

King (feat. A\$AP Ferg)

Nasty C

[Hook: Nasty C]

You niggas got balls talkin' all that shit
Niggas these days talk more than a bitch
Internet gangster, click boy, click
(Shut the fuck up dawg)
Sit boy, sit

Me and fake niggas we just don't mix
They huggin' too tight, now it's dick on dick
I take what I take 'cause it helps me think
You should be careful what you put in your drink little boy [Post-Hook: Nasty C]

Certified womaniser (turn up)
Bad little bitch from Naija (she thick)
I feed her jollof just before I pipe her
Me and my niggas are ahead of the time ya
Put the future behind us (king)

[Verse 1: Nasty C]

We don't fuck with that boy, take him off of the line up (king)
He's got a hoe inside him, look at his time line (king)
I just came from Kenya, I'm headed to Ghana (king)
Now I am serious, the shine is too real it might fuck with your iris
Witness amazing things
Fuck with a winner darlin'
(Push start) I'm whippin' the devils car
How you say it? Balmain
Please don't mention our names
You'd be then fuckin' with a shark tank
We get straight to it point blank
We get real busy, long days
You just login, and tweet long threads
It's ironic how all of my girls would give me the go but they all red
I've been dreaming big since the small bed
I didn't do no talking, wasn't all Ted
Pussy, pussy, pussy
Bitch, do you ever shut the fuck up?

[Hook: Nasty C]

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 You should be careful what you put in your drink little boy[Post-Hook: Nasty C]
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 I feed her jollof just before I pipe her
 Me and my niggas are ahead of the time ya
 Put the future behind us (king)[Verse 2: A\$AP Ferg]
 It's the Margiela fella
 New Adidas deal now a nigga gettin' better cheddar
 Had to bring the Palais leather
 Baby suck me, whole Beretta
 Alexander Wang campaign [?], huh
 Now walkin' in the fashion show
 All my niggas got it on 'em, they don't wanna blast a hoe
 Don't know why you cappin' tho'
 I don't wanna cap a hoe
 Barkin' like a Que Dog
 Pretty like a Kappa doe (woo)
 Crazy Boyfriend acting tho'
 Rest in peace to Yammy he the reason why I'm stackin' dough
 I'ma stack it up to heaven 'fore I die, make a billi got more bars than a felon
 Hood Pope far from a Reverend
 Nigga talk crazy hit 'em with the seven Mac-11's (boom, boom, boom)
 Nasty C and Ferg are really trap lords, on the really finna get that mozzarella?][Hook: Nasty C]
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