

I was smokin' on a spliff, I was fuckin' on a M.I.L.F
I was pushin' up on bitches in the A in a Lyft
I was givin' bitches dick, yeah, they treat it like a gift
'Cause a bitch know she ain't gettin' shit from me, I treat it like a
M.I.L.F
She put her knees where my feet at and blew me like a blimp
I fuck that bitch and I leave, yeah, I can't go out like no simp
Hell nah, I can't go out like him, hell nah, I can't go out like them
Hatin' nigga talkin' 'bout, "I got gems," I got diamonds on every limb
b
I got diamonds, yeah, on every limb
I got more bracelets on than that boy got chains
I pulled up in the McLaren, then I lost the brain
I got these bitches starin' and these niggas callin' me lame
But that shit really be lame when these niggas be hatin'
It be like when I drop the blunt, it be like when I spill my drank
It be like when they doin' too much when I'm tryna withdraw out the b
ank
It be like when 12 fuckin' with us, when I do it, I do every day
It's fuck 12 and it's fuck the police, oh yeah, it's fuck the Jakes
Free all of my niggas, yeah, locked in the cage
X-MAN, I'm a villain, yeah, I'm ready to rage
I hop on a plane, then hop out the plane, then rock out the stage
Rock a upside down cross, every time I leave my bitch, she burnin' sa
ge
I fuck my bitch with my chains on, she love how they clang
I told that bitch her pussy the bomb like Saddam Hussein
Let me pop this pill, let me pour this blunt, let me pour me up some
drank
I'm eatin' bad bitch pussy for lunch, my bitch look like Zendaya
Ain't no more Teen X, man, 'cause I got the X plays, yeah
Triple X how she wanna sex, sex, sex, sex, all she wanna do is lay up
Balenciaga all on my chest, chest, chest, chest and my pants, they Ra
vers
A nigga can't say, "Ken Carson ain't on shit", look at the swag I gav
e her
Look at the shit I made up
Look at these niggas I raged up
Look at these bitches I slayed
Wait, nah, I don't claim her
Disrespect
Disrespect this shit, you gon' die 'bout it
Pull up solid, well, yeah, we gon' hop out it
He was stealin', so now he gon' die 'bout that
Got fifteen gold racks that's a stack, stack, stack
And it's up for these niggas that's screamin'
(Nah, he ain't—he's not even Teen X, fuck him)

Fuck your gang, bitch, on God

X-MAN

X, X, X-MAN

Yeah
Tiskáno z písničky-akordy.cz