

Gold Medal

Ken Carson

(808 Mafia)

Maison Mihara on my feet, not Margiela (Maison, Maison Mihara, ayy)
She gon' let me fuck, it ain't nothin' you can tell her
I just took some bands out the bank at the live teller (It ain't nothin')
It ain't nothin' to me, I spent it all on this sweater (It ain't nothin')
Yeah, it ain't nothin' to me, talkin' 'bout bitches, I got several (I swear,
yeah, it ain't nothin')
If havin' hoes was a sport then I'd have a gold medal (Swear, yeah, it ain't
nothin')
And I ain't worried 'bout a opp, let 'em die slow like rose petals (Swear, y
eah, it ain't nothin')
If they try me get popped, I guess they should've known better (Swear, yeah,
it ain't nothin')

You should've known better (Ah)
You need some more cheddar (Ooh)
I got some more choppers, yeah
I got a brand-new Beretta (New)
I dropped out of school and bought me a tool
I'm ridin' 'round like I'm the devil
Yeah, I fucked that lil' bitch on the molly (Molly)
Yeah, she suck on my dick then she swallow it (Swallow it)
The apes ain't seen a drought (Ooh)
These niggas be tellin' about it (Ooh)
The reason I'm in and out (Yeah)
These niggas be actin' like cops (Cops)
I don't make peace with opps (Nah)
I don't give a fuck 'bout a opp (Nah)
I pull up with sticks then mop (Mop)
I mop a nigga block (No cap)
I pull up and pop the top (Bitch)

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Niggas hatin' on me, I made it out the street
Swear to God, He was with me, yeah, I was just a wannabe
Pussy nigga hatin' you for that ho to blow your top
Still posted up with kilos on 800 Block (I'm on there)
MaddMax and Ken, they gon' blow (They gon' blow)
I ain't never had a job, I'd rather pour the four (Pour the four)
All my friends locked up for fraud, ain't talkin' card (Ain't no card)
Lil' bad bitch, she suck me while this sausage getting hard, 800

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