Kyoto

Lost Tribe

Chilin' in Kyoto Grand with my man Skrill.
Chain smokin' nicotine, say fuck a fast deal.
We got that white girl so we make those skrill checks,
fuck a white girl talk ill neck karate chop her grill, bitch I kill.

Born from the center of the storm, all these boys flappin
gums about how they're hard. Bitch I'm harder.
Martyr to the swag on the corner.
Beat your girl with the drums
as the bass makes that bitch cum.

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