

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  
Mamma crying, mamma 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  
Fucking bitches, selling drugs, on the dub hitting licks  
Moving pints, selling lean, finessin' niggas out they shit  
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