

Zzzz

Aminé

Screaming west side
'Til I D-I-E, bitch
You can see I'm in line
To be the messiah, call me spit fire
That's a fact, me no lie
Your girlfriend hit me like "aye [?]"
She said, "Young easy, come please me"
I [?], so she love me long time
Shake that ass
Shake it fast, girl, make it clap
Bend your back
Bend your back, girl, make it clap
Mr. O'Reilly, please don't try me
[?] your daughter for Topenga the mighty
G-O-D to the five-o'-three
And I tell 'em wake up so the rap game see

In the jungle, the mighty jungle
The rap game sleeps tonight (awimbawe)
In the jungle, the mighty jungle
The rap game sleeps tonight (awimbawe)

I'm a young killa
Fuck any dum-diddy-dum dum nigga
Callin' all my real men, this shit so cold
That my nigga put his headphones on and they froze
Askin like, "How much a feature?"
"Do you do eagers?" say, I mean, hey
"You like the coldest," "Nobody don't notice"
I say "Okay, k"
I-I, don't want a rapper kid
Cause everytime I slip, these niggas gettin' too [?]
Don't hop on the beat if you can't hip-hop
Rappers get scared when they shit gets flopped
If you start to warm up, then they say it's all up
Cause nobody give a fuck about they shit they drop

In the jungle, the mighty jungle
The rap game sleeps tonight (awimbawe)
In the jungle, the mighty jungle
The rap game sleeps tonight (awimbawe)

Spit them bars, innit yute
I need bars on top of bars, den
All this melodic thing cool and all, but dem [?]
Me need a rap, den, yutes
Straight rap me some want
What, ya think ya bad now?
Bars, mi say
Run it

If I'm not in your top 5, I'm in the Tahoe
Getting top by 5 hoes
Fuck a mention, I don't pay attention
Twitter make a [?] better makin' niggas do the most
Look, I'm a R-A-P-P-E-R nigga
So sick I'm always in the E-R nigga

You a donkey of the day like a "he-haw" nigga
And these niggas switch sides like a see-saw nigga
Look, I don't get lost in the sauce, I'm gucci
If I was a Pitt, man my nick name pucci
Hoes comin' easy, I say for cheesy [?]
Some days I'm Ghandi, and some days I'm Boosie
The rap game sweet-ah, put the sour innit
The rap game sweet-ah put a power innit
I could spit all day this easy money
Rappers get scared so they reaching for me
Wait, should I stop? No
Pardon my menace, not here for dollars and carrots
I am a rapper, mother fucker, D-D-D-D-D-Damnit
Don't need to go for the kill, never gotta do plan it
I got a tip top bitch, she in tip top shape
Need protection like I got All-State
Don't worry, baby, you in "good hands"
Woulda, coulda, shoulda, niggas never do plan
For the worst, Baby that's a shame
The fooliest mans do the fooliest things
The cutest kids do the darndest things
But these rappers can't shine so they cop the bling, ding
Is that a light bulb? Maybe it is
The way the game lookin, man, it's breakin and bits
If your promoter wanna act like he ain't payin me
We'll give him hits and go ghost like we [?]