

I HATE EVERYBODY

Caskey

Money talks, but quiet is how the money sounds
I'd beat a rapper up again, but that's punchin' down
Put on my boots and recognize that it's funny how
Jelly Roll popped and everybody doin' country now
That ain't a diss, it's an observation
If the shoe fits, wear it like your occupation
Pack a bag, move to Nashville, it's obligation
I ain't a muhfuckin' star, I'm a constellation, uh
Black Sheep, I don't follow trends
I do the opposite, put the hollow tips into the hollow end
Make it Halloween, have everyone hollerin'
'Cause honestly, y'all doin' too much dick swallowin'
It's boss season, I'm bar ready, I'm petty as Tom Petty
I hop out the car with my arm steady
And it's a workout to walk out the house
'Cause you know what that crown weigh and not to mention my charm heavy
The Glock fo' pounds, the chain is a kilogram
I leave these peons with black eyes, will.I.am
He diss me, I guess he was tryna kill a man
But his money blew my way, I guess he still a fan
Fuck with me and you gon' find out
Ate him for lunch while he stood at attention, I guess the nines out
So sick of hearin' raps comin' out your lyin' mouth
You started this, so what you cryin' 'bout?
I increase the crime rate
All of y'all verse me, I wash every single one of y'all and do the laundry
Man, that's like Vanilla Ice versus Andre
It's like a hunnid lil kids versus one Harambe
Bitch, please, you don't want none with me
I'ma change the climate if I turn up one degree
I should bring back MTV, or VH1
'Cause I clock tea, Flavor Flav, and I'm sucka free
The GOAT, that's what I'm paid for
I did it take one, I ain't make it to take four
The crib sittin' pretty there, off at the lake shore
I saw Kendrick at the Super Bowl and realized I should hate more
I hate how every rapper nowadays wanna sound like Yeat
I hate it when they act mysterious and get on Playboi Carti beats
And think that shit elite, man, y'all ain't sayin' nothin' at all, that shit
is weak
I'm geeked, and when I say it's hate, I don't mean this tongue-in-cheek
I mean your shelf life gon' be gone in a week
I mean that every classic album was sayin' somethin'
So go back to the studio and give that shit a tweak
I hated it when Drake made it cool to hate on Meek
'Cause he one of the GOATs when he get onto a streak
I hated everybody tryna party in LA
Doin' coke at Diddy house, tryna turn into a freak
I hate it when my album drop 'cause everybody sleep
And maybe that's the reason for the anger on this beat
Hate when they say I won, they compare me to rappers
Who ain't worth the gum at the bottom of my cleats
And if that struck a nerve, go and write a sixteen
But when I drop a diss, it ain't gonna be like Drake
Tellin' Kendrick that he wifed a mixed queen
I'ma make 'em kill theyself, kill they whole self-esteem
Kill they team, have they body stretched like a fuckin' limousine

Wash they whole mouth out with the Listerine
Turn him to a fiend for respect
'Cause he thought that he was up next, then he got the guillotine

Pussy-ass boy (Pussy-ass boy)
Bitch-ass boy (Bitch-ass boy)
Pussy-ass, sucka-ass, fuck-ass, dumb-ass, bitch-ass boy (Boy)