

admit it

bbno\$

Yo, why the fuck you steal this beat?
Ayy

No one does it better, I'll admit it
Cocky under pressure, I'll admit it
Oops, I changed the weather, I'll admit it
Baby, aggro, rollin' up the payroll (Whatcha do?)
Really 'bout my gouda a lot, a lot (What?)
Big buck hunt, go shot for shot
If you wanna scrap, pull up, pull up
Baby, aggro, rollin' up the payroll

I'ma pipe it up (Uh), I'ma heat it up (Oh)
I'ma munch you little shit, you little buttercup (Skrrt)
I ain't take no risk (Ayy), only drop them hits (Hits)
Rap game with a condom, I'm gon' really save my shit (Yuh)
Please say please, you rude bitch (Uh)
When I speak it's a sale pitch (Skrrt)
Now I'm, uh, real rich (Rich)
Maury Povich, now you under pressure
Diamonds never break, 'cause they real (Real)
Leased ten tracks, yeah, now I got a deal
Mix blue and green, yeah, baby, call it teal
I got money now, huh, I did it with ease
Every single time I smell your bullshit, I sneeze
One, two, three, yeah, I know my ABC's
W, X, Y, Z, yeah, suck on these

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Tummy kinda hurtin', 'bout to kill it like a murder
Dippin' while I'm sippin', I'm wishin' I'm Timmy Turner
Turn up, bumpin' Big Trippy and bbnobucks
So tough, team always eatin', you gettin' no lunch
Hold up, lookin' at the skyline
Feelin' hella down, but like, I'm fine
Pussy motherfucker, got nine lives
Phone lookin' grown on, nine, nine
'Bout to be battlin', war always been happenin'
Motherfuckers takin but they never did nothin' before
Trippy been goin' on tour
Drunk as a fish on the floor
Higher than medical gas, takin' me straight to the morgue
I'm a dead man walkin'
Gettin' too drunk, puttin' holes in the apartment
Homie so pissed at the kid, but I'm sorry
Uh, I'll admit it, I'll admit it, I'll admit it, I'm gone

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