

(Enrgy made this one)

Ayy

Pale jeans, but the pop look like Thon Maker  
Go and check the leaderboards, I'm the top player  
Sosa with the short dreads, I'm a thot breaker  
Quagen got me catchin' Z's, catch me out in lala land  
Cherry poppers, boba tea, I'm with the zaza man  
Lil' cuddy eatin' off the apples like Carlito  
Tour stop in Nashville, done fucked around and saw Starlito  
Tryna be a rapper, you can't even buy a beat  
Tryna be a rapper, you can't even buy the lease  
Why the fuck you buy the shirt if you can't buy the sneaks?  
Catch a flight OT, I'm tryna get high in peace  
I got murder on my mind, burner on my side  
I don't usually blow Cookie, but the Berner's get me high  
Y'all a burger and some fries, you and your mans  
If it's ever rap beef, it's fuck you and your fans  
Ain't no tryna double back, it's fuck you and your chance  
The second it goes up, it's fuck you and your family  
Fuck you and your auntie, fuck you and your granny  
Fuck you and your daddy  
Lookin' at the wall at the crib, all I'm missin' is a GRAMMY  
Loadout got completed, I was missin' just a Banshee  
They can't get me out the booth  
The way I'm standin' on the business, they can't get me out the suit  
Finna surprise the world again, they know what Jimmy 'bout to do  
They be duckin' when they see us, 'cause we really 'bout to shoot  
Where you end up in life, shit, that's really up to you  
Got a hundred things to say, but ain't got fifty bucks with you?  
Chains full of ice cubes, you ever seen a dead body?  
Tryna be a funny guy, why you tryna Redd Foxx me?  
We gon' fuck around and headshot him  
Fuck hoes, drift whips, shoot blicks  
Smoke dope, sip drank, shoot trips  
Stack pros, make more, move bricks  
And I still scam on the side, I got ten hobbies  
Every day of the week, I got a bag  
Every month of the year, I gotta stack  
Boy, do you got a strap? You ain't gotta act  
You ain't gotta cap, you ain't gotta hat, boy  
Where the fuck you at, boy?  
Me, Glock, and fap-fap, we ridin' past Joy, we just left Press  
Hit her with the dick, she needs a week bedrest  
I learned two Perc' 10s equals less stress  
The more time lollygaggin' equals less motion  
It ain't never been the block, they on the 'net posted  
I might get this ho a pendant out of Hutch, her neck golden  
Ooh, I mean cold, shit, her neck frozen  
Don't get bamboozled  
When I'm feelin' bougie, shit, I eat lamb noodles  
We pits, you a damn Poodle  
I can sense when the love genuine  
Said you tryna make a dub, hit the store, I'll send you in  
Miyamoto Usagi, my jack jumpin' like a rabbit, catchin' plays is a hobby  
You ain't ready for the wave, was raised to play in tsunamis  
That shit fucked me up when you left, don't be sayin' you got me

ShittyBoyz, Dog Shit Militia, long live \$cam  
This shit forever, live from the Lab