

Fraction

Kankan

Yeah, yeah, Neeko you made that motherfuckin' beat?
Ah nah, you ain't make that motherfucker
Oh Lord, Jetson made another one

Nigga can't find no Act' so I'm sippin' on Wock' still
Ayy, these niggas ain't gettin' no money, just scored on a whole seal
I just spent this whole deal, on some Codeine
I'm with some niggas that's down to kill
Bad bitch kept her mouth closed, so I flew her out again
New Glock, that bitch two-tone, it'll hit your house and kids
All this Oxy', I can't do wrong, niggas don't get high as this
And I'm rich as fuck, you knew that, might be where Obama is
Ayy, stick hit up his residence
All black Tahoe like the President
Bitch, just watch me do my murder dance
I just ran right through a hunnid bands
Bitch, pass me a rubber band
My lil' brother just copped a new TEC
These hoes, they so toxic
They want my babies and I ain't even made it yet
In the back of the Maybach, countin' up racks
My new hoe Off-White
Put that hoe on Percs, we fuckin' all night
My hoe, she too bad, she love that toxic life
And, bitch, I love that fast shit
My white hoe, yeah, that hoe, she into fashion
We get money, nigga, better stop that flaggin'
Need to stop it, K split 'em like a fraction
Hunnids comin' in, so I keep on addin'
Keep a hit stick, bitch, but this ain't Madden
I don't know why they mad at me
My nigga, he poppin' all these Percs just like an addict
Might just go drop six racks on some Codeine, gotta have it
Niggas know I'm shootin' shit, bitch, just like my dad did
Nigga, and it's still fuck 12 and fuck traffic
Ain't stoppin' at no red lights, bitch, that's what them racks did