

Black Heart

CalBoy

Ayy-ayy-ayy, yeah
Huh-huh
Cal the Wild
Bitch (6lement)
Hey

Every day is like B-day with gang
Keep the flames on the candles and cut cake (Ayy)
I'm from the block with the robbers, my bro caught a body, they sent that boy upstate (Damn)
Got anxiety, bitch, I been up late
I was starvin', now, I got a dumb play
Keep it comin', it's never enough hate
I been wildin', bitch, I been a nutcase (Boom)
Feds get behind me, I speed up the one-way (Skrtrt)
Knew that I'd make it out one day
Knew that I'd make it out some way (Ayy)
We trappin' Monday to Sunday
From the street life, ain't that hard, yeah
Hundred racks on a NASCAR
I ain't got no feelings, I'm that hard, yeah
Shawty want my black heart (Woo)

I remember ridin' my school bus, yeah, gettin' off [?]
I ain't never needed my shoes tucked, they forgot that part
The 'Cat got red eyes, this a lil' fast car, yeah (Fast car)
Caught him on a dead [?], yeah, he ain't get that far (Boom)
Ayy, fucked up a million times, that's 'cause my head hard (Head hard)
Ayy, all these niggas tough until that lead spark (Lead spark)
Rapper wanna beef with me, another dead star
Hope my shooters on his ass won't get a headstart

I pop out with the chop', don't get cut up
We tend to pop up and cut up
Ain't got no money? Then shut up
Bitch, I be posted like, "What up?" (Ayy)
Glocky on me, I got one up
He wanna play with me, I pick the gun up (Boom ,ayy)
Bitch, I'ma trap 'til the sun up
Bitch, I been busy, got money to run up (Ayy)

Every day is like B-day with gang
Keep the flames on the candles and cut cake (Ayy)
I'm from the block with the robbers, my bro caught a body, they sent that boy upstate (Damn)
Got anxiety, bitch, I been up late
I was starvin', now, I got a dumb play
Keep it comin', it's never enough hate
I been wildin', bitch, I been a nutcase (Boom)
Feds get behind me, I speed up the one-way (Skrtrt)
Knew that I'd make it out one day
Knew that I'd make it out some way (Ayy)
We trappin' Monday to Sunday
From the street life, ain't that hard, yeah
Hundred racks on a NASCAR
I ain't got no feelings, I'm that hard, yeah
Shawty want my black heart (Woo)

They say, "Run that shit up," boy, I already did it
I'm with some niggas, make millions and millions
Put some blood in the street, made it harder to get it
We don't spark up a beef, we can link, get it finished
Bitch, I'm really from nothing, we're now in a pantry
Really stood in that rain, can you stand it?
Really slid on them blocks and was blammin'
It ain't shit, get a fuck nigga vanished
I had talks with the reaper like Bill & Mandy
Millionaire and this shit still ain't dandy
Got the world on my shoulders, this shit can get heavy
I said, "Fuck it, I ain't trippin' 'bout shit, bitch, I'm ready" (I'm ready)
Was a problem, but that boy a veggie
I was born in this shit, on my daddy
Livin' life like some shit off a belly
You can come get the chop' like a deli

I pop out with the chop', don't get cut up (Ayy)
We tend to pop up and cut up
Ain't got no money? Then shut up
Bitch, I be posted like, "What up?" (Ayy)
Glocky on me, I got one up
He wanna play with me, I pick the gun up (Ayy)
Bitch, I'ma trap 'til the sun up
Bitch, I been busy, got money to run up

Every day is like B-day with gang
Keep the flames on the candles and cut cake (Ayy)
I'm from the block with the robbers, my bro caught a body, they sent that body upstate (Damn)
Got anxiety, bitch, I been up late
I was starvin', now, I gotta dumb play
Keep it comin', it's never enough hate
I been wildin', bitch, I been a nutcase (Boom)
Feds get behind me, I speed up the one-way (Skrtrt)
Knew that I'd make it out one day
Knew that I'd make it out some way
Ayy, we trappin' Monday to Sunday
From the street life, ain't that hard, yeah
Hundred racks on a NASCAR
I ain't got no feelings, I'm that hard, yeah
Shawty want my black heart (Black heart)

A black heart
Uh, a black heart
Black heart
Want my black heart
(Want my black heart)
(Shawty want my black heart)