

Fuck Swag

Rittz

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Swag

15's in the back of the Dodge
Out the garage
And my homies riding with me and they better recharge
I talk about the clientele and tell 'em they won't be
off
I'm off Atlanta representers and we're given the yonk
And be better this cars and the swap in the squad
They think they swaggin but they lame as fuck we laugh
at these boys
Uncontrollably like we just hit the gravity bong
Half of these rappers too wack to be even rappin and
all
Tryin' to dress up like a widow hopin that somebody
notice 'em
Make me wanna strike and knock em down like they a
bowling pin
Maybe I just hold an out of touch attitude fuck that
kids
If you don't like me go and watch some Nickelodeon, you
lil motherfucker
I'm over and I stick 'em up they say they're yellow go
and then provoking
And it's time for me to tell the difference between a
rapper and a singer
Of a rock and roll band I don't think this shit is
appropriate
Way too many rappers wanna look like Lenny Krevitz
Personally I think these pussies get too many passes
Thrift store shopping with the shit your rockin
Looks lame and your music ain't neat the shit is
average
And if that will make you matters even better
I don't swear and people talking shit about the way I
look every day
Long hair don't care, red pair of Air Jordans
And I wear all black

Fuck swag (10x)

All these rappers wanna bite like they don't know how
to write
They constantly freestyle and think its tight
Every time they say a line with a metaphor in it
They wanna pause or laugh or ad-lib
Fake swag they just copy who they like
Tryin' to sound like Gucci or Future or Tunechi
These dudes need a lesson before they get behind the
mic
Ain't nobody buying your records in the hype
They was feeling me until they see I'm white
Now they like "man he raps too fast"

What you slow homie? You handicapped?
What you need a walker, a hearin' aid, a fanny pack
What you unhappy the cheddar's back, the many pack
Or the rap game that can't relax
I'm bout to raise the bar and they can't adapt the
cameras flash
Cause they see a star when I walk in the room
North side, Atlanta rap I bet you wanna walk in my
shoes
It's funny that I'm hot
Last year i was just cool when you
You was too official
Where the shoe that fits you
You in skinny jeans, take your Louie belt and whip you
The client try to strip you heavy jewerly would take a
pic
Post the shit on Instagram I suck a dick
You bitch look real dumb
Still slum, I don't pleasant hear lump
Bumping Big KRIT and Yelawolf I don't feel punk
Rappers with no skills come on with me I kill them
You fuck with me I'm the real one

[Hook]

Fuck swag (x10)