

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

Yeah

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