

Ayy

They wanna know where 6 at (6 at)
When I hit 'em with this track they would likely retire (uh-huh)
The fact is I hate rappers as well
I'd rather battle myself and fight fire with fire (fire)
What I'm sayin' in my song'll amaze ya
What I'm tryna say is you'll get lost in it, ayy, brah
Honestly with the quality we droppin'
If you wanna degrade us it's gotta be a plus
I ain't listenin' to hip-hop these days
Everybody just a bunch of hip-hop clichés (true)
Go ahead and buy my shit off eBay
I'm here to break records like a pissed off DJ (snap)
Yeah, I can tell it in your melon
You developin' a habit, better gallop into rehab (rehab)
Uh, I'm a fellow without manners
Not a felon, I'ma Khaled 'em and tell 'em where the keys at (another one)
I can smell it, where the weed at?
Honestly, homie, yo, I can tell you're gonna relapse, relax
You're a dope fiend for the codeine
You're a Fat Joe fan, got you yellin' for the lean back

Coup de grâce, coup de grâce
Anyone can get it, I don't care who you are (uh-uh)
Coup de grâce, coup de grâce
I don't give a fuck who you are

I been lookin' around, but I still haven't found my place
That's why you see me drift off into outer space
All you down-to-earth rappers can eat sour grapes
Or a sour steak, my whole fuckin' fridge is out of date
I rocked up to the studio an hour late (yeah)
And snuck in like, "Hey guys, it sounded great"
I swear to God, I hear another of you welterweight
Rapper's who sound the same and there'll be fuckin' hell to pay
(Man) I'm feelin' back in my element
Like I'm channeling the Devil, writing rap for the hell of it
To remind these motherfuckers that I'm actually talented
I don't want to but I have to keep tellin' 'em (what's that)
I can pad this verse out with lyrics that are six years old
'Cause I wrote better shit than you when I was six years old (it's true)
All you rappers from the new school who just enrolled
If you don't know that I'm the shit then you just been told (bitch)

Coup de grâce, coup de grâce
Anyone can get it, I don't care who you are (I don't though)
Yeah, coup de grâce, coup de grâce
I don't give a fuck who you are

Yeah
You ain't sicker than this fidgety bitch (nup)
Lyckety-Splyt stick to the script and play the role you given (yeah)
Thinkin' your shit's bigger than this, no, it isn't
I'ma put your head in a box, boy, you goin' missin'
I got a chicken, I ain't talkin' 'bout a parma, ayy
Pull-out game strong, I ain't comin' to your party, mate

Mad at the buzz, your alarm is late
Reverse kanga, this shit is hard to take
Look, decided it's finally time for bravado
Line after line after line like a barcode
You trash cunts who ain't worth the work
So go and pull yourself together like a circle jerk, motherfuckers

Coup de grâce, coup de grâce
Anyone can get it, I don't care who you are (yeah)
Coup de grâce, coup de grâce
I don't give a fuck who you are (nope)
Man, coup de grâce, coup de grâce
Anyone can get it, I don't care who you are
Uh, coup de grâce, coup de grâce
I don't give a fuck who you are

Man, I'm doin' shit my own way
I'm kicking bubblegum and chewing arse (yeah)
Slidin' through your studio inside a Uber car (skrrt)
Jumpin' out with two bazookas and a suit of armour
Blow apart the booth and puff a doobie, go to Zumba class
You ain't the sickest, you're a hypochondriac
So just loosen up (relax), go get some juice in a chicken noodle cup {slurps
}
I got a pandemic flu and I'm pukin' up
Blood full of AIDS, the bubonic plague and a case of whooping cough
Jumpin' Jupiter, who would ever assumed that the
Goofiest kid in school would of grew to be even stupider
Screw the tutor, I'm a huffing tube of glue in a cubicle
Ate a urinal cake and I think it's caught on my uvula
All I wanted to do was to rap and improve and do better
Boostin' up all of my skills, feel like you didn't get the newsletter
Now I just wanna ruin your buzz, I'm a fuckin' mood killer
You should evacuate from the place 'cause I'm goin' nuclear
So fuck bein' the sharpest tool in the shed, I just grab it
And stab your crew with it, who want it? Pshh, I'll ruin ya's
Takin' your cash cow and I grill it and serve it back to ya
There's some barbecue rap for ya, chew it up, it's the coup de grâce