

Ayy

I was smashing Skittles any minute I can (I was)  
 Until I started looking like the Michelin Man (I did)  
 So now every day I hit the gym in the tan  
 So I can be heavily armed without a pistol in hand (Let's go)  
 Any form of exercise there isn't a plan (Nup)  
 If Jesus walked on water then I'm swimming on land  
 (Check this cunt out) It doesn't matter when I listen to trance  
 I can't help but break into this ridiculous dance  
 It's like a faster running man, but I'm kicking and flicking my hands (Woo)  
 Understand I'm the shit and I think I'm the man (I do)  
 Yeah, bulking on these motherfuckers  
 Incredible Hulk'in' on these motherfuckers  
 I'm the dude in the gym training his upper body  
 With pants on 'cause downstairs there's nothing on me  
 Check my damn pins, not a damn thing  
 Yo, my hamstring actually looks like an actual fucking hamstring  
 The damn gym's the only thing that I'm advanced in  
 Bustin' out reps in the tempo that I dance in  
 Incredible back, impeccable traps  
 And when I'm topless I'm never relaxed, I'm flexing my abs [?]  
 In cardio I'm the best on the map  
 I even forget where I'm at to give my memory laps (Think about that)  
 I'm so obsessed with fitness that I'm the definition  
 When I rap I even get the record skippin'  
 I got a thick neck, but shit legs, ayy?  
 Do some fuckin' squats then, Nah, I got a big headache  
 Ah, typical 6 fuck, skip leg day  
 Cunt, we'll do it tomorrow, man, I'd rather hit chest, ayy (You fuckin' pussy)  
 I do ten sets on the benchpress  
 Then do ten reps on the pec deck, I've got the best chest  
 And if you want the same then listen to your sensei  
 (Do it) Yeah, fuckin' 6 is really making sense, ayy?  
 You want the best shape? Go and get your chest great  
 Fuck your legs, mate, only worry about your pecks, ayy  
 You gotta work out the best way  
 Where every day is chest day, yeah, it's Forthwrite, Dem Gainz

If you wondering where 6 been lately  
 You can catch me at the gym, baby  
 It shows I got my pecks so strong  
 Everybody sayin' that my chest so bomb (This cunt's massive)  
 I know you probly thinking this shit's crazy  
 Upper body is the shit, baby  
 You know I got my headphones on (Check it out)  
 Won't believe that it's a techno song  
 Just leave me alone (Yeah)

The moment that I walk in the gym  
 You're like, "What the fuck's my girl doing talkin' to him?" (Sup babe)  
 A workout's better the shorter it is  
 So I'm calling it quits before it begins  
 Walk straight up and disconnect the exercise bike  
 See people looking mesmerised when I ride by (Bye)  
 From the time I was born I was never quite right  
 You wanna hide your flaws, I'm tryna emphasise mine

So while they try and get all energised, I  
Don't give a fuck about my tris and my pecks and my bis (Nah)  
I'm tryna blend in with the rest of my kind  
And look like every white guy I've ever met in my life (Okay)  
Lookin' skinny on these motherfuckers  
See my arms? Muscles are mini on these motherfuckers  
All these lames say it's gain season (It is)  
Nah, I'm tryna find ways to train so my frame weakens  
That's a main reason I spend the whole time  
I'm here walkin' 'round daydreaming in a daze schemin'  
'Cause time is money and shit's expensive  
So I ain't leavin' till I break-even, yeah  
It's hard to summarise it, but well  
In a nutshell I won't touch a dumbbell  
I'd rather walk up on these dickheads who are big and buff  
While they're standing in the mirror and then interrupt [?]  
I hear 'em call me skinny like I give a fuck  
I'm 'bout to get a nip and tuck just so I get skinner  
I idolise those skinny runts bumming ciggies in the city, bruh  
And I'm not giving up till I look similar  
And this is sincere, I been at this gym for six years  
People wonder why I'm even in here  
It's 'cause I hate working upper body, man, I can't take it  
But if there's legs being worked out then I'm partaking  
See me half-baked in my apartment  
Stark naked doing calf raises till my heart's racin' {Strained Noise}  
And I'll start pacin' till my feet'll hurt  
And do a shitload of cleans, I don't need the jerk  
I'll even spend a whole night in a squat rack  
How many reps is that, PEZ? I don't know, I lost track (Fuck yeah)  
I want my top half lookin' like I'm on crack  
But I want my glutes and my calves and my quads jacked  
And if you want that too here's a template (Yep)  
To get your flex game better than your best mate (How?)  
You gotta workout the PEZ way and only train on leg day  
Forthwrite, Dem Gainz

If you wondering where PEZ been lately  
You can catch me at the gym, baby  
You know that when I flex those quads  
They're sayin', "How'd you get your legs so strong?" (Check out his fuckin' pins)  
I know you prob'ly thinking this shit's crazy  
Lower body is the shit, baby  
You know I got my headphones on (Yeah)  
Best believe that it's a techno song  
Just leave me alone