

sh00t

Ken Carson

(Wake up, FILTHY)

Designer, my shirt, designer, my shoes
Designer, her purse, designer, her boots
Yeah, we rock His and Hers, my bitch do what I do
If a nigga try me and her, ain't no question, I'm gon' shoot
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot (Shoot it out)
Yeah, I shoot it out for my bitch, she stay down, she'll never
switch
I was down, now I'm rich, I was cool, now I'm lit

I'm lit like inferno, he want to fight, I wanna shoot
I dropped out, I ain't go to school, and my Glocky my tool
'Bout to fuck this ho in the pool, she said she want some food
She said she want Ruth's Chris, took her to McDonald's
Ride through the drive-thru, I can't go for none
After she ate her food, she put her hair in a bun
She suck me, suck me, suck me, suck me 'til I'm numb
She fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, I go dumb
Got racks, do you want some? Boy, I could put you on
Boy, you ain't got no swag, your phone ain't even on
She worry 'bout a bag, but she ain't got no home
Her priorities wrong, her priorities wrong

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(Shoot it out)
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(Shoot it out)
(Shoot it out)
(Shoot it out)