

Till I Met Selena

King Louie

Rolling off a yopper
Heavy reefer puffer
Flex I make a muscle
Yeah that cash I gets a lots of
Bitch I'm legal so I'm ridin' round like Rambo
With that XD Nice ass weapon
I got change for my Giuseppes
Wet 'em up they fucking with some body snatchers
Smoking on that muscle with a thot named Tasha
Niggas getting face shots in the broad day
Made his ass a day nigga we don't play
Fonem come out cus' like boom-boom-boom
Niggas get hit falling, fonem like doo-doo
And them roads look like [?]
Come and dance with the stars
We ain't shooting at no cars
Hopping out, popping shit up
Droppin' shit
Popping shit up
Niggas ain't on nothing
They just talking shit up
Catch 'em while they walking
Now they chalking shit up
Get your ass motherfucking candle, memorial
Put 'em on the motherfucking table, cut em open, autopsy
T-shirt, R.I.P
I just want my bitches to give my bitches kisses
All I smoke is ralph, boy, your mid-shit different
This bitch think I love her, girl you really tripping
Boy I'm Michael Jordan, you just Scotty Pippen
Pistol explode, hot shells make him shake like he's having a seizure
Look inside up [?]
My name is Louie, but for some reason they call me Tony
Hitters come through, and delete all that shit Shawty
Straight erase 'em, couple pesos
Yeah we made the news
Ball like Vegas boo
I am Booaglo
Fonem hit them up, he invisible
Shit get critical
And my brother is Obama, it's political
Can't do the dash, cause that shit digital
And the feds is watching
Bitches hella jocking, I be hella beaming
Man I fucked they bitch, they be hella steaming
I'm king, I'm dreaming
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