

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 retreive (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'
Skrرت, alright alright okay