

Even Steven

K Camp

You get on my nerves with all that bitchin' (come on)
I'm so locked in with my guys, that's for life, ain't no switchin'
You been funny acting, so I gotta keep my distance
I been solid since I popped right out that coochie, got my witness

I be screaming where the cash at, (ah huh) because I need it
Lord knows I love them bad hoes, (lets go) they conceited
I done built it from the ground up, (lets go) they ain't believe it
Had to fuck your hoe cause you were playin'
And now we even

Niggas know that I'm the wave now (ah huh) Even Steven
Lonely tiffy on my tennis chain, I'm still grieving
Plenty nights that we was in that field but I'm still breathing
I done slid in them DM's too many times, why you still teasing?

It feel like I put the city on my back, (ah, back)
Kick that door right down and leave him where he at, (where he at) ayy
I can't fuck with none of these niggas, ain't givin' no doubts (ain't giving
no doubts)
Might hit the Aria, and bet a hundred on craps, (facts) ayy

Ain't got no gig but I still wake up and get fly, hoe
Every hood, we chase that bag in that Tahoe (on God)
She ain't mine, but for the time, yeah, that my hoe (it ain't mine)
Stop that playin' and suck that dick, don't act Shy hoe (don't act shy hoe)
yeah

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Huh, take my shirt off and now the hoes stop breathin'
Who said I won't run up me a big, give me a reason (give me a reason)
'Cause you brought the gas, you throw that pass, and I'm receivin'
She gonna suck this dick and give me gums, feel like she teethin'

Roll it in the leaf and hit the moon, did my C's
Put two million up but I ain't peesy
Boy you crashin' out, buy these hoes, take it easy
Diamonds they gon' dance on these hoes like Chris Breesy (like Chris Breesy)

Tell her I need Marley's, ride me like a Harley (Harley)
She know I'm a playboy, don't confuse me with Cardi
Walk right in the section, pull your bitch out the party
Know I need that green on the top, just like parsley

Know this bitch a freak, I'm a fucker on her carpet
Bitch, by they Benz, tell the valet he can park it
Baby, I'm a boss, I'm a hustler and an artist

Know I got some M's, but I still hustling like I'm starving

Bae, I'm one of them, y'all I'm him, beg your pardon
LA for the day, let's pull them hoes out of la jargon
Oh that boy got juice, he got too much for the carton
Throw that flower off, I told Bo to bring the garden

I put that shit on like a nigga straight from Harlem
Now I'm tryna get it, got some ounces for your problems
Hang around some demons, they some goons, they some goblins
(Hang around some demons, they some goons, they some)

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