

**KD**

**Dave East**

Trey pidday  
Suave bitch  
KD

Beg your pardon, I ain't at the garden  
I'm a Harlem nigga, I'm at Dyckman  
My favorite shooter had to switch states, tryna stay low from inditements  
I been the same nigga since diapers  
Same nigga with no license  
Same nigga caught the train nigga  
Now I'm gettin brain from your wifey  
You need a pass just to come 'round  
I need that Rolly face bust down  
Tryna chill cause it's Ramadan but I kill these niggas when that sun down  
I ain't cooling less gun round  
You can lose your life over one pound  
Take my time in the trap stressing  
I'm baggin up in a rush now  
f\*ck what you thought, this not L.A  
So we ain't driving by, we gon' pull up and park  
Catch you at the light, make it get dark  
In the night when bitches taking it off  
I'm just tryna get my cake up, my bitch bad with no makeup  
Gunning for ya, got a hungry lawyer  
Go up in the court and shoot a case up  
Bully probably pull a Wraith up  
I been thinking bout that Ghost shit  
I'm retarded when it comes to cops  
On my momma I don't know shit  
On my momma I done sold nicks  
Not a liar, never sold bricks  
If they raid the crib nigga, don't snitch  
Everybody get it, I got no picks

Trey pounds, that's a KD  
Pray to God they don't take me  
Rolex or a A.P  
226 with no safety  
Get some work, hit the road  
We was hustling in the Cove  
Feel it when it hit your nose  
Waking up with different hoes  
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I ain't showing up if they don't pay me

Been nice since Skate King, these bitches on to me lately  
Telling me that I look good, telling me that I smell nice  
This YSL sour D, still on my moms for that bail price

Played ball and I played the trap  
I can tell you 'bout what them scales like  
Had a celly with a bunk bed, I can tell you 'bout what them jails like  
Cop shit 'fore we hit the streets, you still waiting for that sell price  
Stepped on and get dismissed  
We like big fish, talking whale type  
45 that's a come back, east river where they dump that  
Had breakfast on Lennox Ave.  
Got a flight to Vegas, where lunch at  
My youngin got it, he can pump that  
My homie hit it, I don't want that  
Hate a bitch that never got here own  
Always asking niggas where the blunts at  
33 that's a Scot Pip  
Foreign bitch up in the drop six  
Thinking when I couldn't cop shit  
I would trap in Queens, Fetty Wap shit  
Rockstar need a moshpit  
Live a thug life on some Pac shit  
Fly nigga need a cockpit  
You ain't f\*cking with me, you can watch this

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