

F.Y.F.R. (Fuck Your Favorite Rapper)

Ace Hood

Fuck yo favorite rapper
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Pac would be ashamed of you niggas
BIG would shed a tear for you niggas
Pun would wanna murder you all
Nah, this ain't hip-hop dawg
Nah

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I'm in hell's kitchen with the Lord's mitten
Runnin tail bishop, I'm the Mel Gibson
Brave hearted nigga, keepin rap livin
Young legend, Merry Christmas and the flow gifted
Uh, and I mean what I say
Not a game nor a gimmick when you mention my name
Niggas pill poppin and dancing too much in the game
Talkin bout yo fortune and fame, yall soundin the same
We need a change, what happened to that real in the booth?
Let's take it back Queens Bridge back when Nas was the truth
I'm talkin Everyday Struggle to Big Poppa and Juice
And to consumers who still assuming this message for you

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Death around the corner, nobody's gonna miss you
Boy I tried to tell em, they ain't wanna listen
King of the south, who got a problem wit it?
I rebuild a building, make you come and visit
Let's have a moment of silence
Compare me to a prison of violence
I'm a murderer, fuckin murderer
I never heard of ya
Kickin down the door, took my chances like a burglar
Word to my mama bout this drama, boy you oughta know
There's a bigger difference 'tween real rap and metaphor
Don't get it twisted, I body them niggas
You know I'm the realest, you cannot prevent it nigga
Still

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I got what they missin, nigga come and get it
How dare you think these niggas really competition
Call the mortuary, make a reservation
Bar for bar I ruin niggas' reputations
Uh, yea my flow is the illest
And I never had no feelings, I should visit the dentist
Niggas talkin out of term until reality visit
Til somebody bring the comma, that's for who made attendance
You niggas finished
Never can fuck with my coalition
You with me or you runnin, lil nigga that's yo decision
Screamin fuck em (fuck em)
To you and yo opposition
And here's what I think of they listin them names mentioning
PSA bitches

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