

## D Ting Set

K Koke

[Pressa:]

K-koke

Ugh? Ok

Press machine, press machine

Time zone, new clock

Shooter named red fox

Headshot, and that fifth work like robots

Yo' block, four Glock's, turned into a paint shop

I was bred from a dead crop

Shooting, tragic, no need get you vanished (gone)

You ain't never met a killer like man is

My block, Taso, shooting up his palace

Ran him down in my Nikes or New Balance

Bad bitch from Dupont, I swear I do her so wrong

Shorty give me head with her lisp tongue

Driftwood, bap bap, kill him while his whip frost (cold block)

Bullets make him buckle up and criss cross

Savage shit, close range, gun tall as two feet

He ain't makin' it through surgery

Broom sticks, dust pan, started gettin' dusty

(Kill him for free, fuck a salary)

[K-koke:]

Ugh, man know how the ting set (it's big koke)

Man know how the ting press (you think a joke?)

Man know every ting dead

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Ugh, man know how the ting set (it's big koke)

Man know how the ting press (you think a joke?)

Man know every ting dead

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Look, beard dickheads talking crud and that

Suck your mother fam, put a slug in that

Pull up, hop out and watch him do the running man

Pussy done the chat, you dickheads ain't coming back

Funny man, talking like he walking with his gun in hand

Run him down, but from a distance I could gun him down

Running rounds, lightning hit him when I fund the sound

Spun him round, and lift his spirit to another realm

Fucking hell, it just feels like I'm just stuck in hell

Ducking L's tryna do this shit my fucking self

Rubbing scales, I got unit for the fuckin' sales

I'm fucking Judas, got my shooter stuck up in a cell

It's your's truly, I stuck up for myself there's nothin' you can do me

'Cause this Uzi got me feeling stealth, runnin' through this movie Tryna boo

st up on my wealth, BAM! BAM!

(Kill 'em for free fuck a salary)

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