

Ghoul

Ken Carson

(Yo, Pi'erre, you wanna come out here?)

Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh

Fast forward, huh, I can't rewind

Huh, huh, your best whore, huh, couldn't compete with mine

Huh, huh, your best fit, huh, couldn't compete with mine

Huh, huh, this model bitch, say she need the line, she ain't talkin' 'bout d rank

I'm in New York, I can make it Harlem Shake

Bitch, I'm top two, not two, no debate

AP, factory diamonds, I bust the face

No evidence, they gon' drop the case

No comparison, these niggas in the way

Money hungry, you'll do whatever for pape'

In 2015, she'll do whatever for Bape

Try to give you the swag, but you don't got no taste

The way you fit in, you niggas out of place

I might pull up Benz, it's a Maybach

Oh, that's your girl? Nigga, we go way back

Cop the Wock' by the cases, it's a twelve-pack

I got court today, I'm rockin' black slacks

I got everythin' illegal in my backpack

Send that blitz, we gon' sack your quarterback

One-on-one for me, I ordered that

I got hella hoes like I hoarded them

Shawty got a lil' ass, but she super slim

Skinny bitch with a butt, yeah, I'm rootin' for them

It's whatever, fuck y'all if you ain't root for us

Kid cut yo' body up, it's cold cut

Niggas squirrels, they be on nuts

It's my world, I live like a simulation

She got Chrome Heart glasses on, Sarah Palin

Rose from the concrete, but I'm not Jalen

I ball on a ho, give you eighty-one

Scream out, "Kobe" everytime I hit a buck

I work all day, all night, I ain't missin' nothin'

I'm too busy workin', I ain't missin' ya

Thought he was down with the gang, now he bitchin' up

I go shoppin', make songs, it's a ritual

Everythin' I do intentional

I'ma stand on my words like a lyric be

And my partner done pressin' them fake pills

Just like Puma, yeah, we got FENTY in

Oh, you claimin' that block? We gon' spin it, then

I see fine shit, wine to Gentleman

That's my old ho, yeah, she spyin', bitch, give it up

Can't pay no attention, no, I can't attend to her

Jewelry, cars, clothes, I'm kitted up

Won by fatality, yeah, I finished him

Hit my fatality, I'm 'bout to finish her

All in her mouth, you could say I'm a bubblegum

Dunk on your bitch like LeBron, I'm not old as him

She like my odor, she ask what cologne it is

Niggas ain't pop since corona did

I was nineteen with a Glock, COVID

That's a Glock-19, nigga

I don't even wanna do it, huh, I'ma let the team hit her

Fell in love with these drugs, I'm on Percocets and lean, nigga
Can't fall in with her cause she a waste of my time (Dawg)
New R-I-A-A, I'm tryna expand my catalogue
I'm goin' gold, I'm goin' plat'
I'm goin' gold, I'm goin' plat'
I'm goin' gold, I'm goin' plat'
I'm goin' gold, I'm goin' plat'
This the project, I'm not Pat
I serve codeine to these addicts
Shop at the store, I'm way past Sak's
OG 1's in the Raq

Huh, I'm in all black, huh
All black, huh
All black, huh
All black, huh
All black, huh