

# 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' talk  
in', 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

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  
I got hit, gone, same day, crank, kick, Lui Kang, oil spilled, bitch  
Your brother got me coughin' in this bitch

Pardon the interruption for this little smoke break  
It's Evil Empire  
(Yeah, nigga)