

KKK

Maxo Kream

Everywhere I go, I got a burner
And that carry 30 hollow, she'll burn ya (Stephen Curry)
If it's beef, then we gonna get you murdered (kill a nigga)
If it's beef, then we lookin' for ya mother (where she at?)
3 K's in the back, with bullets in em (uh-huh)
3 K's, cause I don't like niggas (no I don't)
Got my finger on the AK trigger (pow pow)
3 K's, cause I don't like niggas
Groovin' through the city, high, and limousine tint
.223's in the magazine clip
If I catch ya on the block, then you gone get chipped
Shoot the whole clip 'til the trigger go click
Groovin' through the city, high, and limousine tent
.223's in the magazine clip
If I catch ya on the block, then you gone get chipped
Shoot the whole clip 'til the trigger go click
(What we do?)

These niggas so fake, man, these niggas'll snitch
Just like some hips, man, these niggas'll switch
He look like a man, but he really a bitch
RIP, Andrew, I'll never forget
He died from the hands of a man in his clique
That's why I don't trust 'em, I kill niggas quick
Niggas'll send you on crash dummy licks
And you gone get killed on that bungee wire shit
Supposed to be niggas, he fuckin' yo bitch
He eating her pussy, you eating on chips
And niggas you put on and helped and get rich
Will set you up quick and take you down for them bricks
I know plenty of stories like Rico and Mitch
These niggas is janky, they on that fuck shit
I'm janky myself, so I never trust shit
Fuck all you niggas, my KK can spit

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(What we do?)

Catch a nigga with a Smith & Wesson
Shoot him while he least expect it
No eye-witness, no confession, no police and no detectives
Nigga gotta choppa', hit em'

Grim reaper, then the reverend
Momma crying, momma miss him
Young Max God, I don't forgive him
Nigga wanna plex like hold up
Bullet hit his head, then he fold up
I don't kid around, I'm a grown up
Shoot a nigga down, then I po' up

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(What we do?)

Double trigger, 40 Glocks, and AK's
Double barrel shotty, will blow you away
Catch a couple of bodies, throw 'em away
These niggas act like roaches, spray 'em with Raid
These niggas'll dap you and smile in your face
But really they salty, cause these niggas hate
They see that you trappin', you moving that weight
These niggas is mad, they not getting enough play
You think he yo mans, but he really a snake
Public informant, he work for the state
Video footage, recording on tape
Surrounding your house and now kick in yo place
Drugs in the cabinet, cash in the safe
Weed in the trash bag and drank by the case
Coke in the attic and gun on yo waist
That boy ain't yo nigga, he work for the Jakes

These rapper niggas talkin', but I really do this shit
I been juggin', selling hoes, way before this rap, bitch
Fuckin' bitches, selling drugs, on the dub hitting licks
Moving pints, selling lean, finessin' niggas out they shit
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