

The End

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Still writing with a pen
Made in America shit

This that old school fifty shit
Shot up in the whip he got
Hit with the picky stick
But this is something different
Teach you how to rap a bit
But you don't know the half of it
Half the shit you spit still sound like you practicing
What's up with the fuck shit
I'm about to press this button
I'm just motherfucking thing, let it sing
This ain't no telephone but I bet it still ring
I'm talking about a gun dummy
Forrest Gump, run from me
Rob you for your lunch money
Probably 'cause I'm still hungry
And everyone under me
Every motherfucker still want shit from me

They love you then they leave you then they love you again
I got money in the bank because I'm good with the pen
And I've been to the pen and this isn't pretend
I give a hundred and ten and always will till the end

They love you then they leave then they love you again
So fuck em, I don't need em, I ain't fucking with them
It seems like nowadays I got a bunch of new friends
I wonder if they'll be there when it comes to an end

Class in session, rap style aggression
You could say I'm passionate about my profession
Got more flows then bass pros whole
Fishing pole selection
This about progression
You'll see in just a second
You stuck in the mud
Take a seat, learn a lesson
What dumb fuck
I'm the best, no question
And If you disagree you can aim in my direction
I bet you miss every time
Like where the fuck did you learn how to rhyme
YouTube reactors missing every line
Like what the fuck
You deaf, dumb or blind?
(I'm not even trying)
Who's next up in line
Trying to be friends shit
Dishing me your rhymes
Trying to get a mention
Hit you with a hammer like that kid from Indiana
Fuck the pictures, fuck the cameras
Think you're tough until you get handled

They love you then they leave then they love you again

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It seems like nowadays I got a bunch of new friends
I wonder if they'll be there when it comes to an end