

# What's Next

K Camp

I just killed a city, what's next? (Yeah)  
Took off on my ex, what's next? (Gone)  
House up in the hill, what's next? (What's next?)  
I been chasin' mils, what's next? (What's next?)

I just copped a coupe, what's next? (What's next?)  
Collins with no roof, what's next? (What's next?)  
He ain't got no juice, what's next? (What's next?)  
Know that I'm the truth, what's next? (Let's go, let's go)  
Oh (Oh), oh (Oh), oh (Oh), oh (Oh)  
I just copped a coupe, what's next? (Skrtrt)  
Collins with no roof, what's next?

I just copped a coupe, what's next? (Skrtrt)  
Collins with no roof, what's next? (Collins)  
She gon' let me scoop, what's next? (What's next?)  
You ain't got no proof, what's next? (What's next?)  
Took off on these bitches (Camp), what's next? (What's next?)  
Made it out them trenches (Camp), what's next? (What's next?)  
I done seen them M's, what's next? (M's)  
I ain't one of them, what's next? (Nah)  
Bitch just be your town, I came in to get mine  
I came in to cause hell, long way from that Nextel  
Free my niggas in that cell, free my niggas down the road  
Stay one thousand with my partners, swear to God I never fold (No)  
Old bitches wan' cool (Cool), double R, no roof (Roof)  
Bitch I'm smokin' fruit (Fruit), I been had the juice (Juice)  
I been had the waves (Waves), GENIUS, that's my ace (Ace)  
If you in the way (Way), that is where you lay

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Oh (Oh), oh (Oh), oh (Oh), oh (Oh)  
I just copped a coupe, what's next? (Skrtrt, Yeah)  
Collins with no roof, what's next? (Nessly still finessin', Nessly still finessin', yeah)

Niggas take off they jewelry, look like an alien with that green skin  
Friday I fuck an Australian, Saturday I fuck a bitch out in England  
Niggas be thinkin' we on the same page and I think that they lame, we not li nkin'  
She pull up and give me that pussy, I put her in the living room with a blanket, yeah  
VVS, I want my trinket  
Ayy, Brita filter 'round my motherfuckin' wrist  
And I got your girlfriend want to drink it  
All these blue hundreds take way too much room up  
I gotta burn 'em like an incense  
Only kings in my lineage  
With these tings in my condominium

Fake diamonds got a nigga neck changin' colors like Aunt Vivian  
Yeah, ballin' like Michael  
Sippin' on cups of that Space Jam  
Lit with about fifty bitches from Instagram, like an alien invasion  
Look like a Fashion Nova casting  
They used to want to go to Aspen  
Now they hittin' slopes in the bathroom  
Put 'em back in rotation

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Hey babe, I've called you like six times  
Listen, I know you see me callin' you  
Call me back, bye