

Black Jedi

Bas

Honey, I'm home, Like Lucy
I've been on road like two seasons

She text me back, it's still wet
She sent a pic a silhouette
I gave my phone a spin roulette
And turn my back light on max like

Can I make out details?
I'm just tryna peak
I know that sound OD well
I guess I'm a freak

So bitch I'm headstrong
That's what the wins do
Black Jedi
Mace Windu
I set sail
And I follow where the wind move
Go hard
I gave hell
They guard
I give swim moves

And they got nothing on mine
Oh my
No, they got nothing on mine
Oh my, my

Oh my
I got forty on the wrist twenty on the sleeve
Left the neck home MSRP
Must be couple hundred on the V
Got it
Forgiatos on my feet
You know my body
You at the hotel with them ramen noodles in the lobby
We do it Messi
Ran out to Jozi
All the little shorties call me Bhubesi
And that's the whole story
Back in my city, I feel like I'm Gretzky Jeter Namath Ewing
I gotta watch my back 'cause I got a name these hoes could ruin
Old news
She let me crack like a cold brew
I let her run through my whole crew
She hit me back, and I dubbed her

Better fuck right when you sex me, yeah
Better text right when you text me, yeah

Don't let the feds open
She on the bed sporting
Lingerie legs open
Devil in Red snorting that Ed Norton
That convo dead

Left it on read
Very important
Nothing was said
Say less
Trap out the rental
We got the P in the middle
But I know a way we can pay less

Live like some movie stars
Everybody is an atheist
'Til the shootin' start
They gluten soft
The glue is off
They grew apart

Bottom line
There ain't no bottom line
'Til it's rock bottom
When the crew involved
Who are you to talk
With some queens niggas
Who's been through it all
I'm through it

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