

Coke Raps

BbyMutha

Villain
I'm the demon
I'm ya passion
Ridin round the city
Show my titty
Janet jackson
I don't hate black men
Baby I got a black son
But I hate these niggas
So I copped a couple black guns
Which one
Which bitch rappin nigga
Pick one
Not better than mama
I be bringin out them big guns
I ain't have to sign
I'm pressin bitches like some big thumbs
And if u let me fuck
I bet I prolly make u big cum
Get some
Money witcho broke ass
Actin like you know me
End up holy
Witcho woke ass
Might be addiction
Skip it
Curve ya like a coke glass
Niggas do too much
And ion really like to fuck fast
I'm fucked up
So he thinking imma fuck fast
I got news for ya baby
Imma need it in cash
Imma needa couple rents to bend it
I'm a new man
I can't let a nigga fuck on me
Without a good plan
Bitches think I'm bothered
I'm in mexico with my man
Bitches hate theyself
It trip me out
But I understand
Imma be that bitch until they bury me
Brittnee w the double e's
Mutha w the double d's
Money longer than my weave
Oops
I almost lost the pace of my flow
I been acting reckless
Check my necklace
She ain't no hoe
Spoke a crystal neck into existence
Now my throat glow
Now my lil brutha home
And please believe he on go
Bitches think they clever
Cracking jokes about my coke nose

Least I can afford it
You still walking round in my clothes
That's my petty bone
Okay imma put it away
I do not forgive
Do not forget
I just call it a day
I like holdin grudges
It do something for myself esteem
Knowin bitches can't get close to me
Not even in they dreams
Knowin that they gotta watch me shake it
Wrist on tambourine
Hoes can't hold it down
So I don't owe these bitches
Not a thing
Bitch!