

Koffing

Robb Bank\$

Jumped off the porch, for real
Fuck you and your hood, for real
Nigga, you wasn't on nothin' for real, pussy
Pussy, y'all just high on pills
Bitch, talkin' 'bout bread, I'm the loaf
Follow the leader, you follow the crumbs
Nigga, do this shit for sport

Empire Mixtapes, not for the weak-hearted
Holy sh-, yeah, where'd you find this?
Ayy (Evil empire) C-c-cuff yo chick

Yeah, yeah, yeah (bitch)
Thought 'bout this one while I was gettin' my dick sucked at a bum-ass apartment
I really had a bitch eat another bitch while I fucked a bitch when I was in New Orleans
Nigga, you was havin' a midlife crisis, I did your wife like Marcus Jordan
It's the Marcus Garvey of Recording, turn up the game while I'm fuckin' talkin', nigga
What they on? I told your BM, "Drop that low"
If we get you out of there within a day, I'll let it come with me on tour
Nigga your BM will feel honored if I named-dropped her in a song
Like how you name-drop niggas' names when you round hoes just like a hoe?
Groupie nigga, jumped off the porch for real
Fuck you and your hood for real, nigga
You wasn't on nothin' for real, pussy
Y'all just high on pills, bitch
Talkin' 'bout bread, I'm the loaf
Follow the leader, you follow the crumbs
Nigga, do this shit for sport
I hit 'em from half court

I ordered filet mignon and bought her nuggets and told her "Be gone"
She was just on the Grammy and sauce, and you took the bitch to Carbone
Yes, sset turned me up, nigga, you already know what I'm on
Gotta know I never wore V-Lone, and I know you got a Wraith with a loan
You is not the owner of that car that is a loaner
I got stones in California, and I still hang on the corner
Ay hit, gone, same day, crank, kick, Lui Kang, oil spilled, bitch
Your brother got me coughin' in this bitch

I got Justin all in the backwood, bitch
Can't beef you, not in my bracket, nigga
When they walk by, I start laughin', pussy
Now what's today's mathematics, ho?
Fuckin' inglorious bastards
Bird gang, swang for my chain
Built for white, gold, Cuban links
Nigga, I got on three Cuban links
Nigga, I done had your bitch before
Pause, stop, then fast-forward
Rewind, we finna pass her nigga
I'm the promethazine pastor (codeine)
Y'all niggas be pourin' up backwards
All that green you on Bruce Banner
What the fuck you think you always mad for?

Get some money, control your anger, nigga

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Pardon the interruption for this little smoke break

It's Evil Empire

(Yeah, nigga)