

Delinquent

Ken Carson

(Nah, he ain't— he's not even Teen X, fuck him)

When I was in school, I was playin' with tools, I was off of them drugs
My teacher tried to tell my mama, but she already knew what was up
When I walked in my house, I smelled just like weed and I had drank in my cup
I was broke, if you come around flexin' 'round me, I make you give that shit up
Yeah, I make you give that shit up
Yeah, run off with your shit, yeah, I'm takin' it
Got this big booty bitch and her ass so fat, when I'm in it, it's like an earthquake in it
I been servin' these fiends, yeah, they doing crack, my pops in the trap, yeah, he makin' it
I been on this codeine, yeah, that's why I'm mad, and I get high 'til I can't think and shit
And I get high 'til I can't think and shit
Yeah, I get high 'til I can't think

These plays call my phone, but I'm sittin' in the condo, I missed all the calls 'cause I'm sleepin' on drank
I pop half an X and I grab my lil' woadie, then call up my gang, they pull up in them tanks
Huh, yeah, I get so high, I can't think and shit, yeah, I get so high, I can't think
Huh, yeah, I get so high, I can't think and shit, yeah, I get so high, I can't think

Yeah, I pop me a Perc' and I'm sippin' on drank
And I'm fuckin' on her and I barely can think
I don't know her name, I call that ho gang
Balenci' my tee, my boots be the same
I'm going insane, it's Homixide Gang
I catch me a rat nigga, I'm takin' his chain

Fuck that shit, take that boy life
Fuck that shit, fuck that boy wife
I rolled a three-five and popped me a bean, I'm off of them drugs tonight
Yeah, I'm with Meechie and Beno, we chillin' with these hoes and they scream in', "Homixide"
She was fuckin' with them, now she fuckin' with me, she screamin', "Fuck the other side"
My lil' bitch down to ride, she smokin' H5
My lil' bitch down to ride, she totin' my stick
If 12 pull up, she put my drugs in her tits
Shit, I just spilled lean on my Ricks
Shit, I just spilled lean on my wrist
Shit, I got codeine in my piss
Shit, this bitch just hit the opp drop, my shooter gon' pull up, won't miss shit
That boy ain't hear no sirens from the cop, all that pussy nigga heard was blick, blick
Rolex on my wrist, it don't tick, tick
Rolex on my wrist, yeah, it's froze
These niggas weird, they scarin' the hoes
I count up that money, I get to that load
These niggas jumpin' from gang to gang just like a toad

You hang with that nigga, but we know he go
Gassin' on Twitter, but really that nigga a ho
He a bitch in real life, man, these niggas be bold
Free all my niggas, yeah, down the road
Free all my niggas locked in the pen'
I just had a threesome with some twins
When I was in school, I was gamblin'
When I was in school, I was skippin' class, when you was in school, you was
makin' friends

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