

Nightcore

Ken Carson

Kush smoke in my lungs
Tattoos on my neck and on my arms
I can tell by the way she look, huh-huh, she want some
She ask me what's my name, and then she ask me where I'm from (Yeah)
Bitch, I'm Ken Carson, I'm from Atlanta, I like to pour fours in my Fanta
Ain't got no time for no bitch, but I fuck on a ho, and I get right to the money after
Ain't got no time for no bitch, man, I just want some throat, if you don't do it quick, I'ma cancel
These niggas constipated, and they know I'm the shit, yeah, I need me a Pamp
er
That boy so dirty, throw it in the hamper
I'm lurkin' outside your crib, like a camper
I'm lurkin' outside your crib, if you don't come outside, then I'ma pack this bitch up like a camel
I'm in New York, and I know that these niggas ain't shooting shit like Julius Randle
If you want smoke, then I'm gettin' the handle
Shawty keep grabbin' my dick like a handle

My neck and wrist and ears are Hindu
I don't fuck with you and I don't fuck with him too
She want me to be her quarterback, huh, and she my center
You weren't even worried 'bout that bitch 'til I put my dick in her
I treat these hoes just like a rental
You treat these hoes like a dental
Upside down cross, I'm a sinner
I'm not perfect
I give her all the time in the world and she worth it
So many niggas want my wave, yeah, they surf dick
And then that tsunami came real urgent
It's just how I talk, baby, I ain't flirtin'
If I don't do nothin', I'ma get them racks for certain
She reachin' for my dick, I had to close the curtains
All that sneak dissin' shit, now that boy in a urn
Stop all that hating shit, lil' nigga, wait your turn
Relax, 'cause when it's your turn, huh, ain't no goin' back
I think it's my turn to hit your ho from the back
She said she love me, I told that bitch, "I ain't on that"
It's Double O gang, it's Double O gang, yeah, we not a frat
Diamonds on my ring, diamonds on my chain, yeah, VVS
I ain't talkin' 'bout DJ Khaled, but, uh, we the best
I charge a hunnid K for my talents, huh, nothin' less
And I just popped this X, and I can feel it in my chest
I can feel it kickin' in, woah, Lionel Messi
She can feel me in her skin, woah, she gettin' stretched
I had money way before a blue check
I had money way before this shit
I sing to your bitch like Jodeci
I sing to your bitch, like, woah
You dropped, and nobody noticed it
I go viral every time I post
I been tourin' coast to coast
I sip drank every time that I smoke, woah

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