

OUTTA TOWN

Kankan

I'm outta town with a freak
I'm outta town and I'm geeked, yeah
I'm outta town and I'm geeked, yeah
I'm outta town with a freak
I'm outta town with a freak, huh
I'm outta town with a freak
I'm outta town and I'm geeked

We in the cut, nigga, yeah, with them racks
My nigga up in the club with his mag, he tryna catch him a hat
Get on your bitch and she seen all these racks, she ain't know how to react
Yeah, he a ham, he fuck up the play, that nigga fuck up the sack
My nigga been spinnin', yeah, all day, they had to bring out the task
They gon' have to notify the DEA, we have oxycontin by the batch
You get caught, nigga, on the freeway, yeah, so you better not lack
Double R shield, I'm not Rozay, in the Maybach truck, I'm relaxed
I walk in this bitch with a 40
AP cost an '83 Benz, nigga, yeah, 'cause I can afford it
My niggas, they goin' crazy on Telegram, they could've been up on Forbes list
My niggas made a new way with the scam shit, these niggas copy and forced it
Buy this bitch a Goyard bag, bad bitch an Aston Martin
Yeah, my bitch get bag after bag because I can afford it
Yeah, these rap niggas really goin' out sad, these niggas gettin' extorted

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I'm outta town with a freak
I'm outta town with your bitch
I'm outta town with the lean
I'm outta town with these racks just for all the times that y'all doubted me
I'm outta town with the pole and these hoes, you know I got some pounds on me
I'm kickin' shit with my fans, yeah, after the show
I wake up, go run up them bands and some more
Put that shit on your head, yeah, right on your fro
Had to re-up on meds, you already know
She give that head, and, yeah, I had to go
That shit be fed, gotta keep it on the low (Gotta keep it on the floor)
I hit the bank, ho, I pull out the loaf
I see your bankroll, that shit a joke
They need some motion, they too busy trollin'
I got pints in my cup same price as a Rollie
How you caught deals on the dick? That's a ho
I wouldn't even hit that bitch, nigga, yeah, with a Trojan
Got like a brick up in these Rick Owens, haha
I'm talkin' 'bout niggas get it how you live, yeah, them niggas ho'd me
I'll have them posted outside your crib right up on your corner
Yes, I mix the Bstroy with the Rick Owens
Yeah, fuck 12, we ain't goin' to jail, on the block doin' donuts
Hate when the engine be on the rear, yeah, we got racks all on us

I told my nigga he ain't goin' to jail, 12 ain't even got nothin' on him
Runnin' with sticks, nigga, in a V12, all on the block doin' donuts