

## NIGHT SLAYER

BEXEY

I-I-I  
Yeah you just keep slaying through the  
Niggai-ight  
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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