First

Duwap Kaine

(Oh my God, Kaine)
Yeah, first
I know God come in first
Hop in that foreign, I'm comin' in first
You know family is first
You know I'm shooting first
My birthday February 21st
Pull up your block, leave a damn curse
My bitch not a dope fiend, she a nurse
Don't know the last time I went to church
But I pray every day 'cause these niggas lurk
That bitch a fucking fiend, she on a Perc'
Damn, she get on my nerves, man, that shawty irking
Uh, smoking on skunk
I need more racks than Lil Pump
Bad-ass bitch and she finna go dumb
With my gang and we finna go dumb
Nigga, what's your problem?
If I got problems, I'ma solve 'em
I ain't even talking 'bout no beef
I'm talking about every problem
I'm talking about money problems
I'm talking about bitch problems
Bitch, I'm havin' hella guap
So I'm having rich problems
Okay, told my bro, "Man, quit the cigs"
Glock, 906
Racks on me (Okay), too big
I been gettin' money, stupid
Too high, I can't open my eyelids
What the fuck I look like payin' for college?
When the OGs got street knowledge
I'm a rockstar but can't do the nail polish
Big Glock, man, it need to be polished
To every real street nigga, I pay homage
Even my opps, nigga, I pay homage
That's when we catch you, we hold you for hostage
Racks in a Louis wallet
Gettin' cheese, yeah, cottage (Damn, damn)
She only fuck with me 'cause I'm poppin' (Damn, damn)
She wanna fuck with me but I got options
Okay, okay, okay
You know I'm a legend in this underground shit
Let me get a moment of silence

Gun on me and it got a silencer
I ain't pulling up in no Challenger (Uh-uh)
You know I'm pullin' up in that Bimmer
It go skrrt-skrrt-skrrt
Your bitch on me, wanna flirt (Flirt, flirt)
She don't know I'm damaged, I'm hurt (I'm hurt, I'm hurt)
I'm going through pain but I don't need a Perc'
I'm higher than Jesus, I'm not on this earth
This that shit I be talking 'bout
A real nigga when they heard I got

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