

# Ken Carson, Overseas

London, Paris, Amsterdam, yeah, I'm overseas  
She gon' suck my soul out me, yeah, she on her knees  
Inhale, exhale, yeah, breathe  
12 ask me, "What's that smell?" Yeah, weed  
I ain't leaving no paper trail, yeah, this shit free  
Overlapped them niggas, hell yeah, I'm in the lead  
You ain't nothin' like me, you don't bleed what I bleed  
Put the blick down, I'll beat your ass just like Creed

She know nothin' 'bout me, I'm 'bout to turn her into a freak  
My dick her Nyquil, I'm bout to fuck this bitch to sleep  
I'm the reason you got double B on your feet  
Ain't gotta ask if I'm good, I'm Gucci, yeah, I'm double G

I wish I could go back in time to tell myself, "Your neck gon' freeze"  
I wish I could go back in time to tell myself, "Don't change a thing"  
I wish I could go back in time to meet you way before I did  
I wish I could go back in time to tell myself, "You gon' be rich"

When I'm in Miami, I feel like LeBron, number 6  
Everyday I wake up, I'm feelin' myself, like being me  
I just bit her, yeah, I just bit her, I gave her a hick'  
I take her shoppin' all the time, but that's my girl so I ain't trippin'

I'm in London, I just left Harrods and Selfridges  
That boy repeat everything he hear like a parrot, he a bitch  
The last bitch I broke up with slit her wrist  
I'm trollin', I just treat her like she no longer exists

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