

MDMA

Ken Carson

(Nah, he ain't— he's not even Teen X, fuck him)

Yeah, I've been sippin' way too much drank, I think I need a new kidney
Every time I see a soda, I gotta pour some, I keep hittin'
And every time your bitch see me roll up, she reminisce about how I lick it
I'm not your mans, I'm not your bro, don't call my phone when it get sticky
I don't go nowhere, ayy, yeah, without my blicky
I don't got no opps out here, niggas just hate me, niggas just envy
When I was in school, I had to ask on my mama, now, she stay with Fendi
Remember I could not afford designer belts, now look at me, boy I got plenty
Balenci', Celine, Chanel
My shooter, he dressed in designer, he ready to kill
Put that lil' boy on a plate, he get ate like a meal
All of these niggas be fake like a BBL
But my bitch all real
Yeah, my bitch just like a model, ooh
He shot his shot but ain't follow through, ooh
Rick on my collar, ooh, ooh
This is not Prada, ooh, ooh
Yeah, she not a toddler, ooh, ooh
But I call her baby
She let me drive a lil' Benz, now me and my friends slide in a Mercedes
This a S550, nah, this not a Maybach, but yeah, it's the latest

I get money, I get racks, I get paid, bitch
Book a show, want a verse? Send a payment
If you try, you gon' die where you lay, bitch
None of my niggas won't miss, let you feel how that K hit
I don't know what's on my kicks but it looks like I stepped in gravy
Everybody rockin' all black, I wanna be different so I'm rockin' navy
Lil' boy, you should've signed to Opium, I laugh at that nigga, he slavin'
You ain't get no money, you ain't get no funds, I count that shit up and I'm
savin'

I'm makin' ten, twelve, fifteen times whatever these niggas be makin'
These niggas got it fucked up and these niggas be lyin'
These niggas be cappin' on Instagram and Twitter
Fuck a Tweet, fuck a post, nigga
Talkin' 'bout racks, I get the most, nigga
Talkin' 'bout hoes, I fuck the most, nigga
I fuck on that bitch, then I'm goin' ghost
You know you gotta keep your friends close, but your enemies closer
That's why I walk with a Glock .43 on my holster
I put my bitch in Balenci', I told her to take off that Fashion Nova
And she got Givenchy striped boots on her feet, they come a lil' closer

Haha

Yeah, yeah, yeah

I put that ho in ALYX, yeah, then tell her, "Come closer," huh, yeah
She say that she feelin' me, yeah, she tell me, "Come over"
Yeah, got a freak, I'm finna hit right now as soon as we over
Yeah, and I got some ice on me right now, lil' shawty, I'm cold
Huh, huh, I can't leave my crib without my pole
Huh, huh, I can't leave the crib without my pole
Huh, yeah, I count up these racks for sure, for shit, for show
Yeah, huh, I get the racks for a show, then rock that show

Yeah, I just pop my shit, then pop that ho
Big bro still serving rocks, yeah, but please keep that on the low, yeah
Shawty, I'm a rockstar, my guitar got a scope
I'm rockin' all black and my cross upside down, I'm not the Pope
I'm smoking strong, I'm boolin' with this model ho and she love coke
I'm in Europe, shawty spent like twenty-five on a new coat
I'm gettin' paid, lil' shawty, I buy what I want up out that store
If they in my way, then I'ma up that stick and let it go
Huh, I been countin' up like too much cash, enough on my roll
Yeah, we been breakin' the dash, this SRT been huggin' the road
Huh, she just wanna come and fuck on the gang, that's for sure
Yeah, I just wanna put some pointers all in the chain, for sure

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