

Still

KenTheMan

(You can ask Bigg Cuz)
Yeah, you already know who they got in this bitch
It's Ken the motherfuckin' Man, ho
Ayy

Why would I argue with bitches that ain't got a dime to they name? (Uh-huh)
Bitches be thinkin' gettin' to me, gotta go through the gang (Uh-huh)
Why would you think I was fuckin' your nigga? You fuck with a lame (Uh-huh)
I got designer the shoe to the shirt, I don't mention the chains (Uh-huh)
If you gone sleep on a bitch, I would hope you could lay in a Ritz (Uh-huh)
They know I'm am the one not the two, but they know that be with the shits (Uh-huh)
All of my hoes gotta be in the house by 10, I'm strict (Uh-huh)
And I'm a bad-sss bitch for real, I don't edit my pics

Still shittin' on my ex, still shittin' on his best (Yeah)
Still spendin' money from last year (For real)
Ooh, pardon my flex (Ayy)
These Nikes on my feet, but I ain't talkin' 'bout them kinda checks
Surprised bitches ain't got bags yet, I ain't gave 'em a rest
Still shittin' on my ex (Ayy), still shittin' on his best (Yeah)
Still spendin' money from last year
Ooh, pardon my flex (Ayy, ayy)
These Nikes on my feet, but I ain't talkin' 'bout them kinda checks
Surprised bitches ain't got bags yet, I ain't gave 'em a rest

Yeah, I hear that flow, it sound like me, all my haters LGBT
Lisa, they obsessed with me
Threesome, they want sex with me
Kill hoes, may they rest in peace
Book it, I don't step for free
Dlow, can't get in with me
These diamonds, these hoes ebony
You hoes last, I don't wanna be your sis, I don't wanna be your friend
Bitches is broke, they still gettin' out the mud, I been gettin' out the sand
Stay on vacation, they workin' on my nerves, I'm workin' on my tan
Bitches ungrateful, they wanna bite my hand, I could've helped your brand
Bitches is weird, you wanna be my opp, you could've been my Stan (Could've been my Stan)
He wanna spin my block, he gotta spin them bands (Gotta spend them bands)
He wanna get off block, he gotta hit my Zelle (Gotta hit my Zelle)
She wanna take my spot, she gotta go through hell

Still shittin' on my ex, still shittin' on his best (Yeah)
Still spendin' money from last year (For real)
Ooh, pardon my flex (Ayy)
These Nikes on my feet, but I ain't talkin' 'bout them kinda checks
Surprised bitches ain't got bags yet, I ain't gave 'em a rest
Still shittin' on my ex (Ayy), still shittin' on his best (Yeah)
Still spendin' money from last year
Ooh, pardon my flex (Ayy, ayy)
These Nikes on my feet, but I ain't talkin' 'bout them kinda checks
Surprised bitches ain't got bags yet, I ain't gave 'em a rest

Uh-huh, uh-huh
Say it with me, uh-huh, uh-huh