

# KOTA

Pouya

Hey, hey  
Born to kill for this shit, ay  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, okay

I was born to kill for this shit, like, for real  
My life is a movie, DVD, that shit for sale  
Fuck 'bout what you heard, fuck 'bout what you tell  
It's just me and gang, kings of the ant hill

All gas, no brakes, pop off, propane  
White girl, cocaine, caked up nose rangs, uh  
I remember chillin', doin' hoodrat shit with friends  
These niggas my children, I don't wanna make amends  
Underground Underdogs finna pop shit like confetti  
Locked and load, we set it off, I had to get my blicky ready  
Ho, before I die, I hope that I can reach a million subs  
You and I, our lives are really fuckin' juxtaposed  
That bitch been obsessed with me, to me, she just a stupid ho  
Always tryna call a nigga on a bunch of different phones

I'm with Shwinnis, not Joe Biden  
Fuck that ho, she lyin'  
Keep that pipe on me, got iron  
He got canceled, that boy lyin'  
Oops, I just put the juice in my veins, I'm not Bruce  
I just feel like Bane, put the pain in the booth  
Suicide Cobain, blow my brains out the roof  
She a freak, tie her up, she got turned on by the noose

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I was sixteen, I was sellin' that dope  
Night job shift, had me wipin' those floors  
I was sellin' them eighths in the middle of my break  
Got a lot on my plate, but you know how it go  
She said it's fate, I said, "Like, baby, I'm feelin' the same way, but look at the odds"  
She wanna play, I just want vacays and couple of babies [?]  
I need my plate, I keep my family locked and I'm lovin' my girl, no menages  
Push came to shove and that shit was just whoopin' my ass, now I'm tryna push shit just to start  
Pushin' that shit 'til this limit, my limit been limitless  
Just cop me the stimulus  
I be running away, but I cannot get into that (Shh, hush)  
So, baby, cut into this

Thirty in my 40, I got two, them jaws akimbo  
Caught your homie goin' in his crib, then turned him to indo  
K clip curl look nice as fuck when spittin' out my window  
Twenty nickels hit his face, now they keep askin', "Where his sense go?"  
Blood all on his kinfolk, oops, it's on a lil' opp bitch  
Known for catchin' fades with everybody, 'cause I don't got picks  
Eli Manning with the package, known to make rock flip  
Shwinny pull up from a distance, no Ben Simmons, I will not miss (Shh)

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I'm somethin' like a role model, I feel like Uncle Phil (Yuh)  
I just popped a pill, I'll let you know how I feel  
Bitch, I'm spinnin' like Yoshimitsu, I'm drinkin' like I had gills  
Back pockets stuffed with bills, got me dancin' like Eddy Gordo  
Strippers beggin' me for photos 'cause I look so fuckin' gorgeous (Yuh)  
She sucked my dick and now she feel like she important  
Yeah, my whip imported, bitch, you know I could afford it

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Shit, like, for real  
Let's go  
Fuck 'bout what you heard, yeah  
Strip