

Tax Bracket

Billy Marchiafava

Everybody talking but nobody get to work
I was talking with your shorty and she said you ain't for her
Put you in the damn dirt
Yes. I charge for the verse
Billy come through whipping in some shit you never heard

Yes. I'm a big boy
The appetite immaculate
Been places that you never been
This flow right here is heaven-sent
I bring that damn debauchery
I am not a rapper
I'm a goddamn company
Don't fuck with me
Unless you is a bad bitch
Then fuck me

And they gonna lose their minds without me
Yeah
You play some damn Billy at the function
It'll get the party jumping
I remember being nothing
Always wanted to be something

So, I got back at it
I'm in their ear
They can't stand it
This rap fucked up my tax bracket
I'm in the stu
That's dam magic
Never was a scholar
Fucked around, became a math teacher
Show these fuck boys how to add without a calculator
See you later
Like uh

Fuck it up
This alcohol gonna fuck me up
I'm everywhere
I'm going up like pop, pop, pop
Pop it like a damn balloon
She hot just like the month of June
I'm swerving in the fucking coupe