

Black lights

King Los

Dear all you little rappers here I'm finna black light
Pure carbon in the atmosphere turning the black lights

Too cool I hula hoop with Cuban chains
Who can change the frequency and move the game?
Who maneuver through the pain?
Who the truest to the name?
Who do you, do you acclaim, you are lame?
You, and you, and you, and you the same?
Oh fuck it homie do your thang
I ain't in got stressed for this one
I be bumpin' Dipset, getting sets of dips in
Flexing different, make you niggas cut a check to kick it
Man tell 'em it's a easy run
If you the best you the easy one
I'm a nigga with a attitude, I Snoop, Cube, Dre and Eazy son
Line 'em up like the Yeezy's coming
Got 'em shook like Jesus coming
Fuck peace, get a piece or something
Everyday we smoke at least a onion
Get some vegan piece of Mac and cheese or something
Can't believe the day imagine me with nothing
Heaters bucking in my hood and we was ducking
Reaper coming, repercussions squeeze the drum and
Make it even, even preachers running
I take the kids and teach 'em something
They don't fuck with me for nothing
We agree to this on me to leave 'em something
Keep it coming, keep it coming
Ain't no secret fuck with me, and I'ma Ether something
Even keep it peaceful feed me beats and keep me blunted
God body, God body, the young God hard body
Hard top big body, talk tough get bodied
She down to be in my DMs, John Gotti, Yo Gotti
My Saint Laurents go proolly, I ain't playing with nobody
I'ma fuck around and had to murk a nigga
Make a verse 'bout one of you niggas and go hurt a nigga
It don't concern a nigga in about the paper player hater
Perpetrator greatest innovator ever nigga
Get down like James Brown in "Funky"
Man watch you girlfriend 'cause she want me
And you're not me, you can't stop me
Man, you who's on me gon' block me
They drop so cocky, it's not me
I did not need to say that
But I take the drop-top to the top speed
And to catch me you need godspeed
If you bitch stare, I shift clauses and switch gear like a five speed
I don't dig these artist niggas push my buttons and get me started but my ca
use is greater
The shear mechanics of a nigga in the hood is known to take your bitch to al
ternator
God body, God body, who is God? Y'all proolly—
Think God exist, outside of y'all body
I ain't playing with nobody
Yellow Lamb red Ferrari, look like KYLE and Lil Yachty
Heard your metaphors and your punches

I ain't diggin' out a damn line
Jesus Christ wouldn't cross me
And I'ma blow up 'cause I landmine
Allah align the stars create the path
Made sunshine from many moons
Through your soul all it is a sacred math
Wait wait hold up let me take that back
I said Jesus crosses Allah
Allah align stars, suns, moons (Bars)
Made sunshine, mars
And your soul is all sacred math
It's cosmic because the solar is sacred math
I could out Ramadan and break his fast
Excuse my french like my Moroccan brother
'Bout to make fans dessert rappers like that album cover
Y'all don't deserve me, y'all niggas lame
My shit too early, my shit is perfect
Only way I'm a fuck-up, is if I do that shit on purpose
What's these niggas purpose? Most these niggas worthless
Fuck we gon' do when all that shit [?]
Man you lie, man you really hurt us
I should serve you as you would diss for dips serves
I should go and get your bitch some dick service
Make her cum, give me mouth and lip service
Tell these pussy niggas hop up off my sack
I am from the hood where ain't no fathers at
But I'm at just like my father met
I'll be flexing thinking that I'm Hercules
While your momma clap, just like my momma clump
Think I'm a chump, how you wanna act?
Oh Hercules! Hercules! Hercules!

Moor Bars