

Mastermind

Bryson Tiller

I'm a motherfucking legend
Ya, my name is Bryson Tiller
Genius, it doesn't take a genius
Pun intended
Ya

I be fly, autopilot
Ain't talking dollars, I don't wanna talk about it (Shut up)
Haters man, get under their skin
Spittin' at the chain, everybody look fucking, they in
Your bitch is bad as fuck, I put it in my planner
Fuck it, she won't see another hit, like MC Hammer
I told her grab her shit and go
She told me that she didn't know
Remind you that I'm a rude, rude, boy, I've got no money
(DJ E Dubb)
Ballin' is my hobby, nigga no testing
God, your hoe is looking like my living room sectioning
I'll piledrive the pussy, like I'm wrestling
She swallow my cucumber, man, them booties love they Benjamins
She so flay, you need me construction
Swagger off the planet, the whole mall just got a debit
Haters tryna try me, I gut thumbnails on my buttons
Don't be stunting with me, I ain't with that fuck shit, nigga hush it

Why is everybody hating on me?
I don't give a fuck about them, doubt em
And all these haters gon' see
Everyone that see me, I'm a motherfucking mastermind
I've been making cream, while they suck and fuck it, shredder style
Everybody thinking they the shit
All these mediocre niggas, I think they should quit
Man, hop in the backseat, they know that's a safety style
Tryna tell me something's up, I'm a motherfucking mastermind

Man fuck it, I'm a hater
Cuz I hate that shit that bitch niggas do
That's for the bullshit, tell me why the fuck I'd listen dude
Ya, my Vans on but they looking like they sneakers
Wondering where I got this shit, I swear I'm Jeepers Creepers
They're like B Tillers, please tell us
Where to get, some fly ass kicks
This nice ass hoss, I like it soft
Why you worried about my swag for
You can have your girlfriend back, I don't even like that whore
Rhyme her view, I fuck her good, then send her right backdoor
Niggas know the deal, we have an understanding
Sit the fuck down and watch me take over this rap shit
Shut up with that whack shit
You sent out your Facebook
Smack that nigga with a rack of dummies, I just face booked
Hold up, all us to the side
When my team is in the picture, you know that it's a wrap
Play my shit back, man, you're shit is weak nigga
All you old heads gon' get the city back
If you don't give it back, then we don't take that shit

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Pussy ass nigga but my living so serious
They know my name man
They ask me how I'm doing and they still remain kissing
Maybe I don't, I'll introduce my self again
Players rising too
Fuck you niggas man
Fucking hating ass niggas
I'm tired of y'all niggas shit , dawg
Write some motherfucking tunes
Fuck you niggas man
Few months, fucking everybody