

# Late Night King

Trae

She got a body of a goddess, hell of a night  
Henny, Don P, and 'tron on ice  
I done damn near got them pissed at each other  
Running out of time, ticked at each other  
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Hitting nothing when I pull up forward  
Looking numbers but got an explorer  
See you see it, know it, not me cause my money don't need it  
Durant with no gym, if I shoot bitch I'm scoring  
King late night, ho come find out  
I deep end dive in, when I finish I climb out  
Giving me head, I call it blowing the mind out  
If she ain't bout action I might just put her in time out  
I'm a player so I can't choose  
Got em searching for a nigga with the same clues  
Pimp truth, me and Pimp got the same views  
Fly with it like I'm Jordan, nigga same shoes  
Anything she talking bout she better be about  
If she not she walking out, I hate to see it  
Bout that action, everything  
No listing every way, you cannot stay  
And that's the way I'm raised

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First came in dissing each other, now I got em all kissing each other  
Want a coach and I just put em in  
Phil Jackson shit, girl we gone win  
Got the bait, I just reel em in  
Section 8, now she to the top  
She look better naked but she like to shop  
Picture me and you in coupe without the top  
Monday in the Duly, Friday in the drop  
As I pull up valet, yo I keep my keys  
Turned up like the 70s  
Sex tape filmed in 7D

I fucked your bitch and filmed it  
Dolla \$ign Spielberg  
My life is a movie, shout out to my DJ  
All I smoke is OG, motherfuck the police  
Shout my nigga Trae tha Truth (H-Town, H-Town)  
OG, all my bitches love me  
Bitch I think I'm Gucci  
Then she suck that dick up, I'ma eat that coochie  
I like my cars drop top  
At the light getting top, she going up

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I'm in this night life, politicking  
Politician, bet this ho listen  
Pacific, no DC fishing  
The play for Trae, ain't shit here missing  
Bitches with bitches, she send it over  
She say she want rod I might pull it over  
Tryna make me stand up while she bending over  
Begging me to cum whip it like baking soda  
Her nigga fucked up so I'm taking over  
Look at that ass, she might get the business  
Talking so much, you might never finish  
The way you sit up, talking broke a Guinness  
I'm like a four door old school  
Double slide through the city, Truth so cool  
Ain't no telling what might happen when I roll through  
I'm an asshole baby, ain't no rules

I'm the king of the bankroll  
Rubber band ain't even gone fit that  
Everywhere I go I see another stank ho  
Asking me why I ain't never hit that  
Hit that bitch in the back of the trap house  
See me and she holler out there how you gone act now  
Run it, and like that I done it  
Shove some' fat into her flat stomach  
I have no i-dea why the bitch gotta be so fly  
And why the pussy so good, head so fine  
Trying not to bust, nigga can't hold out  
All over everywhere  
She hit me, I'm sending her checks just to get her there  
I bet she leave that nigga there  
Look at her underwear area  
Long as the quantity's quality, the more the merrier  
Bet they break up like T-Mobile carriers  
Told her, she thought that shit was hilarious  
Thought that shit was hilarious  
Shit, I'ma bend her over right quick  
I'm sick of waiting on that pussy, finna go and get it over with  
Put that ass in motion, and send her home to her man later on  
He don't know shit