

The Kumate

Consequence

Uhhh Turn me up
Its the cons fool Word

Them fools bleed just like us
So show them where you come from
Queens Thevin' niggas done son
Them fools bleed just like us
So show them where you come from
I promise that there will be blood
Them fools bleed just like us
So show them where you come from
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Them fools bleed just like us Uhh
So welcome to the Kumate

Lately I've been black and ball we ain't serving catfish
I just want what I deserve up out this rap shit
And the son that may seem quite audacious
And soon you'll get the picture like I've sent it though Snapfist
They Facts is I defied what they all say
I get pounds from Jay-Z and Party with Beonce
Suffice what you say
I've done came along way
From when I've gotten arrested on the subway like Devante
And now they all say I keep the weight throe
And the phone calls comein' in we like DJhero
They askin' could ya could ya could ya
Cut out all that beefin' like you was buttcha
And stop punking these fools like Ashton Kutcher
But should you put your feet in my 23's
You wouldn't be bereaved until you see somebody bleed
Yes indeed the flow is uncanny
Cus you see the bittchin niggas before they become a tranny
So weather you chasidy or chass
There's a chance your getting stabbed
By the knife wielding maniac
In front of tonight's building
I can't take you light untill you pay your light bill kid
The only blank I want to see filled in is on a check
Renting out in the amount of one million

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Y'all belong in the waste paper basket
Me I chase paper to the casket
So the number one question they have been asking
Yo cons is it really that drastic

Of course it is for that paper and plastic Mayback, Ferrari, and even that A
ston
Martin music my hearts not confused with the peater partor culices
I don't care who it is
Didas call and Vidas callin'
But the beat of mad rapper was dias callin'
So these are the kind of tricks we not fallin' for
So tell the Peter Parkers and Clark Kents
And have my hommie harry slap on some darker tints
But that ain't enough for the bounty hunter
Who listened to his lost tapes and found his hunger
And realized if you want to wear the crown my summer
You got to show the fans the truth up out these motherfuckers
Cause they deserve answers instead of backstabs
Since I'm done with that logo like the Gatbag
And it ain't about promo when I lunge jabs
But you ain't going to have me like hammer on no punching bag
Nahh I throw hay makers at you Clay Akins
Because For my eggs and bacon
I cum harder than a bitch with her leg shaking

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