

# 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)