

Still Knockin

BeatKing

Still knocking that BeatKing, grippin' wood when I roll up
Still reppin' that purp shit, hater nigga better hold up

Still knocking that BeatKing, riding slab with three screens
With a mixed bitch she on coke, she on lean, she see things
Studewood that H-shit
Trill nigga no fake shit
Broke niggas on my dick but that's why I used to kiss your bitch face
with
Northside I rep that, like Keke I'm a don nigga
I don't smoke I'm paranoid in VIP I got a gun nigga
Been shot at, I shot back, on the road try to stack that mill
These thirsty hoes be at all my shows, throwin' ass these nigga wanna
kill me
My manager is my baby mama, she with that drama
We want that check, if you ain't got that paper, no conversation
Don't say shit to me, no disrespect
5 years deep in the game
Still stackin' cheese for the fam
2 15's in the back, let my trunk wave [?]

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Top down at a limelight
Bitch you get in my slab you sucking dick hoe get your mind right
I shine bright like eight suns
V life hoe shake some

Northside we texan
What's up to that Southside, they top down, they drippin' sauce
My whip clean paint drippy gloss
Bitches to boss, but I'm not Slim (ha)
My pockets the opposite, curve a boppy bitch at Metropolis
My wrist on some hockey shit, skate hoe
Club God I stack pesos
Flow hard like [?]
My dick in your bitch face tho
And she kiss you in your mouth she fake bro
That's fucked up
Texas Hammer Gangs what's up
It's fuck you if it's fuck us
I'm too trill, still packing and still

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