

# Control

Robb Bank\$

Black Money Boys Deathrow, fuck nigga  
I don't know why these niggas tryna be like me  
Bein' a nigga like me ain't easy. Shit hard, hard, real hard (Loko)  
Yeah, big dog, yeah yeah

Me I like flexin', like flossin'  
You too much concerned with the lies and the flodgin'  
Lebanese bitch and she bossin'  
Ain't too picky, like 'em lightskin or darkskin  
Hol' up stop the track  
Gimme 15 minutes, 'bout to break her back  
I came in for all the racks  
They set this bitch up, we gon' send it right back  
I get it all face, no mask  
Since when you niggas tough? Y'all make me laugh  
I secured all the bags  
Could never fit the fonk  
Lightskin got a black  
These niggas goin' out sad  
You couldn't call my bluff  
You [?] showed you where it's at  
I slide through and beez the trap  
Beat-beat-beat, beat it up then spazz  
Yea hold on give me 10 more minutes to beat her back in  
I'm finna go Lizzo, show my ass 'fore the track end  
I put it in the front end before I go get the back end  
She said she wanna fuck in the Bentley she need subtraction  
Whole pint of Tris, I just spiked it with acid  
Bet she gon' suck on that dick 'til it's flaccid  
She pulled up and got split in half like a fraction  
I'm Mr. 0-to-100, I'm [?]  
430 Deathless, make her do magic  
No Hunger Games we all eat in my faction  
I bust all the bells down, FN made of plastic  
Your bitch at my house waitin' right now I had it (Yeah)  
I feel ecstasy enter me  
Walk 'round the house and I speak to the entities  
Promethazine codeine so plush call it Trisamine  
Came to the Bird house for lunch, ate her like sesame

Fee-fi-fo attack  
Can't no fuck nigga hold me back  
Pour into my soda, black  
Count it all up control the racks  
Nigga can't hold me back  
Count it all up, control the racks  
Nigga can't hold me back  
Count it all up, control the racks

Yeah nigga bantam weight, Rousey  
How the fuck you doubt me?  
I'm takin' off her blousey  
Next come the trouseys  
Own all my maters, bitch Steve Stoute  
I ain't with all the banter  
Get the fuck from 'round me  
Teardrops fallin' right from ya momma eyes

These niggas cat but don't got 9 lives  
Pew, pew, pew, 1 shot make 'em cry  
Teardrop Gang, to you, from I  
Ay-ay-ay-ay, [?]  
Next to the Phantom, while I play piano  
Your album was ass, Anthony Fantano  
Couldn't hold a candle, on wax like this mantle  
I'm way in the islands, took yo bitch to Sandles  
Fucked her like a mermaid, turned into Atlantis

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