

phenomenon

Ken Carson

808 Mafia

Uh, ayy

Uh, ayy

Uh, ayy, woah

Uh, ayy

Uh, ayy

Yeah, ayy

Uh, ayy, ayy

I'm not like nobody, I ain't nobody's son

My dad, he in jail, he been through hell, free a real one

It ain't nothin' we can't sell, got bricks and bales like Draymond

And you know I be high as hell, I swear to God I can't feel nothing

Before your ho hit my door, she had her hair in a bun

She was suckin' on my dick, I filled her mouth up with cum

I was fuckin' on that bitch, she was screamin' yeah like Lil Jon

And you know I can't trust a ho, I don't go nowhere without my gun

Ain't going out bad and sad, lil' bitch, I can't go for nothin' Number (N) in jeans on my ass, and you know my bag from Number (N) in

And I just did a shoot with Phoenix, I ain't talkin' 'bout the Suns

I could fuck on any nigga's ho, I can have any bitch that I want

I remember I used to be broke, now I eat filet mignon

Ain't going out like no ho, everywhere I go I keep my gun

Rob you and your lil' bro and fuck your ho just for fun

Saw my opps the other day, them niggas wasn't on nothin'

Saw my opps the other day, I couldn't stop clutching my gun

I'm not like nobody, I ain't nobody's son

I'm not like nobody, I don't sound like no one

Bitch, it's big Teen Ecstasy, and it ain't no comparison

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