

NOLA

Kevin Abstract

I'ma make it worse if you wanna act up
So, what you playing for? I can make you jealous
First, I'ma back it up, rub it in your face

Niggas that won't fold up
I could really use some
Whoop that trick, get 'em
I could really use some
Teeth that ain't fucked up
I could really use some
Money in a duffel bag
I could really use some
Love that the 90's had
I could really use some
Weed heavy, make me choke
I could really use some
Shit, I might me outta hope
I could really use some
Shawty wanna grip my rope, but
I could really use some

Dame todo mami
Dame todo mami
Dame todo mami
Tu encima, yo pa' bajo

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I don't penny pinch, I spend bread on all my hoes
Treat 'em equally, if not, they get in that mode
She ain't wanna chill back then, now she ask to come to shows
She got a man but she with me, she play a game, she'll get exposed
If I was selling dick, she couldn't afford it
My ho just like the car from out the country, she imported
Style me, myself and I, I don't need help, look good in Jordan's
I don't politic with hoes, no back 'n forth, it ain't important
Know what I mean
Out in the hills, I'm drunk as hell like Charlie Sheen
Get to L.A., she wanna fuck, get in the room, take off my jeans
Said that I love her but I love her friend, some things ain't what it seem
Do what I want, I'm racked up, Dri, been having my way since a teen

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I don't like sharing myself
I don't like sharing myself
I don't wanna share myself
I only wanna share my bitch, huh
I don't like sharing myself
I don't like sharing myself
I don't wanna share myself
I only wanna share my bitch, huh

Nigga, you share that bitch, ain't sharing no bitch to resent my gifts
I couldn't even make no list, taste that, uh, take that bitch
I want the head, the neck, the face, little baby, that straight Kurt Angle
You like feds, my jit, don't buy what ya selling, can't work with ya angles
I'm off a Perc' and a Addy, he dropping the lo', we pull up in the Caddy
I need a bitch with no daddy, that ho better get in that ring with no paddin
g
She throwing that shit like a Manning, I'm catching like Randy when bullets
come at him
The kick on the switched be manic, we busting yo' bitch while you bust down
a Patek
You got a brush with death, Bobby Ross with the stick, put ya head on a canv
as
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The only thing I've ever really wanted was a pistol
My only true regret is every shot where I missed them
Crackas wanna lynch me but I'm back with a vengeance
On Yellowstone side where it's bloody in the trenches
Babies in the trashcan, money for the white folks
They just wanna see 'em bleed, baby, what you mad for?
Only thing I wanted was some blades on a candy slab
I could really use some
Swimming in the syrup, talk to God while I'm smoking loud
I could really use some
Flyer than a feather, you won't ever see me touch the ground
I could really use some
They don't wanna hear me, but I bet them niggas see me now
Flowers from the asphalt, birds made of concrete
I could really use some
Flames from the muzzle break, send 'em to that long sleep
I could really use some
Use, Use
I could really use some