

Envy Me

Denzel Curry

I'ma keep ballin' to the end nigga
21 guns for my enemies
Niggas got some ho ass tendencies
Cash out I'm ballin' to the end of me
My enemies mother fuck my enemies
Cause I'ma keep ballin' to the end of me
My enemies mother fuck my enemies
Cause I'ma keep ballin' to the end of me
Up in Carol city me and lotto in the charger when we
slide to deep (to deep)
Can't fuck with the south with a AK-47 bumping T double-D (double D nigga)
First 48 gotta say it one time r.i.p. my nigga Bizzle (Bizzle Bizzle)
Kick drill ravish of a nigga think he savage turn him to a popsicle
Thats ice... cold
Or my last name ain't 3000
Bad ass bitch on my t.i.p. she wet like an everlasting fountain
Still a hot boy [?] or wayne like a mother fucking carter
Niggas water whipping in the hot damn kitchen like a nigga avatar or katara
Remember[?]
It still fuck the other side, lurking all black like that boy plies
Snapping like a fat ho at the popeyes when she don't get the thigh, the chicken, or the fries
So nigga what it be?
I can turn my shirt to a ski
Fuck feds, not even ice T wanna come and ice me
Like its new jack city, shit looking grim no mandy, billy
Cross the chopper line bitch you better bow down to a nigga greater than yourself... trick
Flow is immortal so therefore I[?] some of it in yourself... trick
From the tre deuce, got to keep a deuce deuce like a nigga lurking in south central
Bruh if you bout that pressure cross that line, fuck nigga state your issue...My nigga
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Behold these verses the stars to the churches will all
metamorph into seven
Im rocking about 4 types of polo you peep that my style [?] Armageddon
Apocalypse stop, pop the clip better bow down now its all about power
Fantasy darker then Swishers the wicked demented get hit with the mystical shower
Now thats dan-ger grab on the ban-ger
Take down the empire bruh
In the hood just robin like William's

Lets hope that they'll never doubtfire
Niggas be knocking no cabbage no UPS person
So tell me whats up with the S
Slithery snakes with they slithery tongues
Salivating salvations with shit on your head
Yes Curry gone mash on these cowards[?]
Put shells to they back like they bowser, spit fire no flower
Get smoke like the OG and sour then head up to Broward
You know when the bass turn up louder
Bout loud as the dro, get to the door
I'm shroomed out my mental like Mario Bros
I'm seeing the walls start to kaleidoscope
So im guessing that already means [?] I'm gone
Its quiet striking that, haters won't tell the truth in front of your face
Not the same time, not the same place so they hate from a greater distance far way
You see them in person look 'em in the eye
And they say that that wasn't the case
Y'all can suck a dick in advance
Like Rich Homie Quan, get the fuck out my face... bitch I'ma keep balling to the end nigga
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