out this bitch