

Kennedy Rd.

KILLY

I ain't never lovin' bitch, I'm hard luck
I just beat the pussy like a gum-ball
I say come and kick it with a rockstar
She said okay, meet you in Toronto
She just love my vibe and my energy
Please don't hit my line, you not friend with me
You ain't on my grind, you an enemy
Just me, myself, and I down on Kennedy Road

Bleacher view, perspective NFL
Whip up in them churches, it was hell
Killy Season, workin' on the glo
No more moving chickens by this door
I just spent a year up on my ones
Watch me stretch it, flip it for the funds
Talkin', makin' watts do acrobatics
Talkin', make 'em spend it then I stack it
Sega Rico, Sega, that's what's up
I be having issues with the trust
She keep saying something 'bout her man (who?)
So I finessed her out her love
Ego getting bigger by the bread
Spending too much time in the ends
I ain't really into making friends
Tell me where they was, they left for dead
I been counting blessings, shit is feeling like a movie
Every night this paradise, we sippin', smoking spooky
She was talkin' 'bout I hit it raw up like some sushi
But I can't fuck with her, I got issues, she might fool me

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I'ma have the city up in flames
Business what I'm dickin', fuck the games
I was goin' through it in the belly of the beast
Sippin' fruit, we gettin' loose, just ego in the green
You ain't really know me, you ain't really know me
I was on my lonely, I just want the trophy
Let her see the vision for the night
Show her how I think she come alive
On the road, sold my dope by myself
'Cause I'ma get it way I want myself
I been sippin' water and eclair
I guess up on the odds, I persevere
Now I'm doin' me and everybody fuckin' with me
They can see the fame a mile away, now they miss me
Everywhere I go they say I'm next up in the city
You ain't heard the name, you know it now, bitch it's Killy

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