

Exodus

Ken Carson

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

And I laced my kicks up
Thinkin' about all this money I'm finna go pick up
And we slide in the big black truck, no, not that pickup
Got this fine ass bitch that I'm finna go and just pick up
Yeah, bitch, we go shoppin' every motherfuckin' day, if I want 'em, I get them
And we can fuck on any bitch, you can see me when I hit them
My pockets real fat, yeah, they enormous, yo' pockets ain't got shit in them
This a thirty clip, I ain't gotta reload this, it ain't nothing for me to hit him
It's a hundred round, ain't no reloading, bitch, it ain't nothing for us to get him
I got Prada, that's all on my shit, lil' bitch and I stuff my racks right in them
Yeah, Givenchy it's all on me, lil' bitch, size 26 jeans, and they fit slim
On the southside posted with the dope sellers
We been touring every night like Coachella
I'm a rockstar, I don't know no better
Damn, no, I don't know better
But I'm flyer than a motherfuckin' propeller
And I'm higher than a motherfuckin' dope dealer
Yeah I'm higher than the motherfuckin' nosebleed
Fuck yo' ho then I proceed
Fell in love, she ain't even know me
All she saw was my Chrome Hearts Rollie
I don't know why your ho all on me
Yeah, I ain't got no OG's
Young OG kick it with the OG's
And my neck froze up like it's snowin'
Call the plug, said I want the whole thing
My ho need some more cocaine, auntie, she want methamphetamine
My cousin want them Roxies, bitch, I need a G6
I'm rollin' off this ecstasy, you ain't never been high like this
Mix codeine with promethazine, science class never taught you this
Yeah, this ho, she can't keep up with me, think I need a new bitch
Told my jeweler that I broke my hand, I need a new wrist, yeah
No, this not a porno film, we on XXX, yeah
Fuck that freak ho, I'ma trick, yeah, SSX
XXX, XXX, XX bitch, it's X man
I put X on her tongue, hell nah, this ain't no Xan'
Give a fuck 'bout where you from, you'll never see your land again
My young nigga play with them drums like a motherfuckin' band
They say don't bring sand to the beach, but shit, I brought beach to the sand
Don't let that shit go over your head, I brought my ice right to the land
I don't want no sex, I don't want no head 'cause lowkey I know you a fan
I'm swaggin' it up, put shit together, they call me the new Dapper Dan
I just spent ten K right on this leather, that's just the jacket, that ain't the pants
I spent a check and get it back, that money a boomerang to my hand
Nigga, don't ever think this shit sweet, play with the mob, cut off your hands
I went to the bank and I pulled out them bands and I hit the money dance
Yeah, I fucked on that bitch, then I fucked on her friends, then I fucked them best friends

Then I fucked they best friends, then I fucked they best friends
Then I fucked they best friends, tell 'em "Let's have an orgy then"
Tell 'em "Let's have a sex party", now they all off them Percocet 10's
Shawty said she request molly
She want 1942 with no chaser
I knock the pussy out just like I'm Joe Frazier
And after I'm done, she shaking like vibrator
Yeah, at our shows, they ragin'
Migos, cut the brick with the razor
Diamonds shine, that ho like Raiden
Everyday 420 bitch, we blazin'
Hit a widow bitch, she be raving
All black fit, she dripping like Raven
With the X Man, no Xavier
And the Glock came loaded with a laser