

Sell Out

Kevo Muney

(Memphis Track, Memphis Track Boy)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, huh, yeah, yeah, yeah

Kevo Muney

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 Muney, 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 gonna 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 beneath 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 jammin'

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