

# NIGHT SLAYER

BEXKEY

I-I-I

Yeah you just keep slaying through the  
Niggai-eight

No try not to worry that you're

Mi-I-ine

Oh baby, baby

You're my type

Exactly what I like

Mm, She a night-slayer

Razor all up in the Gucci Blazer

She got Co-Caine up on her septum ring

It don't phase her

She a heart-breaker

Got blood along, but if I can make her

But lover mine, baby let me come insi-I-ide

She don't text back to nobody

She don't let hands in the bunny hole

Unless it's bexey

Or one of them boys in GBC

Touch down

New faces

Overseas I brought blue faces

Shoe cases, Shoe pace

My gold grills got her mind racin'

Pop pills in that Free Mason

Margiela? I'm drag racin'

Don't come if you ain't fuckin'

I'm on drugs when I'm London

In public

On drugs and I'm in public

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