

# Kung Fu

## YBN Cordae

Daytrip took it to 10 Let me tell you how I come through with the 1-2

Kickin' shit like kung fu  
Treat a bad bitch like she average  
I'm a savage, lil hoe, what you wan' do?  
I'm about cash, if the route fast  
I'ma get that lil nigga, by any means  
Momma complain 'bout my Balmain, but it's all sane  
Couple racks in my skinny jeans (ayy) Hit it up, one time  
Niggas gonna get it until the sunrise (ayy)  
School of hard knocks, I'm alumni  
Bitches on my dick like fungi  
Won't stop, what's that?  
Keep the Tommy on me like a Rugrat (ayy)  
Niggas used to trap where the bus at  
Tell Momma imma quit but I love cash  
I'ma just get it and get it again  
Come ups I split with my friends (ayy)  
Twenty's them twenty's them twinnny twin twin  
Tryna flip a Ford to a Benz  
I'ma get it, I'ma get it regardless  
Bussin jugs  
Used to trap out the college  
Give me brain, I swear that bitch is a scholar  
No snakes around me, only snake on my collar  
I'm a thief in the night, pray to Jesus to Christ  
Better hope he believe in your life  
Free my lil nigga Saudi, was catching them bodies  
He fighting his demons to light  
All my niggas be trapping, Your niggas be rapping  
They robbed you, you asking what happened  
Got a new bitch from Chyna, she wearing designer  
I'm lacing her in the new fashion (ayy)  
Let me tell you how I come through with the 1-2  
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Bitches on my dick like fungi  
Won't stop, what's that?  
Keep a Tommy on me like a Rugrat (ayy)  
Niggas used to trap where the bus at  
Told Momma imma quit but I love cash I've been all around the fucking globe  
Baby what ya know  
Motherfucker better tuck and roll  
Got places to go  
And niggas missed the last flight  
Livin' in the fast life  
Momma said you never act right (goddamn)  
Guess I'm a bad guy  
But I'm on my grind like a halfpipe  
'Cause I switch it and flip it and cook it up mad nice  
Til I see no flashlights, then I'm gone  
Fast flash like, my future's a tad bright  
Because when they rent is due, and your Benz is new  
And your old friends be resenting you  
Like my women brown, and my benjiz blue  
Shit is fucked up when they envy you  
'Member niggas got killed over Penny shoes  
Where I'm from niggas die like Kenny do  
Take a hit of this PAC and this Henny juice  
Only one of me, but there's plenty of you  
It was all a dream, reminiscing of a smaller thing  
Grandma cooking like Paula Deen  
It ain't all the scenes grew up with the starving teens  
And growing plants, still watering Let me tell you how I come through with the 1-2  
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I'ma get that lil nigga, by any means  
Momma complain 'bout my Balmain, but it's all sane  
Couple racks in my skinny jeans (ayy)  
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Told Momma imma quit but I love cash

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