

## Kosher Certified

BLP KOSHER

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Wide grin with this auto fully Drac', you niggas not on shit  
Spendin' all my credit card, nigga, I'm on my role model shit  
Man, I just need some Wocky, fuck about a gold bottle, bitch  
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Ayy, you ain't even know I got smack, on my Rocco shit  
Bitch, you ain't even know I got back, fuck a Pota', bitch  
Fuck my whole career, I'll slide and then fry your shit  
He ain't hurt nobody, that nigga not on shit  
Yeah, I got the hoes on my body, bitch apocalypse  
Smoke a nigga, call the fuckin' pack zotty  
It ain't a time that I let shit stop me  
I'll drink some Wocky, fuck about that gold bottle, bitch  
On Explore page, lookin' at this old model bitch  
Sneak dissin' me on the issue, oh, that's a bitch  
Brick after brick after brick, my El Chapo shit

Spin ASAP, rocky road on some Flacko shit  
Trapper got a fully, that's a hungry hippopotamus  
My eyes land on an opp, I'm fuckin' up the road, no Providence  
I make the chopper twerk, bottoms up until it's bottomless  
He an opp, I'll make him sit down, I watch the opposite  
The opps airborne, I made 'em fly away, Lenny Kravitz  
Ever since I started, it's been crunch time, Chris Travis  
Tossed a gun inside the North Atlantic like I never had it  
All they do is tell tales and tuck 'em too, Peter Rabbit  
She named my D James, when she comes around, it harden  
He bustin' out the whip, them boys rude, I beg your pardon  
I'll put a bag on your head, you drive a hard bargain  
Livin' life like la vida loca, I'm not Ricky Martin  
She said, "Jit, you him," but I'm a dreidel, those are not the pronouns  
Me and Mo recordin' in your city, we ain't signed to Motown  
She gon' make it boom-de-clap-de-clap, she do the Hoedown Throwdown  
Bitch, I feel like Kesha, yelling, "Timber," it's about to go down  
This shit get deep, leave 'em purple, I want smoke up on the water  
Finally, I got the drop and I'm about to meet my stalker  
I'm in the trees, I'm makin' sure that they get low like Will's daughter  
I dropped a bag in Boca, I don't know the value of a dollar  
And she gon' make it clap like them beats from Milwaukee  
I made a mill', you the feds, grab a walkie-talkie  
It's spelled the same, for Pete's sake, I'm sippin' sake  
They done kicked me out the Wharf, now I'm fuckin' up the Roxy  
Salty-ass jit, that boy a saltine cracker  
Omega-3 rifle up in the 37 Raptor  
You could call it, "Kosher Certified," but I be with them smackers  
Mix the song and bounce that shit real quick for me, I'm 'bout to send it ba  
ck to Trapper