

# X For Breakfast

Ken Carson

X-MAN X-MAN X-MAN  
Yuh  
X-MAN X-MAN X-MAN  
Yuh  
X-MAN X-MAN X-MAN  
Uh  
X-MAN X-MAN X-MAN

She said "What you eat this mornin'?" Bitch, I had X for breakfast  
I threw that bitch on a Sandwich, no Cheese, no Lettuce  
I ate that lil bitch, she was super wet, I ain't need no beverage  
The way I fuck lil shawty, she comin' back for seconds  
Upside down on my cross, yeah you know how I shoot the Reverend  
Send that boy straight to Heaven, guess you could call it a Blessing  
Nigga mad cause we fuckin on the same ho', see me, nah I ain't stressin'  
Or is you mad because she fucked with me, first and she fucked with you second?  
Or is you mad cause I got that bag, and yo' pockets unhealthy?  
Walk in that bitch, they know I'm rich, yeah they know that I'm wealthy  
Balenciaga on my kicks, and my jacket Margiela  
He talkin' like he hard as shit but he soft as a Feather

Niggas talkin' bout some cash, bitch we havin' extras (Yeah)  
Niggas still smokin' gas, bitch we havin' pressure (Yeah)  
Got this fine ass bitch she mad cause I still ain't text her back  
Bitch I'm into fashion (Yup)  
But my brother servin' Crack  
If this shit don't work lil bitch, I bet I go back to the trap  
If he playin' with my work, I'll knock that boy right off the map  
We got heavy metal bitch  
These lil boys be havin' scraps  
I rock every leather bitch  
Yeah you know that shit all black  
I fuck every type of bitch  
Yuh, I can't even cap  
Ho' I touch every type of dollar, I like all kinds of cash  
Dawg it's 12, get behind us, roll the windows up and smash out  
Bitch I send my shooter money, he want Cash App for that crash out

Bang, Cash App for that crash out  
I'ma sell that bitch  
Put a nigga on a cross, he get Crucified  
I'ma nail that bitch  
Coulda' fucked yo' ho', but I was too damn high to rail that bitch  
She was off that blow, so you know it ain't nothin' you could really tell th  
at bitch  
Fuck it, I'ma go sell that bitch  
Box her up, mail that bitch  
Thats how you know my pimpin' lit  
Thats how you know I'm pimpin' shit  
I'll slap a bitch out quick  
And you know I'll wipe a nigga nose, just like a Handkerchief  
If a nigga fuckin' with the O, I'll put that bank on him  
Yeah I got a lil' stamp, but I want a lil' more, I'll up my rank on him  
I ash my Blunt on him  
I spill my Drank on him  
I'on give a shit, I'on give a damn, I'on give a fuck 'bout him