

POP

Ken Carson

(Neilaworld)

Yeah, I pop a xan, and I pop your mans
And I pop out on the scene
Look at my neck, look at my wrist, you know my shit go bling
I been' pulling them racks, and spending them with my team
I just pulled up with my junkie bitch, she snort coke in Celine
I just walked down on a rapper, took his chain 'cause he green
I don't fuck with none of these rappers, anyway, 'whatchu mean?
Tote that AR-15, can't even fit in my jeans
I'm gon' blow up before I think he gon' go, pop out on the scene
Say he want smoke, now that boy got cancer, now that boy can't breathe
Bitch I'm on go, if you wanna fight, I'll knock out your teeth
Fuck your hoe, she might not do it for you
Yeah, but for me, that bitch on go
I got a Glock 42 and an AR-15, bitch I'm gonna blow
You niggas know what it do, these niggas know what's up
These niggas be hoes
Eat a nigga up like fruity loops, beat a nigga like FL Studio
Yeah, that's what I charge for a hook, but I ain't let no hooks go for the low
And if I tell you, that shit for the low, then imma' finesse you
Ain't no Ken Carson features, by myself, I run that bitch, yeah
By myself I get that money, by myself yeah, I don't need ya
This a Maybach, not a KIA
Yeah, that's my swag
Every day I go on a shopping spree, everyday I pop new tags

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