

# RAGE

Kelvyn Colt

Yeah

Somebody tell the people at the customs suck my dick  
They can't stand it when a young black king looks rich  
I don't declare shit, fool, I drop hits, uhh  
Just toured Asia, don't get Jiu Jitsu  
And I don't smuggle shit, as official as it get  
The contraband you lookin' for is on a white chick  
So back up off my bands and my band and my bag  
Lil bitch

Aye, get the fuck out my face  
I'm just tryna mind my business  
You hoe, you disgrace  
Better know I won't forget this  
When I rage (Woah), rage (Yah)  
I won't forget shit  
When I rage (Yah), rage (Yah, rage)

Treat a road rage like a cage fight  
Nigga gettin' knocked out all in broad daylight  
Hearin' me at worldstar, nigga gettin' stage fright  
Coulda been a bouncer, but it dont pay right  
Imma kick your ass while I'm thinkin' 'bout my boss  
Or my teacher or my ex-affair  
Fuck-fuck you up, I edge you there  
Call 911, Triple X is here

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