

# Baguette's

King Von

(Everything Mvjor)

I got two duffle bags and they handed from the teller  
Two bad bitches, but they dead to me like callus  
And I'm chasin' all this money, army green, the color relish  
Pop, pop, they fall like feathers, this watch is all baguettes  
I got my hammer on me, see his bitch and went to nailed her  
Bitch, I'm with the gang, that mean I'm hangin' 'round some felons  
And Blow, he got the K, and he gon' play it like a guitar  
Never have I hit a bitch that say she don't wanna fuck again

Don't none of my diamonds be SI's  
I bought some Cartiers just for my left eye  
Killin' on the Southside, money on the Westside  
Hustler, I could sell Popeyes to Popeyes  
I got it out the mud, I ain't never had shit  
Gang, gang, gang, niggas know what it is  
Hermes rag when I wipe my tears  
Carat and carat shit in my ear  
And I go Johnny, ain't goin' no veneers  
I see Lil D when I look in the mirror  
Lam' truck, I ain't gotta pop it in gear  
Hurtin' my mom only thing that I fear  
And that shit scary  
Fake niggas real, let 'em tell it  
My pockets got like Jared  
But this ain't Subway  
I'ma keep my nine just like RJ Barrett

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I'm King Von from the O  
The dirty lil' boy, used to sleep on the floor  
The same lil' nigga chased dawg by the store  
And now I got a mil', nigga, I'm the G.O.A.T.  
Heart so cold, need a Moncler coat  
My gun hot like I got it out the stove  
Your bitch weak, won't touch that ho  
Free Cdai, Numba9, D-Rose  
Bangman, Duke, can't forget Ebo (Uh-huh)  
Them my bros, O Block, 6-0 (Uh-huh)  
They with me everywhere I go  
You better know if I blow, he blow  
Me and White White was posted up at the store  
Me and L'A was drillin' shit when it was cold  
Reminiscing on the days when we was close  
I love both sides, just to let you know

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