

# SKED

Denzel Curry

Damn, nigga (He's heating up)  
Damn, nigga  
Damn, nigga  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy (Damn, nigga)

I don't trust nobody because some want me to suffer (Suffer)  
Even Jesus called a nigga out on his last supper (Judas)  
Tell it like it is 'cause I don't st-st-stutter (Stutter)  
All these Jamaican shottas tell your crew, "Go suck your mudder" (Baow)  
What could you do, huh? Try me, they put you in suits, huh, huh  
You is a fluke, huh, I play your bitch like a flute, huh, huh  
With all the shit that I seen, this water so sick as a flu, huh, huh  
Treatin' my people like animals, bitch, I grew up in the zoo, huh, huh  
Monkey fist, mixed with Bruce Lee kicks, you get your kufi split (Uh, yeah)  
Sleep on this, I gotta ask Bill Cosby if he roofied this (Uh)  
It's ludicrous, I'll be lit forever 'till I say I'm fuckin' through with this  
Snatched the power from you 'cause you don't know what to do with it

And I said what I said (Bitch)  
Bitch, you scared, bitch, you scared

And I said what I said, bitch, you scared, bitch, you scared (Scary)  
I don't go to sleep without a Glock by my bed (Doot-doot-doot)  
I don't say no names 'cause them boys might be the feds (The feds)  
I'm about my family, God, business and my bread (Dome)  
And I said what I said, bitch, you scared, bitch, you scared (Scared)  
I don't go to sleep without a Glock by my bed (Brrt)  
I don't say no names 'cause them boys might be the feds (Feds)  
I'm about my family, God, business and my bread (Bitch)

Power Ranger Glock, bullets came in different colors (Brrt)  
Bitch, the crib I'm in got more sticks than acupuncture  
Ain't on safety, press to coverage, who in the fuck he think he pressin'?  
Tryna convince the press you tough'll get you pussies pressed in public (Free)  
Give me the loot, shoot, bullets at enemy troops  
I got more arms than a centipede, but he still'll get beat like he sendin' me loops  
Shitted on any attempt to keep Ken in the kennel, the criminals finna get loose  
Niggas is cinnamon, sit him in food  
Lord, if he play, I send him to yours, split up in two (Boo)  
Fuck a truce, we was tuckin' tools, headed to Sunday school  
Bitch, I go where the funds come in twos, no, and it's not with you  
Hundred racks on your noggin if I'm online and notice your comments rude (Uh)  
Tryna act like you scared, nigga, you said what you said

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