

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' wipeo
ut

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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