

Kay Flock

Foolio

Pop out the car, I shoot my chop
I don't understand these brand new opps
Make that call, I close down shop
North to the West, we got it on lock
Drill in designer like Kay Flock
I love you bae, like my Glock
You my heart, you my rock
You my sun, you my star
'Nother shootout through the night, damn (Thanks, Yakree)
I could've lost my life, damn
Thank God I shot [?]
Just sent JB a kite
She love my stolen rentals
She laid up with a killers
On A block with them members
I got her smoking filters
She knowing I be with the set
Deep in that pussy, it's wet
Scamming, I run up a check
Finessing, she gave me [?]
I'm speeding, I hope I don't wreck
She kissing the cyst on my neck
I'm kissing her all on her neck
She say I'm a killer, I say that's a bet
Bought her designer, that's my lil' Barbie
She love my watch, she watching my Carti'
Just hit the club, get shit rocking
Sis from the bricks, she know I'm popping
Back to the block, just me and the guys
She bought me a Glock, she know she a vibe
Call up Dukes, he gon' slide
Know how many mamas we made cry
Know how many niggas that done died
Know how many niggas we done shot
Know how many niggas we done killed
All these niggas wanna be opps
All these niggas really be cops
Fresh off a drill, back to the block
Deep in the water, she know how we rock
Chop got a fifty, it come with a stock
Dripping designer, I'm rocking Dior
Scream, "Go deep," I give her some more
Said she love to be with the 6 'cause she know we upping the score
Opps be broke, opps be poor
Pray to Yahweh, thanking the Lord
'Member we was broke, slide in the Ford
Now we hop out of the double R doors
Standing on business inside a suite
She acting crazy, I give her the boot
'Member was broke, now I got loot
She on the ground, keep that shit cute
Stop all that whining, girl, stop lying
Hit from the back, she loving my diamonds
Youngest in charge, she know that I'm shining
I was outside shooting shit for Zion
I was outside shooting shit for Casey
If I die, my block won't make it

Playing with voodoo, shoutout my Haitian
I don't mean to drive you crazy
Since then back, my money got bigger
I got famous, shit got little
Mama asking me to change
But ma, I be with the killers
Ma, I be with the hitters
Ma, your son a cold blood driller
Pittsburgh, I'm a stealer
AV6, ain't nobody realer
Ayy, she ride with me in the splat
She know lil' 6 be catching them hats
She screaming out, "Meechie," I hit from the back
She like real niggas, don't fuck with no rats
She know that I'm rich, she know I got racks
I'd give my last to free crack
I'd give my last to be last
And we still turning fuck niggas to packs
And we still turning fuck niggas to zas
Send a hundred shots all out of the car
He tried to run, ain't make it far
I pop a Perc', she pop a bar
She getting drunk, loose off that Rémy
Riding through Houston looking at the city
She ask me why, I did it for Bibby
I'll lose it all standing on business
Standing on business, bitch
Feel me