

Kung Fu

Cordae

Daytrip took it to 10

Let me tell you how I come through with the 1-2
Kickin' shit like kung fu
Treat a bad bitch like she average
I'm a savage, lil hoe, what you wan' do?
I'm about cash, hit the rout fast
I'ma get that lil nigga, by any means
I'ma complain 'bout my Balmain's, but it's all sane
Couple racks in my skinny jeans (ayy)
Hit it up, one time
Niggas gonna get it until the sun rise (ayy)
School of hard knocks, I'm alumni
Bitches on my dick like fungi
Won't stop, what's that?
Keep a Tommy on me like a Rugrat (ayy)
Niggas used to trap where the bus at
Told Momma I'm gonna quit but I love cash

I'ma just get it and get it again
Commas I split with my friends (ayy)
Twinning them twinning them twinning twin twin
Tryna flip a Ford to a Benz
I'ma get it, I'ma get it regardless
Bussin, Juggin
Used to trap out the college
Give me brain, I swear that bitch is a scholar
No snakes around me, only snakes on my collar
I'm a thief in the night, pray to Jesus to Christ
Better hope he believe in your life
Free my lil nigga saudi, was catching them bodies
He fighting his demons tonight
All my niggas be trapping, Your niggas be rapping
They rob you, you asking what happened
Got a new bitch from China, she wearing designer
I'm lacing her in the new fashion (ayy)

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I've been all around the fucking globe
Baby whatchu know
Motherfucker better tuck and roll

Got places to go
And niggas missed the last flight
Livin' in the fast life
Momma said you never acted right (goddamn)
Guess I'm a bad guy
But I'm on my grind like a halfpipe
'Cause I switch it and flip it up and cook it up mad nice
Til I see them flash lights, and I'm gone
Fast flashlight, my future's a tad bright
Because when they rent is due, and your Benz is new
And your old friends be resenting you
Like my women brown, and my bandage blue
Shit is fucked up when they envy you
'Member niggas got killed over penny shoes
Where I'm from niggas die like Kenny do
Take a hit of this pack and this Henny juice
Only one of me, but there's plenty of you
It was all a dream, reminiscing of a smaller thing
Grandma cooking like Paula Deen
It ain't all it seems, grew up with the starving teens
And growing plants, still watering

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