Bwoii (feat. Nell & J.K. the Reaper)

Denzel Curry

[Verse 1: Denzel Curry]
Who is that nigga that's intergalactically fucking all your bitches
He's snapping and chatting our home girl as she's sucking on my d-stick
God base, bad bitch, walk her to her sprinkle the sentence
Dip on a dose of this pimpin equals submission at longer extension
My nigga you lame
Drug dealers be switching to Santa Claus instead of a cane
Nigga your memories are dropped
Danny Cascade better watch your brain
Fuck them other niggas mane
They're not I see, they depart
As they got me scattered brain
See my thoughts across the wall
Damn, and I'm an abyssal I'm more than a kid, so baby girl get the best of me
In and out and in and out can tell you my pimping legacy
Danny Cascade the universe is saying
Slumber in my bed post as I meditate and lay
Blowing that Luke Skywalker kush, Reflex under my nigga I could
And if this ain't my nigga you hood
Pu Pu Pu Pu
You dead or you should
Damn, Real nigga still will kill niggas have you lying still nigga nah nah for real nigga, but went up your real figure
[Verse 2: Nell]
It's the notorious spitter, kicking it with my niggas
From the Vill ,tryna bill all my niggas can keep it real
My people sittin in cells placing robbery with a steel
Jumping numbers on every bail just so they can get out to kill
They arresting Lee Hart Infield living the life of a cotton mill
Enlighten by Christ so I see the wrong in my right
Every night he gone off the marijuana from Cali to Arizona
I get bad bitch, bonus she bitch I hit
Homies gotta take you by the edge no stitch and give
Don't want (daily)
Niggas on my side play crazy
It's new fake shot to wanna roll me the Glock
Drop it, but me Imma do it like the players do
Mac witchu boo sipping purple juice
Your bitch wanna chill cuz she know the truth

Is my clique too trill living bird to woo
(so clique too my trill living bird to woo)
(Clique too trill living bird to woo)x2
[Verse 3: Denzel Curry]
That ain't reality its blocked the animality
That nigga possessed by the system on the exorcist anatomy
Radically rebellious to the fuckery and faggotry, not as a caution that you cannot sugar me
Not by the doctor with boy with the agassi that you got
I'm the antagonist to plot of how America with three K's wanna see niggas got cake
That the operation for the country seperation
Segregated n divided, conquered they wanna see us dead(eh)
Planet of the apes cuz now niggas wearing cape
Put a color in coronation that's why niggas hate on Dre
But he black too like a tattoo, report his color and
Trying to separate the kin from the mixture of the skin
Fuck a bitch B M Dub
Now he thinks that your the thug
Now it is against the world new millennium niggas like us
Drop the late shit down but you prolly gone hear me just like believe me in night and look for you and Ripley,(Why)
Wha wha
[Verse 4: JK the Reaper]
Fuck that though you don't gotta believe cuz nigga like us all have weed
I plenty shrooms when I walk in the room get any bitch here high with me
Tryna put the word through my penmanship
Cuz you don't get the shit cuz your inferior
Imma go slap on my interior boy
Toungue loud when we hearing you boy
Trap the photo full who has been noticed me
Nigga in jail and I'm sending them photos
I hoping they know that I'm out here grinding for a muthafuckin reason
Clock niggas on the IPod season what is your meaningful dream
Better wake your punk ass up
Like Sway in the morning I'm down and recording as early as hell
Quick cops wanna throw me in jail, What the fuck? I just be coolin
You ain't dropped off shit let me school Ya
Don't let this rap shit fool Ya
I don't want beef, I illuminate until we see the gates and this God says that we face
As I kill the Sphinx with a rival verse C9 is like Steve Jobs birth
Nigga that's the future God glasses I see right through Ya
Fuck nigga when I fuck which and don't
No body no body fuck with my kitchen
Cuz we cooking the difference
You niggas ain't doing shit different
Respect my vision little boy

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