

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