

King Los

"T.N.B"

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[Hook]

Pull up to the club – skatin’ on them dishes
We in ‘67 Chevys, they got Daytons on them bitches
Fuck is goin’ on? Thought that hatin’ shit was
finished
We don’t take it personal, we just takin’ niggas
bitches
Said we takin’ niggas’ bitches, takin’ niggas’
bitches
Takin’ niggas’ bitches, yeah, we takin’ niggas’
bitches
That’s your girl up in my section? Boy, you know the
business
Just don’t take it personal, we takin’ everybody’s
bitches
Hundred bottles of Ciroc, drinkin’ like a boss
Fuck what niggas think, bitch, I think I like to floss
Fuck is goin’ on? Thought that hatin’ shit was
finished
Take some shots, take some pictures,
Then let’s take these niggas’ bitches

[Verse 1]

Okay, I’m faded off that motherfuckin’ Ciroc, buzz
Bitch we in the building like sheetrock, studs
Now she want me to beat that pussy ‘til it beat-box
(what?)
She like my style, so we got ghost while you D-
Blockin’, cous’
Yeah, she pullin’ on my sleeve, tryna get close to me
She got a long, wavy weave and a big ol’ booty
I’m gettin’ all this rap money and my boys flip coke
So don’t be actin’ like you bougie if your boyfriend
broke
She said he ain’t fuckin’ her right, she gon’
eliminate him soon
I ain’t tryna spend the night, I wanna penetrate it soon
You know, infiltrate that womb, drop in them guts like a
convertible
We can get up like that nigga’s ego, dollars off that
vertical

She tripped over my swag Â– so you know where she
goinÂ’
Put no bitch over my cash Â– bitch, IÂ’m Â’bout my
coins
And I ainÂ’t talkinÂ’ rolls of quarters, but I got some
dimes
Tell him make my wheels look extra clean, bruh, I gots
to shine

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Dance, too much booty in the pants
IÂ’ll blow a couple grand, and straight throw it like a
champ
And she drop it, IÂ’mma get it poppinÂ’, shorties know
we rockinÂ’
I got all these bitches jockinÂ’ like the motorcycle
dance
IÂ’m low on my haters, but IÂ’m high on them digits
I give her that sign, then we slide, you know IÂ’m
pipinÂ’ these bitches
She said he ainÂ’t fuckinÂ’ her right, she gonÂ’
eliminate him soon
And my shine out of this world, bitch, I intimidate the
moon
I rock Jesus pieces and Coogies Â– you know, Biggie
Smalls
I said Â“baby, you want some rose?Â” She said Â“you
know Ricky Ross?Â”
I said Â“whoa, my pimpinÂ’ cold Â– go play in the
snowÂ”
Â’Cause these white bitches still roll, OJ in the cold
I hope itÂ’s all good like a field goal when touchdown
like a end zone
If that bitch donÂ’t lick cock, nigga, kick rock like a
Flintstone
See, you give me your pebbles, IÂ’ll give you this bam-
bam
You booed-up with an amateur, just call me the
sandman
LookinÂ’ at my Rollie, itÂ’s my motherfuckinÂ’ time
Tell that nigga clean my wheels and make them
motherfuckers shine

[Hook]

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