

These motherfuckers make me laugh  
They L-A-F, they Lame As Fuck  
Look at how they dress  
They L-A-F, they Lame As Fuck  
Listen how they rap  
They L-A-F, they Lame As Fuck  
Trying to say they fresh, trying to say they tough  
You ain't ever been nobody, you just make shit up  
You lame as fuck

You ain't spittin' and ya music don't jam  
Try to study me like I'm a student exam  
Hard for me to take a lyricist serious  
Especially a dude in sweatpants wearing unisex Vans  
What would you expect then, made a song 'Fuck Swag'  
Ain't nobody say shit, I guess they afraid if  
They get outta line I'm bout to have to grave  
Dig a great big hole, kill em even when you late bitch  
A.K.A Mr. Make-Them-Wanna-Rewrite  
I guess I'm the one they wanna be like  
These guys get a feature from me study me on every record  
Then they switch they whole style up  
Homie I can see right, through you  
You ain't ever used to chop like that  
Now you talk about your girl and your struggle  
Trying to get it, how you did a lot of soft  
And you pissed off at your boss  
You ain't used to have the same 9 to 5 I had  
Need to find ya own lane, you and I might crash  
Get in mine, hope you had a good time, (I'm back)  
Rap game looking like Revenge of the Nerds  
And ya pants and ya shirt too tight, is that plaid?  
We ain't seeing eye to eye like I have an eye patch  
No class, havin' a motherfucker you can die  
You gon' wish you had a life raft  
My style is hijacked, did I kill him, my bad

With ya lame ass sock showin', stop trollin'  
Goin' online posin' with ya Glock showin'  
You ain't ever shot no one, stop lyin' you are not blowin'  
Trying to copy me, you thinking I would not notice  
Cockroaches couldn't see me like they got some glaucoma  
Comment onto my photos by the way that I look  
I bet that I could get ya lady to fuck and suck dick, quicker than you  
You said the two of you was in love  
You lame as fuck and I bet that you the type of dude to come up  
And tell me that I look familiar, knowin' damn well ya  
Seen my videos and know my name and it will kill ya  
Not a B-Lane so instead I gotta tell ya  
Washed up rappers acting like I owe em something  
When I needed them before I made it, they would never help ya  
Lame ass homies wanna party at my crib  
So they can drink up all my liquor they don't ever buy they-self none  
They say they recording, you ain't got songs  
Tryna say you preforming, you ain't got fans  
But it's hard to ignore 'em, lame motherfucker  
Probably like, foamposites, always rockin' team Jordans

Lame ass bitches insecure and destorted  
She tried shave her head on some Cassie shit  
Now she thinkin' she gorgeous  
Never kiss her boyfriend, she fucking everybody, lil nasty bitch  
A lot of people in my city try to say that they relate to me  
But still so many in Atlanta don't appreciate a thing  
I did or even heard of me  
Its almost like they trained to be a slave to what they playin' on the radio  
They proceed to put me in a cage because my record label Strange  
They need to listen, if they did they probably end up devastated  
We don't play, we put the music business in a Strangeulation  
Other record labels lame to me, these motherfuckers L-A-F  
Actin' hard, never take a day off (they L-A-F)  
Still rappin', shit'll never pay off (they L-A-F)  
Still trappin' acting like a straight boss (they L-A-F)  
Get arrested, they confess, and they decide to play ball (they L-A-F)  
They be actin' like we cooler than we are  
If I'm at you doin' music, don't be stupid, it's a job  
You are not a friend of mine, just a dude I never call  
Bombing on 'em, Shock & Awe