

Padded Locks (feat. Ghostface Killah)

Mick Jenkins

[Verse 1: Mick Jenkins]

Somebody put me on a leash
I'm buckin' wild like the AK 'cause it came from KAYTRA
I point it down so you can't escape her
Even you duck, duck goose neck, your Canada Goose wet
Brought up from your boots to your crewneck
This that blue flame, put the green to this shit, this that blue dream
Put your schemes to test in real life, bet you need a vest, bet you need a vet
Niggas bitin' crazy, [?] death by rabies
Niggas gettin' lazy diggin' holes and pushin' daisies
Boonk actin' crazy like it's gravy lookin' crazy on the internet
Niggas dirty dancin', no Patrick Swayze
Lover don't get caught on your Savion Glover for these white boys
They out here cancellin' plans at the last minute
You'll denied it then admit it
That type mad different, but I ain't mad, I'm high as a kite
Trippin' supplyin' the light, niggas can't buy this advice, listen
Caution with questionin' shit nigga that claim you bitchin'
Get straight to the money whenever your hand start itchin'
Know that if you rob me, you'll never be Mike or Pippen
And you got know that ain't me dissin', dodgin' smoke screens
That ain't the Piff in the air or nigga smokin' different
Could read the same bible but nigga quote it different
They finna do clean water just like Prohibition
Already know the mission, why they keep on missin', we grow more efficient

[Chorus: Mick Jenkins]

Gotta have it, please excuse the water bottle habit
Finger spazzin', make a nigga think this semi fully automatic
Fuck the dramatics, we get through them locks when they padded
I never had it, gotta get the free gotta have it (gotta have it)
Gotta have it, please excuse the water bottle habit
Finger spazzin', make a nigga think this semi fully automatic
Fuck the dramatics, we get through them locks when they padded
I never had it, gotta get the free gotta have it (gotta have it)[Verse 2: Ghostface Killah]

Ay yo these nigga mad thirsty for the fame and glory

'Yous' as basic as a baby daddy on Maury

Fuck your fake chain blingin', autotune singin'

I'm a killer bee straight out the hive and I'm stingin'

Dirty sling Doctor botox your girls lips up

We [?], get your dick sucked

We fist fuckin' the money, we runnin' down jewelers

We flooded backstage out like ice in the coolers

Fuck the rulers, Donald Trump is a piece of shit
I got 36 chambers, hollow tip in the clip
Smoke a dick, no time for the games and dramatics
We bless every morning with today's mathematics
Put a hole in your cabbage, quick to fuck up your party
Off you're whole set nigga, you could ask Cardi
We used to lose our cracks and we was runnin' from the narcies
Now we watchin' Shark Tank, [?]

[Chorus: Mick Jenkins]

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