

Fuck The Rest We The Best

Blood On The Dance Floor

Smelling blood, Chopping hoes, I'm gonna bring it lock and load
Hello there, I'm Dr. Evil, Got more tricks than Evil Knievel
Shark attack, Guess who's back? It's Vanity, Now lick my sack
Not afraid; Not to change, I keep it real so rock the stage
I should come with a warning label, Piss me off, I become unstable
Steel cage; Undertaker, Throw you down through 50 tables
Bang, Bang, Shot you down, Go Uma Thurma; Up in this bitch
Revenge is best served cold, Taking it back, We'll be your wish

D-G-A-F, Learn to cause a fight bitch
Nam, Bam, Fam, Damn, Knock you down til you can't stand
Damn, I am killing it, Damn, I am feeling it
I'll split this floor, I'll let you know that hater's motivate me
I admittedly will annihilate their idiocy
We shot ahead to see, I'm your momma's new facial cream
Na-Na-Na-Na, Bat-Man, I ain't afraid of you, Man
My warning's are not a test, I eat bitches like you for breakfast

Fuck the rest, We the best
Fuck the rest...
For the win; I'm killing it
Ain't nobody stopping me

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Undefeated; World's top
Ain't nobody stopping us

We're trying to be okay with what you didn't create
Don't copy my face and make stupid mistakes
Your only mark is gonna be on the side walk
Your body on the block outlined in white chalk

You better learn to crawl before you can walk
I'm coming at you fast, I'm just having a mock
See how far you get around the cell block
You think you're hardcore, It's just drawn on by the rock

Bloody nose, Busted lips, Broken ribs, Broken hips
Full sleeves and no tits, Bruised eyes and loose clits
Fuck the number; Can't stand, 2 dicks and 1 fist
Stuffed into the roof, Guess who? It's Jayy, Bitch

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S-G-T-C
Til the very death of me

Stick it to you with the middle finger, Beat your ass on Jerry Springer
What the fuck do you know about this? What the fuck, Can't handle my dick
I cut my self and bleed to death, Got your girlfriend on my dick and neck
Yes, Yes on the bed, Real deal, Hold and slam

Fuck you till you cannot feel, This is how we keep it real
I'm gonna Kanye Taylor Swift your ass, Smoke you like you're a bag of grass
I'm gonna p-p-poke your face, Leave you with my sweet little taste
I had to do the gaga-rama rama, Oh Oh lala

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