

# Reckless

Krizz Kaliko

They say I need to slow down  
Like I drink too much, I party too much  
But I'm reckless baby  
I was born that way, I'm a stay that way

Niggas couldn't see me if my vidle langer was neon  
Nose in the air, staring at the planet that neon  
Scapped you off my balls with my paws, y'all be gone  
Effortlessly F em, left em jeffing, my nuts they be on  
Get out my face is what they telling me  
But I'm the shit, just smell me  
And I refuse to rep and let it, this ain't no spelling B  
So what I'm saying, ain't no question who demand is  
Kali take his chances with you jarets  
I'm a keep on talking reckless, brothers left em respective efforts to dap e  
m in  
Used to be in love with the pen, don't know what's happening  
Well they matching the abstract rapping, to hide that's happening  
Everly telling me money's funny  
Why I ain't laughing then?

It's like I got the will but I neglect it  
Drunk as hell and don't know where I'm headed  
Sideways - that a one way dead end  
Telling you to get in  
It's like I'm talking breezy to an OG  
Slapped a couple pimps just like they owe me  
Part of you like nigga you don't know me  
I can be that nigga you want me to be

I be talking reckless reckless reckless reckless reckless  
I be talking that reckless reckless reckless  
Well shut up!  
When you leave I'll be talking that shit

But I'm a master when I match words  
In a nutshell I bust well  
After burner, taking off  
I'm on a launch pad, no duck tells  
What smells? I'm on fire  
Throw a little wood up on the bong fire  
Tell yo mutts I'm on a Helen Hunt  
And now I'm mad about you, Paul Rise  
Killer on the mic, born naturally  
Baseball bat with the barb wire  
Mick de Folly, I'm sick homie  
If you paid for the verse you an art buyer  
Hard to march, hide yo marks  
Howard Stern, private parts  
How on earth first thing that I prove is 13, is that off the chart?  
Maybe I shouldn't be given to the crazy eye  
If I was smart but I'm newbie I and I'm reckless  
Set tripping and writing for sex bitch  
Knock 'em out cold, south pole  
Matter don't money, I'm about dough  
Fuck a hard rock, I'm a star fox  
No Falco, outro

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I'm ahead of the third cousin  
Killin 'em, keeping it strange, I'm coming to burn something  
Ain't nobody gonna ready  
Go fuck em with this so you niggas ain't heard nothing  
Kid I been up in that loud  
With a pen and a pad, a couple of bad bitches  
Blowing me off of the map and a matter of fact - I ain't never had bitches  
Get her CD's in they swimming in there  
Pop a molly, put a drink in the air  
I could be riding her aqua now and with a rocking I'm umfing a lock of my hair  
Fuck if I care, fuck if I'm rare  
I could be coming the luck of the mayor  
Wavy in the midi really be something  
Shake it up and I'm dumping the flare  
Fan out, find him, find him, I need a necklace  
I need a pressure package, a clack, she can beat the checklist  
What I need is RNR when I'm buzzing as big as Texas  
In the whip with no break, hitting the gas  
Nigga, I'm reckless

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Nigga, do you know who I am?  
Nigga, do you know who I am?