

## **K-Koke**

### **"I'm Back"**

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I'm living my life on the edge so I mind out where I step  
Cause if I was caught slipping could end with a violent  
deat

And I don't want you to miss me

So I gotta keep it bizzy

I'm always on the move like a caravan, a gypsy

I'm the truth, I'm the proof with the city

And it's true I came thru like I flew... frisbee

Suttin you can't catch

I'm labelled hard crack

And I'm stable cah the label got ya dargs back

I can't act lately I'm a poser

I got ya lady naked wiating patient on the sofa

Got me contemplating ways to make her take the  
soldier

Youts are probably hating cause I made it and they're  
older

K kolllaaa! reppin for the bits, the takeover

The rest can call it quits, gameover

Take noe darg, I came so far

So from the top ima drop you down a postcard, pussy

I'm signing autographs in hell

Shits are coming to my cell

Telling me that I'm the shit

They can't believe that I'm in jail

But I can't believe it either

And it's hard for me to cipher

In this bitch, I stand firm like a man when I'm inside her

At the worst I treat my bird like my bird ride her

Word to the sperm

Ima a ceritifed rider

It's so serious

Hoes were really missed

Beating of my junk to a picture of the meanest bitch

You needa lift, lady I can take you up

Ride on this let it flick till I make you come

I run shit with with the chick

You can take a dump

If I front it, I get no need to front

Deceiving cunts, something I don't really want

I just make 'em disappear and I don't need a wand  
I'm the man of the year and I've been gone for moths  
Keep the ground to my ear like my lobe was stuck,  
pussy

I am fresh out of a box  
Crepes fresh out of a box  
Hot stepping on the block, middle finger to the cops  
Ong my rca roc shit  
Stone bizzy block shit  
Chrome dizzy, dome dizzy  
Lizzy got me on shit  
I gwopped it, fly like a cockpit  
I make it stack to my height from my offspring  
I hit the track with punchlines like I'm boxing  
To do or die was the life I was dropped in  
But it's soft tings  
I push harder  
And get rid of bad seeds like a gardener  
I put a lid on mad beef like a farmer  
And my whole team eat like pirhanas  
I'm b-nanas  
My heads gone dawg  
Read dramas nuttin like a soap star  
So keep calm cause rage will approach ya  
My dawgs stick up kids no poster, pussy

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