

Rap Liars

Blade Brown

These niggas never had paper
How can you rap first and turn bad later?
Probably never seen a white box
Lies man, you engineer, you should've turned the mic off
Over a decade in the streets, no nights off
Cause these niggas wanna turn my lights off
And fuck a rap battle, I don't do clashes
I was sixteen with like two mashes
You was listening to H to the Izzo
I was moving that H by the Izzo
Now tell me where the sense is
These niggas broke and the guns they rap about are expensive
It's so sad to see a grown man lie
Have you ever napped a nigga, seen a grown man cry?
Fam I swear this shit's so unsettling
The lies and I blame all the fans that are letting 'em

Tired of these rap liars
Fam I can't wait until it backfires
These rappers ain't got no history
Their whole background is a mystery
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Pulled her up in Faces
Hit that same night, I'm so dangerous
Half black, half Caucasian
Had her doggy looking back, pulling faces
She said that I'm amazing
I never said she was mistaken
Just got back from vacation
These little scumbags stay fucking with my patience
My mandem in jail lifting disc plates
If you rat to get bail then you're a disgrace
Rappers talking bout fishscale and lift face
Dunno how much shells the stick takes
Fuck you and your mixtapes
My life's bags and boxes, let me explain
Got the bag full of corn that the stick takes
In the box, bag's a canteen off of his tray

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