

Ha, yeah  
Yeah

I'm feelin' like  
They got sick and tired of me, bein' that nigga, right  
I'm feelin' like  
She ain't really tired of me, she still came to spend the night  
Yeah, she know the difference between me and all these niggas, right  
Love to hear Tiller sing, but when she hurt/heard Tiller, right  
Everything Tiller say  
She said, "Damn, why you trippin' off, all these niggas anyway  
All these niggas in the way?"  
Call me when these niggas get their pants back  
We can begin rap or we can pretend that  
He never said that, he get his head back  
He get his life spared, I'm tellin' these niggas I'm somethin' like n  
ightmare, I'm  
All in his conscious, you better watch this  
Rappin' like I'm in the '96, nigga, I promise  
Cut off the nonsense, or  
I'm comin' with my diss, I'm comin' with hot breeze  
That's when I rap for your main, send me your side bitch  
Yeah, on some fly shit  
I like to shine the crown before I close my eyelids  
I'm around (Yeah)  
If niggas want the smoke then I'm in, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
They don't want smoke with me, nah, ah  
I tried to tell 'em that will never end well  
They can tell I had enough (Yeah), I had enough (Yeah)

Can't convince me that I am not the coldest  
Matter fact, transcended that  
Bitch, I feel frozen, I feel timeless  
I feel like Boston, fuck bein' modest  
From bein' honest  
I hit niggas with silence and I'm still the hardest  
Word to Pootie Tang, how this [?]  
Need a Gucci bag to hold this garments (Yeah, yeah)  
Fuck with you, just [?] won't regard it, bitch

Things get crazy, can't be lazy  
Fuck you, pay me  
If you got a problem with the shit that I'm sayin'  
Just say my fuckin' name