

The Generals Corner

K Koke

I'm a motherfucking boss bitch
Fuck bitches, hit the motherfucking off switch
Like fuck bitches, man can never have me boxed in
I touch triggers off keys like a locksmith
Run figures, run birds like an ostrich
Flop with us, is you really bout this opp shit?
Then fuck with us, hammer bang, you can't touch this
Block spitter, got a baddie in the cockpit
She love hittas, tryna hide a hitta hostage
I'm stone cold like Austin
Rose gold, shit froze, wrist frosting
A box of snow is what the cost is
Watch this, I'm L.I.V. like Toxteth
I send bees to your wasps nest
When I'm vexed I'm a monster like Loch Ness
This big wap can catch man offset
No Cardi, we sparky, you drop dead
Fuck feds, fuck you if you said fuck Kev
Fuck who? You don't wanna bump heads
If I bumped you, forget about that young breh
I'm from that hard knock school, hood Ofsted
All they heard was bark, bark, boom when I bopped in
Take man for cartoon, that's the wrong ting
Why? I pepper pigs with the long ting
No limit on the card when you master P
I go get it, I'm a boss, I know talk is cheap
No tennis when I serve, my turf's the streets
I've got a bird on a bird with a bird for me
I've got chicken in buckets like KFC
I'm whipping up to country in an AMG
I'm sipping on some bubbly like they ain't me
These bitches wanna fuck me but they ain't C
H-L-O-E, running through these hunnids like Usain B
O-L-T, if you ain't fucking with it then oh well, leave
You know Koke stay woke, I'm a well known G
A couple greenhouses, money grow on trees
I buss down, a bitch bleed like a dog on heat
Big corn turn him veg like he don't want no beef
Up early, up late like I don't want no sleep
It's like everybody's sleeping, tryna wake up sheep
I chase dreams and make mills like Meek
I shot two packs, now I'm feeling B.I.G
I just buss case like fuck the C.I.D
You know K stay winning till I D-I-E
It's a dope day dealing, tryna see my P's
They don't see how I'm living, they just see IG
You C.I.B., G.O.A.T. like M-Arley
Shots rip through him clothes cah him Ed Hardy
Stop snitch pon di roads you likkle federally
Shelly anytime we party
Anytime I step out with the yardies
Tell a boy "Don't start it"
I plug bro for my chargey
Shots fire and find him like GPS
I'm like Khaled with the matic darg, we the best
I beat the darg so hard I had to call a vet
We don't talk and we deffo don't talk to feds

You ain't a boss so you deffo can't talk to Kev
Walk and live pussy, talk and dead
This big four-fizzy cost an arm and a leg
If I buss it and it hit him, take his arm and his leg
I ain't fucking with these dickheads, I ain't fucking with skets
I'm strictly bout my business, tryna fuck up a cheque
K Kizzy from the bizzy, bout to cover the bet
I stand on action, we don't talk on the net
These pussies Zayn Malik, pillow talk in the bed
When they see us they panic, got 'em holding their breath
They know say we have it, Koke rolling with skeng