

## Hyperbolic 2

Busdriver

Sorry, sorry I got a missed call from the massage parlor  
Oh shoot it's you, fresh out of jail telling me "need to ball harder"  
You don't rap to improve, you pull a jack move on the ear and toe [?] below  
With your backup you know how the story goes  
So before we know, you make the party blow  
What's that? You figure we should do it just because you're getting 14 a brick  
You said this while handcuffed to a hospital bed, hooked to a morphine drip  
I met your criminality, and I don't like a bunch of grown [?] cause you don't know right  
You sold an eighth to a stranger and they had to call and quarantine the strip  
Nigga, keep quiet or I'll export you in the mix

(Minor, major  
You're all up in the game and don't deserve to be a player)  
So miss me with that hyperbole  
(Minor, major  
You're all up in the game and don't deserve to be a player)  
Miss me with that hyperbole  
(Minor, major  
You're all up in the game and don't deserve to be a player)  
Miss me with that hyperbole

I'm so out my place, I can hear your face  
Sorry, sorry, hey  
I'm so out my place, I can hear your face

Saw me back in the day, you said what's so up with these  
Now you want me cause the hoes fuck with me  
Now you want to go start a clothing company  
Yeah right, yeah right, let me be  
Bitch your smiling was real thin  
So I'm licking my thumb trying to trail winds  
And fuck nigga, you're in a tail spin  
Thrown up in the pen by a tactful supremacist  
And now you wear that Bluetooth suppository  
Reading from a script with no actual premises  
Abiding by the whim of an afro-fetishist  
Fronting like you're rolling around fifty deep  
Your homies are like sterilized chimney sweeps  
I took him to the OG to get him vetted  
And he said there's no gangster in your Dickies crease

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While doing business on an out of town trip  
You hit an undercover with a roundhouse kick  
While wearing an army jacket with a thirty round clip

So miss me with that hyperbole  
You shootin' niggas on accident when the phone beeps  
So the character assassination is bone deep  
Cause the idea is if you don't be seen, got no reads  
So fuck your hyperbole  
You wanna move into an estate home  
But you can't get a bank loan with a gun charge  
Plus, why would you give all the crack addicts punch cards?  
And fuck all that shit you do  
I can only make an expensive song  
When you're vetted and incredibly slender  
I'm getting audited as a celebrity sinner

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Sorry, sorry, yeah  
I'm so out my place, I can hear your face