

Rude boy Ab-Soul
Top Dawg rottweiler
Just fall in this motherfucker like

Just tell me when, I'm ready baby
I been ready baby, since 1987 sometime late February
I'm a boss I need an office and a secretary
Numero uno, you know, never secondary
And I'mma stunt even if a nigga never dare me
They say I'm legendary, but I ain't done much
Never heard of a knife, right, I'm uncut
That's raw footage, don't get it fucked up
And you ain't shot shit, that was Duck Hunt
I scare 'em, you saw me and thought you saw three
Cause I could put your life on pause like dogs feet
And you don't wanna Top Notch dot com-pete
Cause like this track, I got y'all beat
By like a hundred fuckin' points
I'mma have to celebrate and smoke a hundred fuckin' joints, light up
I feel like smokin' a nigga
Summer day supersoakin' a nigga, yeah him and both of his niggas
Can get it fresh out of the clip and a surgeon could stitch him up
Affirmative, permanent rest, but

Me no want nobody body on my guns
Me no want nobody body on my guns
Say
Me no want nobody body on my guns
Me no want nobody body on my guns
No

I get this funny feelin' around wannabe killers
Who supposed to move in silence, but be loud as sirens
And when it go down, they known to back down like, "Stop the violence"
And will probably cry if ever locked in a cage like Biron
I'm crucifying liars like Pontius Pilate
Whoever try'll vanish
I'm on a wack rapper diet and I'm famished
Hi, I'm so high I could kick the planet
Watch your world shift and then fix the damage
I talk bread like every second, I been a sandwich
And you're in the wrong profession, you're like a deaf pianist
And you could use a pill like fresh bananas
I do this in my sleep, smooth like silk pajamas
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I swear it's days I feel like bustin' my gun
Niggas be pushin' me thinkin' I'm pussy
Until I clap, leave him on his back, from the mac
Empty the clip leave him stiff as a spliff, y'all don't hear me though
38s we don't play with those
AR hit your arm, have your homies like, "Where'd it go?"
I hate them fake rappers, better calm it down
Come to my town, I'mma show you how this llama sound
[?] holdin' my waste, Gucci belt buckle
Big ass [?] in my pocket, a couple of gs
In the club with Soul, yeah we puffin' the weed
Makin' it rain, money's nothin' to me
But niggas envy us, come and test us
Hot bullets hit your chest, fuck your flesh up
Duck, I don't wanna leave a body on my gat
Fuck around and leave a fuckin' dead body on the track
Damn, you don't wanna Top Dawg dot com-pete
I put a cease and desist on your heartbeat
Why? Because I'm motherfuckin' nuts
Me and Soul go celebrate and smoke a hundred fuckin' blunts
I feel like smokin' a nigga
Summer day supersoakin' a nigga, yeah him and both of his niggas
Can get it fresh out of the clip and a surgeon could stitch him up
Affirmative, permanent rest, what

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