

# PSYKENIGHT

Lancey Foux

It's foot to the floor, no seat, I'm ridin' round tank on E  
The boy just turned to a beast and I know that they know it's me (Yeah)  
I got my own alphabet, it's A, C, I and a D  
Put down your money, let's bet, let's see who dyin' a G?  
I know that it's me  
Leather jeans on in the hood I'm the flyest to come out of east  
Who's ridin' on me? Lemme see?  
I kill a boy on the A13  
I pull up on greaze  
Big greaze with a big G  
I got a bad B  
No underwear like IAMDDDB  
And she won't say a sound  
Big steel under the Jean Paul Gaultier blouse  
How could they doubt?  
That me and my niggas the biggest to do this since 2000 and now  
I put a 10 on track and after I hit, it's Logic, I'm bouncin' her out  
I'm on my white girl shit  
Mm, outside and I'm definitely cashin' me out  
(Catch me outside, how 'bout dat?)

Talk about  
Talk about, talk about, talk about me  
You ain't even a boss  
I pay the cost and I got the receipts  
Fuck a celebrity, no security  
Still see me in the streets  
Like, "Stop, wait, pull up," I need somethin' to eat  
All of these blessings, praise the Lord  
DJ, put that on repeat  
Please don't talk about numbers, little man, I could do that in my sleep  
Please don't talk about skengs  
One phone call, that's a strap with the teeth  
I'm an alchemist, on a trip  
How could I slip when I got the crack on my feet?  
SK's got me standin' well  
Ain't Obama but I brang Michelle  
Bouncers know me on the door  
And they know I'm comin' with gang as well  
Told the girl, "I don't do the road"  
But nothin' change, I got raps to sell  
It's a fast life, I don't kiss and tell  
Said her name and it rang a bell

Tell me what you see when you look in my eyes  
Look in the mirror, you hate what you see  
'Cah pussy, you livin' a lie  
They wanna 'verse, wanna hang with the gang  
But they ain't got the vibe  
Fuck with me, no one can save you  
Nah, not Allah nor Jesus Christ  
I pray but I get sleepless nights (Yeah)  
Real haunted ones  
Pick a lighty and sleep with one  
About brekky, I'm leavin', hun  
If the early bird gets the worm first  
Alright, I'ma see him at brunch

Ah, look at me thinkin' dinner  
If the mandem see 'em, it's lunch  
Putting on weight, I been yammin' this Curry like Bumba  
I am a goat  
Used to be skinny like Lancey Foux  
Your project was shit but it charted though  
Chippy, I'm the man with the bars  
That's not gang, that's stars  
Smokin' this cabbage, might jump on the shrooms  
Like I'm playin' Mario Kart

Ahahahahaha  
Ahahahahaha  
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