

Young killing, raps over the ceiling
Stacks over the building, hah, I'm just kidding
f**k these other dudes who claiming to stack millions
Looking to catch feelings, lyricism concealing
Young depressed, call it chess, making movies, never stress
Bowflex, got a tight ass that I'm finna stretch
Purp blazed and I'm thirstay
So I never ever ever let it hurt me
Bitch, you always say we never talk about shit
I see you texting all the time side chick
But you the iPhone, she a sidekick
Got a ride home, now she all up on my dick
We used to talk but we don't talk no more
Don't even walk around the pond no more
I saw moms in the grocery store
She said I'd love me a cleanup on aisle 4

I put my heart in this shit like organ donors
Flow retarded and shit but you supposed to know this
You talk about your swag at the mall and that
I still murder this shit on a practice track
I go, keep killing, no publicist
And I keep my own publishing so who the toughest is
Joints fat, Newt Gingrich, I run this shit
I want cheese like Republicans, I go
Dumber than anybody you ever heard of
I switch it up when I'm drinking and suburbans wind up swerving
And uh, Anybody who think this is
Suck my f**king dick til I finish
Skinny kid with the game on smash
This slow rhyme never came up fast
I'm a remain the man and stay true to fans and shit
f**k frat rap, Bitch it's Lamp City and that's it