

Me llamo Roberto, y estamos buscando a Jaden Smith

I spit my heart out, lookin' out for my best interests
He gave me good head, peepin' out while the windows tinted
I speak in tongues, and I arrive without a damn mention
It's kinda sick and I was born in 1996 and
1999 the only year that I remember
I slip through the cracks without havin' a damn temper
I bleach my hair because these bitches all about they bitchin'
I say shit when I rap and y'all niggas barely listen
I do the most for the culture, nigga, by just existing
Delete my tweets 'cause I'm ashamed of being a fuckin' Simpson
I told my mom I was gay, why the fuck she ain't listen?
I signed a pub deal and her opinion fuckin' disappearin'
I'm payin' bills for my sister and tryna fund her business
Is it homophobic to only hook up with straight niggas?
You know, like closet niggas, masc-type
Why don't you take that mask off? That's the thought I had last night
"Why you always rap about bein' gay?"
'Cause not enough niggas rap and be gay

Where I come from niggas get called "faggot" and killed
So I'ma get head from a nigga right here
And they can come and cut my hand off and
And my legs off and
And I'ma still be a boss 'til my head go, yeah

Friendly meal, cop and steal, all my niggas down
Twistin' on that syrup 'til I hear crackin' sounds
Friendly meal, cop and steal, all my niggas down
Twistin' on that syrup 'til I hear crackin' sounds
Friendly, friendly, friendly steal, all my niggas down
Twistin' on that syrup 'til I hear crack, crack, crack
Friendly meal, cop and steal, all my niggas down
Twistin' on that syrup 'til I hear crack

I don't trust nobody
'Cause they don't deserve it
Niggas run in your house
They know you doin' dirty
(go ahead now)
I got my hand on an ounce
So now I got money servin'
I just bought me a fifth
And now I'm speedin', swervin'
(go ahead now)
I took an eighth of them shrooms
And now I'm hearin' voices
I took like two of them pills
I can't remember nothing
(go ahead now)
I ain't under control
I'm losin' motor function
I need an intervention
I need an exorcism
I need a therapist
Paranoia and drug addiction

It's very scary
My momma don't even recognise me
I'm goin' crazy
Don't need nobody to say they love me
My acts of desperation
I'm on an empty stomach
So fuck the consequences
I ain't runnin' from them

Feelin' like a goner
Put my life in locker
Hotbox in the Hummer
Hot bars in the summer
If I had the option
I would do it all again
If I had the option
I would do it all again
I just wanna feel like I did the right program
I just want to appeal to my dad and my cousins (again)
When I cut that feel I do nothing but diplomas
Love is going, bet you didn't do it by your lonesome
So I forgive my mommy, daddy, auntie and my uncles
For guilt-tripping feelings whenever they call my number
They see men dream, they see men fallin'
But when I dream, I'm smashing on a lana

Both pessimistic, drug addicted, caught in our feelings
We spit venom then stare at the ceiling wondering why

My mom's no alcoholic, she just wanna drown her sorrows
Love her to death and soon enough I'll give back all I borrowed

Both so submissive, take turns dominating, the light has been faded
This hate-fueled love, we don't fake it, no givin', just takin'

I took some steps to be a bigger person
I should've thrown ya off the highway to cars swerving
Ain't no burden, ain't no sermon, ain't no motherfuckin' plaque
I hate these hospitals and police and the smell of death, all that
I hate these shady folk that want a ladylike
But don't treat lady right, but they be sayin' like "just the tip"
And, yeah, you mad 'cause she ain't fuck, mad 'cause she ain't suck
Beat your ass before you got time to say "why not?"
Here to catch ya slip up, wish you could just rewind
Time to not fuck up, thought you were just lucked up
Where the respect? Is your ass human?
I look you in your eyes, say "fuck you, are you fuckin' stupid?"
Respect my mother, 'spect my sister, 'spect these women, boy
I get my 99, I don't own one, hit the store to blow your brains off
Better hope my aim off
Better hope the range off
Better hope my tame off
Before I blow your brains off, boy

No hands with the stunts
Jump off the roof like I do what I want
All of the life in my past wanna haunt
And my sight of the future beginning to taunt my ambition
Man on the moon, I'm marooned
I ain't trippin', I'm on a mission
Every time that I speak they ain't skippin'
Turned my inspiration to a vision
That's a given, no slipping