

KD

Dave East

(1):

Beg your pardon, I ain't at the garden
I'm a Harlem nigga, I'm at Dyckman
My favorite shooter had to switch states, tryna stay low from inditements
I been the same nigga since diapers
Same nigga with no license
Same nigga caught the train nigga
Now I'm gettin brain from your wifey
You need a pass just to come 'round
I need that Rolly face bust down
Tryna chill cause it's Ramadan but I kill these niggas when that sun down
I ain't cooling less gun round
You can lose your life over one pound
Take my time in the trap stressing
I'm baggin up in a rush now
Fuck what you thought, this not L.A.
So we ain't driving by, we gon' pull up and park
Catch you at the light, make it get dark
In the night when bitches taking it off
I'm just tryna get my cake up, my bitch bad with no makeup
Gunning for ya, got a hungry lawyer
Go up in the court and shoot a case up
Bully probably pull a [?] up, I been thinking bout that ghost shit
I'm retarded when it comes to cops, on my momma I don't know shit
On my momma I done sold nicks
Not a liar, never sold bricks
If they raid the crib nigga, don't snitch
Everybody get it, I got no picks Trey pounds, that's a KD
Pray to God they don't take me
Rolex or a A.P
226 with no safety
Get some work, hit the road
We was hustling in the Cove
Feel it when it hit your nose
Waking up with different hoes(2):
Trey pound, that's a KD
I ain't showing up if they don't pay me
Been nice since [?], these bitches on to me lately
Telling me that I look good, telling me that I smell nice

This why I sell sour D, still on my moms for that bail price
Play ball and I played the trap
I can tell you what them scales like
Had a celly with a bunk bed, I can tell you what them jails like
Cop shit before we hit the streets, you still waiting for that sell price
Stepped on and get dismissed
We like big fish, talking whale type
45 that's a come back, east river where they dump that
Bed breakfast on Linux Ave
Got a flight to Vegas, where lunch at
My youngin got it, he can pump that
My homie hit it, I don't want that
Hate a bitch that never got here own
Always asking niggas where the blunts at
33 that's a Scot Pip
Foreign bitch up in the drop six
Thinking when I couldn't cop shit
I would trap in Queens, Fetty Wap shit
Rockstar need a moshpit
Live a thug life on some Pac shitFly nigga need a cockpit
You ain't fucking with me, you can watch this:
Trey pounds, that's a KD
Pray to God they don't take me
Rolex or a A.P
226 with no safety
Get some work, hit the road
We was hustling in the Cove
Feel it when it hit your nose
Waking up with different hoes
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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