

All the people like to talk shit to me for some reason

Attacking beats and making rappers flee
Special ops bars 'cause when I rap I do it tactically
Cackle from the battleground, slashing at your tapestry
Fuck your family name, fuck your friends, fuck your sanity
I shackle any enemy... Y'all are just embarrassing
Pussies keep on tweeting, ain't that shit a Tom 'n Jerry scene?
Twitter fingers fired up, y'all are just so scared of me
All it'd take is one dm, I bet your girl would marry me

I fall asleep at 1 pm and wake up when the moon is out
I don't need a schedule, truly I could do without
Other artists hate me 'cause I made it off of purely skill
But it ain't my fault you fucking losers took the stupid route
Go ahead, move it out, file through the exit
Fake a fucking smile, all you vile, putrid less-thans
Always talking shit, but you could kinda use some lessons
'Cause I've heard that one before, c'mon guys, review your mess
age

I miss the old Atlas
Wrote with the soul Atlas
Where did that dope rapsmith
Go, now it's so average

Man, I hate the new Atlas
The bad mood Atlas
Got cocky once he got
A couple million views Atlas

I thought I knew Atlas
Now I'm like who's Atlas?
Making moves, Atlas
Too good for his fans, now huh?

I miss the old Atlas
Before the cold Atlas
I know Atlas better than him
That's what I told Atlas

Okay, but in all seriousness, I make music for myself, not for
you. And I don't care about your comments shut the fuck up