

##RRAanthem

Kankan

Hold on, nigga, yeah
Nigga, I'm high as fuck right now, yeah
I'm too high, I'm too high, uh

Nigga, like hold on, nigga know we got Dracs inside this bitch
So don't move wrong, you could lose your life inside this bitch
Now I got two phones 'cause these hoes be on my dick
Walked in with two poles even though these niggas, they ain't on shit
We like the group home, hold on, two tone
Ayy, Freebandz shit, bitch, I feel like Pluto
Hold on, double R, uh, nigga, Taliban
Drac' came with a scope, uh, heard it hit his mans
Hold on, twin say, that shit fye as fuck, copped that new Drac'
Hold on, twin say, when you blow that bitch, make sure you hit his face
Hold on, twin say, I had to go and throw that bitch away
Ridin' broad day, ain't no witness so it ain't no case, nigga
Hold on, twin say, caught a PJ, yeah, we out the state
I'm like damn, how the fuck I catch a case right out of state?
And I caught that bitch soon as I left LA (Yeah)
I ain't have no bond, was out the second day (Ha, yeah)
Ayy, and fuck the rap shit, all these niggas gay (Yeah)
Ayy, big before them rap, yeah, I been paid (Ha)
Bitch, yeah, most of my niggas don't rap, they still made a way
Me and Abby been locked in since the eighth grade
I say free lil' Will, he locked up in that cage (Free lil' Will)
Off this rap shit, my mama bills, they paid
Damani scored some drank so we finna pour it up
And my fans say they prayin' for me but I don't even give a fuck
And, nigga, fuck this money, nigga, throw that shit up
Nigga, what you saved up, yeah, I put in my cup
These hoes can't get saved, nigga, they just out of luck
They say, "Kan, you sound the same," I had to change it up (Ha)

Told Kan, "Put the gloves on, nigga, we goin' in, don't drop that rod"
" (Yeah)
My nigga too tweaked out on X pills 'cause he might have to send that boy (Bah)
And don't you send ya lil' flunked out niggas out West unless you want his ass go meet God (Yeah)
We in that fast bitch in the fast lane, that bitch knew it was us as soon as she saw it (Huh?)
My nigga sendin' that drank through the east script knowin' that bitch gon' land tomorrow
My niggas keep that self defense on even when you poppin' out at the mall
In a Ferrari Spider on the I-10, that bitch tryna crawl a fuckin' wall (Skrرت, woah)
Ain't none of my niggas hoes, we stand on all ten like we tall (Yeah)
She tryna kick shit with the big dogs, put her ass on molly, she got lock jaw (Yeah)
Nigga seen his bitch liking my pics on IG, askin' if I hit, I'm like,

"Nah"

Just linked with my nigga Damani, he showed me a hunnid, told him, "Bitch, we ball"

All my ex bitch tell me I'm goin' Hollywood 'cause I be forwardin' all my calls

I'm sippin' Quavo, Quavo, Quavo, clutchin' that drank, I'll knock yo' ass off

My nigga Wick clutch sticks like it's Taliban, he just walked in with a whole sawed-off

Bitch keep tryna tell me she love me, lil' bitch, you stupid, just take your clothes off