

Syllables

Xavier Wulf

Bitch I'm outside
In the black on black ride, but I ain't trying to hide
Bitch I'm outside, in the black on black ride
I ain't trying to hide, I ain't trying to hide

If any motherfucker got a motherfuckin' problem with me, motherfucker
I will be outside
I'm ready if you willing motherfucker, we can get it and I ain't trippin', I don't give a fuck if you die
So go ahead and try to take my fucking life
I promise I'll be alright, nigga all I do is fight
All I got to do is strike
And shank a nigga life
They be mad when I'm on site cause they know shit won't go right
I love to shake the night
I love my pocket knife
And if the police pull a motherfucker, then you know I'm finna strike
I don't give a fuck about no motherfuckin' nigga trynna come up with a motherfuckin' trigger, ho!
I don't give a fuck about no motherfuckin' nigga trynna come up with his motherfuckin' nigga, ho!
I don't give a fuck about no motherfuckin' nigga trynna come up with a motherfuckin' issue, ho!
Cause nigga I'm the motherfuckin' man
And that's all that I'm saying
Welcome to the motherfuckin' Blackland

Bitch

Okay Okay Okay Okay Okay
Okay Okay Okay Okay Okay

Phonked up sharp as I'm popping the Glock
Eighteen shots, make a motherfucker drop
Hollywood jaybag, catch you in the Maybach
Chop black shop till the [?]
Run up on some niggas with them all-black Glockes
Run up on some niggas that's breaking the law
[?] some hollow points to the bank teller gon' fade

Sleep, nigga
Psycho mentality from that funk
Double barrel shotgun, that's why body's in my trunk
That's why I'm a
Psychopathic motherfuckin' lunatic
That likes to play a thangs on the minds of the weak
Into the abyss of the shadows where you weep
When you lay at night, make sure you brain asleep
Cause them underground demons will get you
And your soul is theirs to motherfuckin' keep