

Yellow Kid

Eric Reprid

Call me yellow demon always creeping on the avenue
Call like hello, screaming in the mic like what the fuck is new
I'm that Jello needing window peeping kid who spit the truth
Who don't meddle with the metal 'cause a camera all I shoot
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Draped in black, my skin yellow bring it back to 2010
How you been, I been at it I just need to get it in
I see them tryna' end us but you need like 20 men
They got ten, sleep till ten, my whole camp all live in tents
Tug on string like she a banjo then she leave, I gave a fuck
With my hand out that's a man down
I stand up like what the fuck
Took a month just to fix that shit now I be back on track
That was 16 this time I'mma finish, just know that's a fact
Need some racks on racks on racks
Why they look like they got waxed
Let that shit stay in the past and I go get myself a pack, yea
Sip brown till I'm numb
This don't make shit fun
Let's just make shit dumb
Icing on my gums
One day copping some, hey
Her name might be Julie
Don't know, keep it movin'
Got snacks like I'm Scooby
Get stoned, eyes like rubies
Long talk in jacuzzis, yea
I keep making lists
Write down don't do shit
Act like living dead
Too much in my head
Nothing said

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Stay inside, don't leave this couch
This my house
On some freaky shit
Bitch don't run that mouth
Ain't no race
Fuck you talking 'bout?
I just need a taste
Get that wraith
Then I'm driving out
Pay to get that fade
Every day

Sip that lemonade, yea
Lil' blonde bitch she text me, not impressive just stress me out
Best act right when I done lift off and you run back tryna' seek me out
No coming back
Play the field like some running backs
They gon' be like "Why you acting brash?"
Fucking bitch, she can't handle that
A useless set, yea
My phone might be dead
Don't check, I live instead
Make bread then reinvest
They watching all my steps
When they flow they need floaties
When I'm the GOAT they'll notice
Next bitch ain't a gift I chose it
Work till my wrist be frozen
And my teeth be golden
Shades on my eyes like Lennon
Late night I lose my focus
Act out I ain't pretendin'
I whip the Honda down the road to hit the studio
Got GPS, I'm not lost boy, I ain't no Rufio