

# gang

Ken Carson

Yeah

Yeah (Ha, ha, ha)

Yeah

I ain't got no friends  
I'm posted with the gang, you a lame, you can't get in  
I love my niggas, they my gang  
Hell nah, they ain't got no friends  
He just pop pills and sip drank  
He'll never be like Ken  
I took a hundred out the bank and I put it on your mans  
He ain't got nothin' in the bank, he broke as fuck, look at his pants  
Got like four mil' for my advance  
I ride around town with a bitch from France  
I do what I want, you do what you can  
I do what you don't 'cause I got them bands  
If you ain't talkin' money I can't hear what you sayin'

Do what I do, don't care what you sayin'  
My life is a movie, livin' on demand  
I been that nigga, but now I'm the man  
Some niggas switched up, took a different stance  
I seen the racks and took a second glance  
How you move funny and fuck up a chance?  
I know she gon' do it for you, but I bet the bands finna make her dance  
Showin' no effort, I already know it  
Feel like I'm Sosa, already glowin'  
Chill with the ones, bitch, you so chosen  
East to the West, I be still coastin'  
I might just hit this bitch, then I be ghostin'  
They doin' the most, I ain't tryna be noticed  
Don't fuck with these niggas, "bro" that, "bro" this  
You don't even got that, bought that, sold this

Yeah, I just hopped off my motherfuckin' flight, yeah  
I'm scrollin' on my fuckin' phone, yeah  
I'm thinkin' what ho I'ma try, yeah  
I just pulled up to my telly, bitch, and now I'm finna get high, yeah  
I just hit that lil' bad-ass bitch, but I can't make her mine, yeah  
You niggas pull up and try this shit, I swear to God they die, yeah  
Racks in, but I spent all that shit on these Number (N)ine, yeah  
YSL my jeans, lil' bitch, yes, I get stupid fly, yeah  
When I touchdown on the East, bitch, yeah, we play with them Five's, yeah  
Bitch, I'm with my guys, woah, bitch, I'm way too fried, yeah  
Bitch, I'm way too high, can't eat, lil' bitch, I order fries, yeah  
These niggas, they fake as fuck, yeah, they just in disguise, yeah  
And these niggas don't make enough to go to war with I

These niggas don't make enough  
Boy, I know your life real tough  
I'm chasin' that bag, I'm countin' it up  
I ain't got a brand, you know what's up  
Boy, look at the tag, my bitch ran up  
I just dropped a bag on me and her  
These niggas be starvin', I'm eatin' up  
These niggas be sober, I'm geekin' up  
You dream about that bitch, I'm freakin' her

This a Rolls Royce, ain't no Jeep in here  
I spot an opp, now I'm creepin' up  
Say hello to my Glock, let's meet, good luck  
You know how I rock, bitch, I don't give no fuck  
He mad at my cock 'cause it been in her  
He ain't sendin' no drop 'cause he scared as fuck  
If that boy send the drop, then we tearin' it up  
Here, you know that we sprayin' it up  
Pass me the ball, bitch, I'm layin' it up  
I swear this shit, be easy as fuck  
Hit your ho from the back, she was greasy as fuck  
You be claimin' that bitch, she be eatin' dick up  
You broke and we rich, you can't mingle with us  
You say that she yours but she single with us  
I was fuckin' that bitch, we was on the tour bus