

Keep Da K

BKTHERULA

Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah (Lean)
BK, shit, shit, yeah (Lean? L-E-A-N?)

Alexander, that's on my ass
Hitting her phone 'til she on my ass
I don't give a fuck if it's 'bout to pass
Love this bitch but I don't think we gon' last
First place, nigga coming in last
Let shit slide, I'ma run it right back
I leave that ho and she running right back
Fuck this bitch, thirty-two round mag

I heard your bitch wanna sit on my lap
She bad on IG, I'ma double tap
You trap and you hard, man, that's double cap
Two twin Glocks give a nigga double nap
Sleep, nigga, know they sleep on me
Had a bad day so he weep on me
With the gang, nigga, eight plus three
What you want? Why you hate on me?
You cannot fucking play with me
BK, keep the K with me
Give her the boot, you can't stay with me
Call of Duty, keep that ray with me
Pack came, nigga, know I'ma flip it
That bitch attach like a motherfucking sticky
Fah fah, make a move and stick it
How many does it take, you get it?
How many does it take to get it?
How many bullets it take to rip it?
7.62s hit your fucking fitted
Hoodie on me and it's large, can't fit it
I cannot wait to say I did it
Paycheck is my daily spending
Coupe thief in the night 'cause it's tinted
High as hell off this Perc' 10

Alexander, that's on my ass
Hitting her phone 'til she on my ass
I don't give a fuck if it's 'bout to pass
Love this bitch but I don't think we gon' last
First place, nigga coming in last
Let shit slide, I'ma run it right back
I leave that ho and she running right back
Fuck this bitch, thirty-two round mag

Santana, Santana
Santana, Santan
Uh, Santana