

Xposed

Ken Carson

Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh

One for the money, two for the show
Three for these mad ass, sad ass hoes
She wanna go to Nobu, I bought her a 444
Fives in this bitch, you know we reppin' that double 0
He ain't really loaded, he just talking, he a troll
All my opps are hoes all my opps getting exposed
Too much money on his head
He can't do shit cause he broke

When I woah you can tell I ain't
When I talk he getting chose yeah
I get it
Bitch saw money now she so heavy
I switched her whole status
I changed her life
I been fighting my best shit happening thing I think about twice
That shit don't bother me niggas been stealing swag all my life
These hoes don't bother me
I can't be bothered
I'm the black
Feel like
I'm on the x-files
My bitch x'd up
Can't wait to be putting him down
He think he next up
Doing this shit that you rap about
That boy a wrestler
I'm charged up
I can pop the tesla
My nigga get your bars up
She just popped a Xan
These niggas ain't fucking with me
Let's go band for band
You ain't flexing on me bitch you flexing on your fan
That mil you made in a year I made in one day go ask my mans
Fuck you talkin' 'bout?
This shit loaded
Every time I hit that concert, it's like karaoke
Keep my hammer like I'm Thor, huh, but I'm more like Loki
Hardcore, I'm goin' gore, these niggas don't really know me

I'm going Mozart, I'm going Shakespeare
I'm a bakery, but I ain't bakin' no cakes here
I have bread, I'm makin' bread, shawty
Bread, bread, shawty
Bread, bread, shawty
Get your bread, bread, bread hoe
Fucking on your hoe
Oh I got her legs up
Fucking on your hoe
You ain't no way keep your head up
Fucking on another nigga hoe because she fed up
I ran out of but the police fed up
He say I'm an opp why the fuck he ain't saying nothing
Baby girl call me back I'm about to get my dreads in a retwist

I trap shit like Three 6, we the mafia, bitch, 808, yeah, mafia
Pop shit but ain't nothing popping up
Yeah these niggas don't pop
Can't tell you if I sell my soul or not
I forgot
Everybody tough and gangster until they got shot

One for the money
Two for these thots
Three for these drugs
I'm having a lot
If a nigga
I'm a hop on my G5
I'm fried I'm not tired
I would've died if I lied
Put racks on, put racks on that
Bag on that, Pateks on that
Camouflage huh, gang shit
How you more what you going to do when you get paid
I've been rocking, I've been rapping, I've been raging
She said she miss me yeah I miss stage
Ain't no competition all these niggas in the way
Ain't no competition huh I know I'm ok
Ain't pressed bout none of these niggas
Ain't stressed bout none of these bitches
I've been counting up too much shit

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