

Locusts

BLP KOSHER

Yeah

And this bit produced by Faux, ay, water, yeah
(Ooh that's hot, I'm fuckin' wit it)

Mmh, think I had enough, I've had way too much
She got me feelin' low-ho-oh-ow
I can't even munch, she told me to cuff
She got me feelin' low, she got me feelin' low (mmh)
Think I had enough, I've had way too much
She got me feelin' low-ho-oh-ow
I can't even munch, she told me to cuff
She got me feelin' low, she got me feelin' low

I'm tryna keep my focus, and watch out for them locusts
This ain't rap, this poetry, take it in and soak it
Carbon on me, don't die on the opps side, I ain't jokin'
I feel like Yite, I'm in that 'Yota, bust a lick on Copen's
No more totin' two shots, the Glock came with a bonus
Colored coat, my brother Joseph, call me Kevin Jonas
I'm learning bout' subtraction, I got my GED
Divide the opps, and round up to the nearest BLP
And I named the draco Stacy Dillsen, it go vrvt, it got a lisp
Jit tried to rob me, he left with nun', he got himself a ruptured disc
Cough *cough* *cough*
I'm smoking too much Nazi, bih
Graffiti paint a Swastika, me and Shiesty burnt that bih (mmh)

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