

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' puss
y)
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 skinnier
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