

Reckless

Krizz Kaliko

They say I need to slow down
Like I drink too much, I party too much
But I'm reckless baby
I was born that way, I'm a stay that way

Niggas couldn't see me if my vidle langer was neon
Nose in the air, staring at the planet that neon
Scapped you off my balls with my paws, y'all be gone
Effortlessly F em, left em jeffing, my nuts they be on
Get out my face is what they telling me
But I'm the shit, just smell me
And I refuse to rep and let it, this ain't no spelling B
So what I'm saying, ain't no question who demand is
Kali take his chances with you jarets
I'm a keep on talking reckless, brothers left em respective efforts to dap e
m in
Used to be in love with the pen, don't know what's happening
Well they matching the abstract rapping, to hide that's happening
Everly telling me money's funny
Why I ain't laughing then?

It's like I got the will but I neglect it
Drunk as hell and don't know where I'm headed
Sideways - that a one way dead end
Telling you to get in
It's like I'm talking breezy to an OG
Slapped a couple pimps just like they owe me
Part of you like nigga you don't know me
I can be that nigga you want me to be

I be talking reckless reckless reckless reckless reckless
I be talking that reckless reckless reckless
Well shut up!
When you leave I'll be talking that shit

But I'm a master when I match words
In a nutshell I bust well
After burner, taking off
I'm on a launch pad, no duck tells
What smells? I'm on fire
Throw a little wood up on the bong fire
Tell yo mutts I'm on a Helen Hunt
And now I'm mad about you, Paul Rise
Killer on the mic, born naturally
Baseball bat with the barb wire
Mick de Folly, I'm sick homie
If you paid for the verse you an art buyer
Hard to march, hide yo marks
Howard Stern, private parts
How on earth first thing that I prove is 13, is that off the chart?
Maybe I shouldn't be given to the crazy eye
If I was smart but I'm newbie I and I'm reckless
Set tripping and writing for sex bitch
Knock 'em out cold, south pole
Matter don't money, I'm about dough
Fuck a hard rock, I'm a star fox
No Falco, outro

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I'm ahead of the third cousin
Killin 'em, keeping it strange, I'm coming to burn something
Ain't nobody gonna ready
Go fuck em with this so you niggas ain't heard nothing
Kid I been up in that loud
With a pen and a pad, a couple of bad bitches
Blowing me off of the map and a matter of fact - I ain't never had bitches
Get her CD's in they swimming in there
Pop a molly, put a drink in the air
I could be riding her aqua now and with a rocking I'm umfing a lock of my hair
Fuck if I care, fuck if I'm rare
I could be coming the luck of the mayor
Wavy in the midi really be something
Shake it up and I'm dumping the flare
Fan out, find him, find him, I need a necklace
I need a pressure package, a clack, she can beat the checklist
What I need is RNR when I'm buzzing as big as Texas
In the whip with no break, hitting the gas
Nigga, I'm reckless

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Nigga, do you know who I am?
Nigga, do you know who I am?