

# Bastards

Adam Calhoun

Momma raised a gangster, Daddy wasn't there  
Grandfather taught me how to work and make it out of here  
The streets taught me how to be cold and don't care  
And the country taught me how to hold my head with no fear

They better start shootin' if they think that they gonna stop me  
Pop smoke or Tupac me; I don't rock with bodyguards, I'm too cocky  
Two glockys and this shotty knock your top off, you copy?  
And all these white boys jockin' me while they copy  
Look, I'm mayonnaise white as fuck too  
Throwing hand grenades out the side of my truck, like, "Fuck you!"  
Can't you get your own style, own look?  
Or you just going to be a clone and take everything out my whole book?  
Just my presence is a blessin', you peasants need to invest  
In heavy weapons instead of studio sessions  
Yeah I hear you rappin', but I don't see progression  
My résumé's impressive every second is perfection

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Knocking down the door with the street sweeper  
This thing got in my hand is a meat cleaver  
You can get shot or get cut in half  
I'm cutting out a path with a chainsaw and a weeder  
I know you don't think they fuckin' with me! Me either  
I'm balling like I'm MJ ridin' 'til the tires bald the gas tank empty  
Got another thing coming you think I'm friendly  
I'm a giant like I'm 10 feet you dyin' if you tempt me  
Motherfucker I'm sayin', "Dyin' if you tempt me"  
Ay, what the fuck is wrong with them? You ass like a thong in 'em  
Dewrags, saggy pants don't mean you rap, killin' all of 'em  
They fallin' like it's Autumn, time for you to call an audible  
I rap about way more than broads and expensive automobiles

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