

# Raver

Ken Carson

Spent 10k on my jacket (Spent)  
Give a fuck lil' bitch, I'm swaggin'  
Give a fuck lil' bitch, I'm braggin'  
Give a fuck 'bout the bitch, I'm swaggin'  
Give a fuck 'bout the bitch, I'm braggin', yeah  
These niggas don't want no static  
These niggas don't want no action, I swear these niggas don't want no smoke  
That lil' bitch she a bop, that lil' bitch she a hoe  
She just gave me some top, then she fucked on my bro  
Yeah she fucked the whole gang, she don't give a fuck though  
I ain't judgin' her ways, but lil' shawty a hoe  
Woah, woah, woah, woah  
Lil' shawty ain't changing her ways for nobody  
Ain't talking 'bout murder, she catching them bodies  
I call that bitch up, she pull up and ride it  
And after we fuck make her roll my exotic  
I can't do nun' for her 'cause I'm off these narcotics  
Got X, got pills, got DMT  
I'm leanin', I'm off of that codeine  
Say you love me, baby gotta show me  
I'm in love with my drugs, it's my protein  
Yeah I can't do shit without it  
Told that boy, "Shut the fuck up and just drive"  
Ain't no slowin' down when Opium slide (Skrtrt)  
I just fuck on that lil' bitch 'til I'm tired  
Then I hit the studio and rap about it  
This shit for real these niggas cappin' bout it  
If I go broke, I'm back trappin' exotic  
Pour up a four, pour a eight 'cause I got it  
One liter, two liter, I can't decide it  
Yeah, you know a young nigga higher than the pilot  
Fuck a mosh pit, I'ma make this hoe riot (Yeah)

Yeah, I put that fresh shit all on my body  
I'm with this thot bitch, feelin' her body  
I got her geeked up all on molly  
Yeah, me and my devil hoe just went shopping, damn  
We keep goin' up, can't stop it  
Pourin' up, geeked up all in the lobby  
Real lil' vamp', give that hoe a Rick coffin  
Woah, I face me a blunt, and don't do no coughin'  
Woah, I spend a young nigga whole check real often  
Oh, and we put real diamonds all on our crosses  
Oh, I just put a double V all on my broad  
Woah, nigga can't even catch up, nigga real real tired  
Woah, four-five, real-real bloody, yeah, real rock-star  
Yeah, my shooter he play with a stick, don't know 'bout guitars  
Yo' bitch, she gon' play with my dick until it get hard, yeah

Woah, woah, woah  
It was just me and yo' bitch, and ain't nobody know  
Ain't talkin' bout O block, I took her to the O  
She fuckin' with me 'cause I ball like a pro  
You smoke CBD and you sip on Karo  
Woah  
You act like that nigga but yo' gang sent you to the store  
Woah, I'm worth like six figures but shit, I wanna work some more

Woah, my bitch nose all white, she been snortin' that coke  
Woah, these niggas don't wanna fight, these niggas don't want no smoke, no

You don't want no smoke, boy  
You don't want no-  
You don't want no smoke boy  
You don't want no-  
You don't want no smoke boy  
You don't want no-  
You don't want no-  
You don't want no-  
You don't want no smoke boy  
You want smoke boy  
You don't want no smoke  
You don't want no smoke boy  
You want smoke boy  
You don't want no smoke  
You don't want no smoke  
You don't want no smoke

I upper echelon my bitch, that's why yo' ho on go  
My bitch flex harder than a nigga on both legs, and still rolls  
These niggas be broke boy, you ain't got no check, need to sell your soul  
Can't call me back about them four bricks, bitch they already sold  
Yeah, they already sold  
My diamonds, they sit on white gold  
Tinted chains look like a light show  
And these niggas be screaming they real, but I know that these niggas gon' f  
old  
And my bitch stay down, she been trill, that why she got Chanel on her toes  
I had choices, I come for the mil'  
Got some racks, I still put that shit on  
Got some racks, I still put that shit on