# Postcards

**King Los**

Yeah
We ain't got nothin' for these haters
But some postcards, ha, postcards
King Los
Yeah...

(Tell them you'll need this)
We shittin' on the game, by the time they hear this
We be probably sittin' on a plane, waving by
(Tell them you'll need this)
See you, fuck up out my lane, that's the perfect time to exit
Nigga fuck up out the game, like
(Tell them you'll need this)
Rings on, King shit, throne shit
Bow down I got rings on, I'm like
(Tell them we'll need this)
Go hard, we ain't, got nothin'
For bitch niggas but postcards
(Postcards, postcards, postcards)
We ain't got nothin' for bitch niggas
But postcards (postcards)

Ugh, in one week I see two, three jets
Zoned like a 2-3, Gucci sweats
I'm a trapper keeper keep that loose leaf fresh
That's packs of paper, stacks of acres
I mack, you [?] I'm rap's new savior
I should tattoo haters on my nuts cause that's where they be
Yeah they be, trynna follow me and be ahead of me
Seventy, severed Chevrolet and bumpin' Heavy D, steadily
I just get my mack on nigga, never back out
Never turn my back on niggas, I just black on niggas
Like lights out, iced out, if these niggas way beyond my motherfuckin' wipeout
Niggas ain't trill, ain't built like this
This my real life bitch I pay bills like this
I just feel like I could make mills like shiiit
So I shit mills (meals) out while you feel like shit
Chill, you don't want none of this here
I summon this here, this my summer this year
And I'm stuntin' this year on a pj
How the fuck I make it out without a DJ, woah

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But postcards (postcards)

I'm somewhere under Palm Trees
With a blonde piece within arm's reach
Y'all niggas ain't blowin' that strong either
I had a little talk with a palm reader
Say money, money, money, money
Coins, coins, cash, scrilla
Drop, lamb, got, damn
Going, going, fast, nigga
Zoom, I'm somewhere on the moon lookin' down
You [?] stuck somewhere in the room lookin' round
Who cookin' now? Me (Ugh)
Who the fuck thought it could be [?] (You)
B-U-L-L-S-H-I-T-I-N-G, I can see
A lot of that comin' from your clique right now
So I'm writin' postcards in this bitch right now
Like ugh, next time you see me I'll probably be different
I told you niggas
You can run back and tell the whole fuckin' city when you saw me
I was lookin' like a whole new nigga
King

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