

200 Kash

Ken Carson

Count 200 cash, huh-huh, like it's nothin'
Why you so serious? You sweeter than a honey bun
Why she so curious, always wanna know what I'm doin'
I'm boolin' like a Boston Red Sock, not a Bruen

Drive that hot shit in the winter, yeah, I'm so fuckin' cold
New watch, new bracelets, new YVL chain on
I can't trust a bitch, I'm tryna put my gang on
I can't stress this shit, my daddy lawyer was just a fifty

Oh, you a Blood now? I swear you was just rollin' Sixes
Bitches would laugh at me, the same hoes all in my mentions
I'm really rappin', yeah, I gotta get up for these niggas
I ain't trippin' 'bout it if it don't make my bank bigger

Threw my heart in the river, I got range like a Rover
Every time you see me up high, I hate being sober
Shawty miss a Balenci, yeah, I'm a four-leaf clover
Shawty probably miss me, I'm gettin' ready and I'ma come over

Caught a Chrome Heart stroller for my baby
No, I ain't goin' for nothin', these niggas ain't crazy
Don't want a gangster story made up, huh, say it
Think he had shit? Huh, no, my life amazing

Now I got chandeliers with tall doors and shit
Foreign cars and one-of-one clothes, you can't order these
So many clothes, you would think a nigga hoardin'
So many hoes, yeah, my trap rollin' nasty

He thought he was that nigga till I pulled up
I knew school wasn't for me, huh, so I was trappin'
I ain't never had a job, I ain't never clocked up
I ain't never clock in, but it's time to lock in

Bought so much, but I ain't do no boxing
It's a switchiana, I gotta stand on business
I can't go, that's on my mama
He tried to send them hits
Toes down, huh, yeah, you know I stand on ten