

Explore Ya (feat. Krept)

Mostack

Yo brudda, put the friend in the Benz
I told you again and again that she's cool, she's a friend of a friend
Them niggas sent a guy with a skeng to the ends
But he ain't kill shit, don't send him again
Man roll certi, with that guy with the plats from Play Dirty
Them old rappers are pissed, they're like 30
Lysin' for the fame, them niggas so thirsty (yeaaaah)
Shits changed and the ends know
Got your favourite singer in the friendzone
But I'm on the other shit, money I'm in love with it
All this money, I could prolly buy a Tesco
Overseas girls, North, West and East gyal
South girls, loud girls, run-your-mouth girls
Chantelle say she wanna roll with me, shell show
Bro, 'dese girl say somethin', they do tell
But, my Somalian gyal, she's a baddest
She think my real name is Mohammed
Step up in the club and cause damage
What she done to a nigga, so savage
Grabbing up my ting man, she's holdin' it
But she didn't let me beat man, she's cold with it
She got me hard but I'll soldier it
It's only pussy, I'll get over it
But then the real starts to kick in
That famous line; "just lemme put the tip in?"
Wait, I'm trippin'
I ain't no rookie, I'm a G
I ain't beggin' for no rassclart pussy
She think I don't know her body count, three numbers
She think I don't know all she does, come pass
Fuck with your father, I can't believe that someone's daughter
Let me explore ya baby (explore ya, explore ya baby)
Let me explore ya baby (explore ya, explore ya baby)
Let me explore ya baby (explore ya, explore ya baby) While your ting made me porridge
My Arab ting made me hummus
My white ting made a fry for me
My Naija ting made me Jollof
My yard ting wanna go to Bahamas
My Arab ting wanna get married in Inshallah
I'll take your ting, no drama
Leave you Naija gyal 'round me, she's a Ghana (Goner)

Indian gyal cooked me curry for lunch
Cross-eyed ting, seeing two guys at once
White gyal put the kettle on when it's nuts
Chinese ting cooked me satay and duck
Gyal on the reds, so she gave me head
But she only chat to me so she could get to Krept
Them gyal get me so mad, 'cause none of them want me
They just want Krept & Konan
She think I don't know her body count, three numbers
She think I don't know all she does, come pass
Fuck with your father, I can't believe that someone's daughter
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>