

# VIPERS

Banks Arcade

Oh, look  
You're the same little boys with the old flows  
Tellin' people lies that'll sodomize their headphones  
Do you even listen to the shit you try to take from?  
These little pussies talk tough till it gets rough  
That little pussy can't dance on beat like me  
I don't wanna hear no shit about no G-O-A-T  
Shouldn't let those lips flap if your fists won't swing  
Let that ass clap, boy, like a bitch on stream  
Thinkin' maybe I should live and let live  
But I can't let you get away with all of this shit  
You walk in like you him, but you 'bout to get pimped  
Type to write so tough, but that handshake limp  
So if you wanna talk that shit, put your money where your mouth is  
You're talkin' illiterate, couldn't keep up with the ignorant  
Hyped-up lads that would never back down from it  
You ain't got what it takes

'Cause you're a snake, but you ain't got no venom  
One shot, and I'll send 'em all to heaven  
I'm runnin' with the dogs, straight weapons  
I could make you break, but I know you won't be stepping  
'Cause you're a fake, you ain't got no venom  
Let that mouth run, think you might regret it  
I'll send 'em straight to God, no check-in  
Make that shit a date, let's see if you really meant it

'Cause I'll go drop your body and bag it, you fuckin'...

Wait, calm down, what's the commotion?  
All these motherfuckin' tracks sound like a Splice promotion  
You just buy, cheat, and flip, you can't express your emotions  
You got starved of attention, you're on the internet beggin'  
You think you're quirky and different because you listen to Kendrick  
Last time I checked, so does every other kid and their parents  
I gotta teach you a lesson, don't say you're king for a second  
You copy the spiritual miracle flow with a couple of O's and think that made  
a difference?  
Oh my, you just mixed some pop with guitar, you must be a god  
Lucky I, I can see that bitch in your eyes through that new façade, ay

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Let me see you dance, little bro  
I know you a fan, little bro, I'm the man, little bro  
I could black you out, no hands, little bro  
You wouldn't understand, little bro  
Got you turnin' heads the way I'm switchin' on a flow  
I could make a milly off of pissin' on your soul  
Tell that boy to run up, I'ma slap him like a ho

I could knock all six of 'em, I'll do it on my own  
Hear your girl is singin', better ask her how it goes  
Even if it's self-aware, you can't say you're the GOAT