

# Sell Out

Kevo Munev

(Memphis Track, Memphis Track Boy)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, huh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Kevo Munev  
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Turn up)  
Turn up, turn up, turn up, turn up  
Huh, huh, huh

How you got money, but can't even bail out?  
You want a show, you book me, it's a sellout

I send a message, ain't givin' no mail-out  
I got the city headlock like a dreadlock  
And where was you when they was callin' me "Junkie"?  
Even in wintertime, ice sunny  
I call up Sloppy, he pull up, he dump it  
Did what you wanna do, already done it  
I don't see nothin' on your waist, where your gun at?  
I got some niggas gon' shoot where I point at  
I caught the bomb and I ran where they punt at  
I love my cousin, he crazy, his drunk ass  
I want the bitch and never been in Outkast  
She say, "Kevo, you be fresh with your fat ass"  
Walkin' 'round the hood, they like, "Kevione, lil' bad ass"  
And I come to Memphis to rock out a show  
When I'm done with that show, I'm back outta the city  
I'm never stoppin', man, I'm never quittin'  
Fuck a detective, fuck a lieutenant  
I do not fuck with the police or snitches  
I'm just one man, I can't save all these bitches  
Kevo Munev, hottest youngin in the city  
I just been fuckin' these bitches  
You know I'ma peep her, don't call me D  
Everybody told me, "Get outta Memphis"  
Walk down the street, [?]  
I went to New York City for a meet  
I walk in the buildin', everybody greet me  
I walk in the bitch and everybody see me  
Don't come in my life, don't come in my life if you gonna leave me, you gonn  
a leave me  
Every night, every night, I pray to get easy, pray to get easy  
And I'm at the top, these niggas can't see me, they so beneath me, they so b  
eneath me  
And I can't even drive, want a Lamborghini, Lamborghini, Lamborghini

But how you got money, but can't even bail out?  
You want a show, you book me, it's a sell-out

Ayy, if you wan' book, I need about fifty  
A hundred or better, depend on the city  
Bringin' the gang and they comin' in with me  
A nigga look wrong and I'm poppin' his fitted  
You know when I pop out, I'm bringin' the city  
And my bitch comin' with me, I'm grippin' her titties  
Automatic, this is not a semi and my Glock got a Jimmy, ain't doin' no jammi  
n'  
Where's the bread? You know I'm a bandit

Leave my kids on her head, then I'ma abandon  
Two sticks in the Phantom, we ride in Atlanta  
We seein' our mans, we ready to stamp 'em  
If he a reason, we leave him deceased  
Line a nigga up like he had a crease  
Shoot up the crib, make him cancel the lease  
We might do him so bad, he might call the police, brr