

Window Pt2

Jenn Carter

(It's Kosfinger baby)
Suck my dick, nigga
Yo, mix that shit
While you suck my dick, I'm smokin' all-
Everybody shot
Everything dead
Glah, glah
Glah, glah, boom bitch
(It's Kosfinger baby)

When I'm talkin', you better listen (What?)
Don't drop my 4, I have niggas go missin'
And it's still corona, keep your distance (Grrah)
Mallow with me, she not playin' with ratchets
Keep puttin' my name in his song, man, that boy don't perform, he just runni
n' his lips (Suck my dick)
Bushman, you a bum, stop sayin' my name, tell ya big homie Rah you a bitch,
glah
I'm on hots, nigga
Move the wrong way you get shot, nigga
Got a vest, so I am for his top, nigga (Grrah-grrah)
Got a baddie she settin' the drop, nigga (Grrah-grrah)
Don't get lined, nigga, what's the vibes, nigga? (Grrah-grrah, boom, bitch)
You better be ready to die, nigga
Say my name and I'm comin' outside, nigga
Word to my mother, you shot, nigga (Grrah-grrah)
On my bully, they callin' me Scottie (What?)
I'm with KR, he rollin' up Dotti (Dotti)
I got bored, took a trip to the opps side (Damn, damn)
Started smokin' they dead in they lobby (Glah-glah, boom)
Got a gun, he don't know what to do with it (Dumb)
Pass the knocker, on bro I go kuu with it
Gun jam up, he get beat with the blick (Damn)
Pass me the knocker, on bro, I'm a fool with it (Grrah-grrah, boom)
Ayo Jenny, they not ready
Niggas be pussy and opp niggas envy
Four for four, I ain't talkin' bout Wendy's (Bitch)
Let's get rich, baby, kick me a chevy
Opp bitch, shoot that bitch (Shoot that bitch)
Throw up Flex, oh, boom that bitch
She wanna tote the knocker in the video (Grrah-grrah, boom, bitch)
Catch Rey Flex, he get beat with the grip (Grrah-grrah)
Glah, they know I'm vibey (Damn)
Throw my shiesty on, I'm gettin' slimey (Damn)
Knocker Dora, I'm lookin' for swipecy
I'll get 'em checked just like he Nike
Spin through Manhattan, tryna catch a Flex (Catch a Flex)
Backdoor open, Mallow sent a text (Damn-damn)
They know I'm Mr. Vibey-In-The-Flesh (Grrah, grrah)
Oh you 41K? You next, bitch (Suck my dick, oh damn)

Pushin' her buttons just like a controller
Call me Drake, I can controlla'
It's a hole in his head, like a donut
Shot to the arm, like that boy had corona
And this chopper gon' sing like it's Tory
Bro steady runnin' like he was on Maury

If it ain't about money, don't call me
You say you a opp but you never performin' (Glah-glah, boom)
Niggas pussy and they mediocre
I get angry, the grip is bipolar (Glah, glah)
Said these niggas is popped, soda
See him in person, he losin' composure
Had that boy he was mute, like a mime (Glah, glah)
That boy he runnin', get turned to a dime (Glah-glah, boom)
If he run, put the beam to his spine
Call em' A Boogie, 'cause he outta time
Like damn, who really 'bout it?
Get to the bready, just send me the routin' (Routin')
Like damn, I'm a savage like 21
Feel like I'm Nicki, these bitches my sons (Glah, glah, glah)
I'm like Curry, I swear that I'm clutch
When you get in that room, better hush
Shit can get real, don't get turned into runtz
If I finger the trigger, he rolled in my blunt (Glah-glah, boom)
I'ma dump it, just empty the clip
After that then I'm takin' ya bitch (Goddamn)
I won't stop 'til I feel like I'm rich (Glah, glah)
Keep me a Lilo, I cannot get stitched (Glah-glah, boom)
I'ma dump it, just empty the clip (Like, what?)
After that then I'm takin' ya bitch (Like, damn)
I won't stop 'til I feel like I'm rich (Glah, glah)
Keep me a Lilo, I cannot get stitched
This ain't a window, this more like a balcony
You ain't part of me, niggas doubted me
No segregation, I'm closin' a boundary (Glah, glah)
Niggas talkin', but that shit is comedy (Glah-glah, boom)
I be geekin', like I won the lottery
Touch on my body, like I was in pottery (Like, what? Damn)
Shootin' like CPD, this shit is quality (Glah-glah, glah-glah)
I'm a demon and there is no stoppin' me (Glah-glah, boom)

'Body shot, smokin' all deads
41 gang, the fuckin' gang
Smokin' all deads, nigga
Suck my dick