

## Diverse

NoCap

I sip high tech don't need no wrapper  
They know I ball don't need no scale

Fell in love with tools if they play we kill everyone  
I came from disaster so I flooded my hood with guns  
Why you trust no one I got my reasons  
I pull up hell cat tryna leave these demons  
I treat all my hoes just like the last one  
Leave the mic in the studio I'm back countin' Jacksons  
My hood like wide hips you can't pull up on this side  
We been jumping gates, run from narcs I don't get tired  
My chevy's ain't got no links but somehow we got mob ties  
Cartier's I can't see but the coupe came with frog eyes

When the lights off my mouth hit colors ain't nothing for me to leave a bitch on red  
Inside of the coupe peanut butter, I still will never give a bitch no bread  
From the trap to a entertainer still I get em touched for what he said  
In the hood serving undercover how else is we gon get fed  
I'm picky with all these bitches like I dig in they nose they know how it goes  
My last name ain't Jenkins they heard I'm having all the bowls and they tryna score  
Make money from music and trapping like DJ and roach I call it Hustle and Flow  
I'm a don in my city 'cause I want it more (I want it more yeah)

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I'm the modern day Loc dog 'cause I keep extensions like [?]  
They call me Keevin man and I been throwing dick and all these bitches receiving  
September baby I was born in the fall so bitch is you staying or leaving  
We argue 'cause you wanna fuck in the morning I wanna fuck in the evening  
My dick better than heroine I inject in her body and I leave her feening  
See a app we don't dare run we'll put em on Fox call him Willie Beamon  
Clip taller than Megatron, hit em with a bullet now he out for the season  
Lil nigga don't give me a reason

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