

# Hella

Ken Carson

(Star Boy, you're my hero)

Ayy, the higher I get the better  
The longer I wait, she wetter  
I could've fucked her when I met her  
I pop me a Perc', just to settle  
I fucked that lil' bitch 'til she red, she was yellow  
Shawty wan' be my vamp but she can't be my Bella  
Niggas say they got hoes but see me, I got hella (Yeah)  
Hella, ayy, hella, ayy, hella, ayy, hella (Yeah, yeah, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)

Talkin' 'bout hoes, I got hella  
I ran up the racks, I'm no failure  
I fuck on that bitch and then I prevail  
I feel like a pimp, I just might go sell her  
Niggas talking 'bout hoes but they know I got hella  
Niggas talking 'bout clothes but they know I got hella (Yeah)

Hella, hella, hella, hella (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, hella)  
Hella, hella, hella, hella (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, hella)  
This bitch do whatever I tell her  
I fuck her then send her to you, she won't tell ya  
Opium, bitch, I serve like some mail  
I served that lil' boy and I ain't use no scale, yeah

I ran up the racks, you know I couldn't fail, yeah  
I just got a pack, it came through the mail, yeah  
Seven pounds of paraphernalia  
If you ain't got Cash App, I got Zelle, yeah  
If I get caught, I got bail, yeah  
Bitch, I got them racks, give a fuck 'bout a jail, yeah  
This bitch wanna fuck, you know I'm like, "Hell yeah"  
I keep my Glock tucked, I'll send you to hell, yeah  
I keep my Glock tucked with one in the head  
Let a nigga try it then he dead  
Step on him like an insect  
I pop me a molly and then I forget  
I pop me a molly and then I forget  
He thought I was lame, thought I wasn't with the shits  
These niggas be lame when it come to a bitch  
So I'ma get lame when it come to get rich  
Hella sticks, licks, 'Gielas, Ricks, licks, bitch (Hella, yeah)

Talkin' 'bout hoes, I got hella (Yeah)  
I ran up the racks, I'm no failure (Yeah)  
I fuck on that bitch and then I prevail (Yeah)  
I feel like a pimp, I just might go sell her (Yeah)  
Niggas talking 'bout hoes, but they know I got hella  
Niggas talking 'bout clothes, but they know I got hella (I got hella)

Hella (Yeah), hella (Yeah), hella (Yeah), hella (Yeah, hella)  
Hella (Yeah), hella (Yeah), hella (Yeah), hella (Yeah)  
This bitch do whatever I tell her  
I fuck her then send her to you, she won't tell ya  
Opium, bitch, I serve like some mail  
I served that lil' boy and I ain't use no scale, yeah

Ayy, the higher I get, the better (Ayy)  
The longer I wait, she wetter (Oh yeah)  
I could've fucked her when I met her (Yeah)  
I pop me a Perc', just to settle (Oh yeah)  
I fucked that lil' bitch 'til she red, she was yellow (Yeah)  
Shawty wan' be my vamp but she can't be my Bella (Oh yeah)  
Niggas say they got hoes but see me, I got hella

Hella, ayy, hella, ayy, hella, ayy, hella (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Hella, ayy, hella, ayy, hella, ayy, hella (Yeah, yeah, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)  
Hella, ayy, hella, ayy, hella, ayy, hella (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Hella, ayy, hella, ayy, hella, ayy, hella (Yeah, yeah, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)