

## Cuckfest 3

BLP KOSHER

You crackas outchea need to stop  
You crackas shittin' on litterbox  
You rappin' bout me but you square, like some fuckin' cinder blocks  
Everybody tryna be a jock, I scold 'em, tell 'em knock it off  
I don't ride no BMX, but I'll make a cracker bunny hop  
Real ones where we belong  
Why it's us they hating on  
They don't wanna see us prosper, bout to see us go beyond  
I ain't boutta carry on, but tell them crackers carry on  
I'm bout to take flight, I keep it on me like a carry on (Okay, okay)

Shit crazy, I peeped your true colors, you just like the leaves  
Ain't no Labrador, jit I'm a mutt, but I will retrieve (Grr)  
I don't think that I could be your dog, cause I'm a mixed breed (Hey hey)  
One thing about the rest of them and us, big difference in between

H-how the fuck you hatin' on a jit, but call it criticism? (How do you do th  
at tho?)  
Most of these lil' people rap just to prove they really drillin' (What the f  
uck)  
I ain't never go to class, I was with the dropouts filming  
First I started spitting freestyle, in a whip with Meek and Dylan  
They told me I got wordplay, I told 'em I'm just kidding  
But shit done hit the fan, and I realized I wasn't kidding  
They say they from Broward, Cooper City, where the fuck is that? (Where the  
fuck is that?)  
These crackas tryna ride my wave, but I don't do no piggybacks  
Up at night, I'm making moves and shit like an insomniac  
I think that they think Lil' BLP a fuckin' maniac  
Oldheads tryna tell me what to do, they ancient artifacts  
It's not genuine, it's cool, got shit, so I don't interact

How you say you real, but lame vibin', I ain't goin' for that  
Fuck a party cracka, I be posted waiting in the back  
They say "Damn, Lil' Kosher, boy you funny", I feel like Bernie Mac  
How the fuck they said I lost a fight, but jit got flap jacked  
Don't think I won't have some jits pull up on you and take yo sack  
Y'all been rappin' for some years now, but y'all some suck ass  
I feel like Russel from the movie up, but I ain't coming back  
Bust ten at night, I had my backpack sittin' in my lap  
How the fuck you sent a pin, but it ain't showin' up on maps?  
Snowbunny, she wet me at the crib, doin' jumpin' jacks  
Rockin' with lil' shawty, yeah I call her my lil' acrobat  
They used to try Lil' BLP, but now they love my soundtrack

I don't care 'bout what you have to say, don't need your feedback  
People in my way some obstacles, they fuckin' setbacks (Move around)  
Tryna justify how they be acting with they zodiac (Hah)  
Paid that boy a visit, yeah I pulled up to his cul-de-sac  
Saying he gon' hurt my dawg, now that cracka handicapped  
Skateboarding be full of hoe crackas, fuck a [?]  
Me and Meek were sleepin' on pool floaties, we ain't long with air  
Better play your cards right, but I ain't talkin' Blackjack  
These crackas got me fucked up, cappin' like a panel hat  
Enemies don't peep that I been snappin', they don't fuck wit' that (Yee)  
Poppin' pills, I'm tryna ease the pain, I'm having flashbacks  
But I'm grateful, and I want to change, I'm boutta cut back

Slangin' shit like Avatar  
I rock out with no damn guitar  
Everybody think I'm weird and shit, they sayin' that a jit bizarre  
Cracka made a scene and shit, he tryna be a movie star  
They think that I'm sweet, this Llama eat you like granola bar  
Let them talk, don't care what they say, cause I'ma make it far  
I ain't wasting time, you crackas getting wasted at the bar  
I ain't goin' out like that, cause I don't need to shred the nob  
They said what I'm tryna do in life is very, very hard  
One in a million, fuck it, so be it, I'm shooting for the stars  
Everybody fake, they wanna know who's cool and who goes hard  
I ain't ever cared about being cool but I still go hard  
Cuckfest 3, BLP, straight bars

Aye, aye, cracka straight bars (Uh huh)  
It's lil' Kosher in this bitch and I'm spittin' straight bars (I'm snappin)  
Arr, fuck around all you crackas cappin', you crackas flaggin'  
Skrrt, alright alright okay