

Can You Rap Like Me, Pt. 2

Trippie Redd

(I love Trippie Redd)

Yeah, big blunts I like to roast up
Pussy get no love and no luck, I don't fuckin' know ya
Chillin with the gang, I like to post up
Get up off the block if I don't know ya
You're dealin' with some soldiers
I ride with the motherfuckin' pole, bruh
I ride with the motherfuckin' pole, bruh
I rise with the motherfuckin' pole, bruh
And you know I'm motherfuckin' poppin', silly
Pop a pill, pop a nigga head like amoxicillin
I'm a villain really, don't show no pity
I'm hassadiddy to these bitches, bitch
She hot and juicy, I'm hot and gritty
How you hot and shitty? Wait, 'cause shit hot
But you know your shit not
My shit make the whole city rock and ditty bop
I spit it off the titty top and if you don't like it then fuck nigga
Eat a itty bitty cock
Yeah, eeny-meenie-miney moe, catch a thottie by her toe
If I let her go, then I'll pro'llly fuck another hoe

I'm stacking paper like a bond, she slimey, she not a rider
A nigga got bars, who's your service provider?
Still searching for a lighter, too many that sound just like us
We get rewarded for the likeness, get too many plaques like gingivitis
Got the touch like King Midas, I eat the beat, I get the itis
Creative player, high bars like I turned up all the sliders
Okay, pop a silly like amoxicillin, when I pop the trigger
Drop a nigga, then he shook his body like a Macarena
Mop a stranger, he was staring strange catching improper angles
God can't save you, suck my bitch from the back, call it Palms Angels
I bet when that nigga hype offend ya, they be all angry
I told Trippie three years ago that this game was ours, nigga
Bathing Ape face mask like these rappers got S.A.R.S., nigga
I be in the background, you could see that I'm a star, nigga
I got where I am, being exactly who I are, nigga
You ain't protected at the garage out your car, nigga
I'm the bomb, just like a warhead, go to war just like a jarhead
Give this dog a bone, this nigga wasn't gonna catch it like that shit
was far fetched
Young nigga, staying on point just like a bayonet
Who's rolling top down, bumpin' on the main street, then I sprayed the 'Vette
Just a young nigga, but I been doin' it so long, they gotta praise the vet
For my niggas in lockdown and the crimees that really plead the fifth
Pouring lean inside the booth, yeah I'm multitasking these multimillions
M-16'll blow out your blow-up mattress, you know what's brackin'