

Uh

Bul, before I dim your lights and end your life attempting to fend your life
It's punches when I write like the paper and pen was in a fight
All I do is win in life, I got to rub it in like shampoo
You not gon' do good in here, you wasn't conditioned right
Listen, I played my position right, I'm from the slum
I brought his daughter up 'cause y'all thought this bul was tough
Yeah I brought her up 'cause this bul nut, I ain't come for fun
It's two reasons why I don't give a fuck, so listen up
I brought a gun, the strap on my waist not a cummburbund
I'll pull it out and wet shit up if I'm pissed, that's number one
You was young and dumb, as a younging, I wasn't dumb as you
If you move, bow, I'm with the shit, that's number two
Assholes get bullets or stab holes, I brung a crew
Ahead to make you fall off track like hoes bundles do
You Da Animal, is you from the jungle or from the zoo?
The gun I brung for you make your guts fly, stomach flu
I could rap and can rumble too, who think this guy a factor?
I flame and [?] gassed up, it's a fucking fire hazard
I was born with the name, BARS, I'ma die a rapper
I buy tobacco and light up loud, firecracker
The dro I smoke, it cause scoliosis
It got me twisted, prescription will straight backs, I'm a chiropractor
The feds got me fed up, fuck the wire tappers
I'm the guy that rather live life angry than die in laughter
If you the guy I'm after, of course, I'ma spark the shot
Get caught in the parking lot, leave a corpse in your parking spot
Pop! Dog, you're not in my pedigree, you're obsessed with me
Ever since you net with me, you could stop sweating me
You definitely cannot mess with me and I'm so convinced
You never raced in a Wraith, you never drove a Benz
Fuck all the dough you spent, yo, against Conceited, you was sweaty
How you bought Burberry but no deodorant?
And how you got them so convinced using gun bars
With a juvy gun charge, no homicides and no attempts?
You never had to fight a case and build no defense
Facing doing life upstage and you still showed your strength
It's so intense, they're recommending a deal
'Cause they got witness, codefendants is beginning to squeal
You rather snitch, I rather win on appeal
Your parents knew they had a bitch before your birth the first gender reveal
I still don't know how being feminine feel, I grew up different
Went from CO's to PO's holding the cup, pissing
My life a movie, I'm cut different, director's edit
Act up, I'll shoot and make a scene, no director's credit
It's extra hectic you're locked in jail 'til you're out of jail
I was stressed the second I got to jail when they locked the cell
You never got the cell powder smell and gun powder smell
Plus you're washed up, it's a clean body, shower gel
I could smell you ain't got the "fresh out the shower" smell
You got that "been in the gym for a couple hours" smell
I got that "OG kush mixed with the sour" smell
The smoke in your building been bush since when the Towers fell
My buddy got shot, on top of his grave, flowers fell
Buddy in the box and he can't tell how the flowers smell
But I could that you cats pretending
You ain't got a pistol with you, I'll pistolwhip you 'til the ratchet bendin

9

Cats act like they're actually winning but actually women
This verse nuts and this jerk suck, happy ending
If we scrap, I'm winning, a nigga could box
But you know how I roll, ratchet when the triggers will pop
You ever heard a bitch nigga get shot
And the way that man yell, you can't tell if it's a nigga or not?
These snakes cold-blooded even if the temperature hot
So keep the heat before they make your body temperature drop
They got time, they're taking risks like a Switzerland watch
Sticking sweet niggas up, fuck an insulin shot
You're diabetic? What symptoms you got?
'Cause the guys that make sure you die will be these niggas sent to your spot
If I spend a couple bands, you'll get instantly rocked
They buy drums and play with sticks but they don't instrument shop
If I don't know what type intentions you got, I can't trust you
Ask Smack, a punch you want, a backhand or the damn knuckles
I hand-to-hand hustle, push weight from the damn muscle
Rubberband man, on that type tip, 'cause I can't struggle
I had yayo to grind, now I own a clothing line
If I could sell a ki, I could see a tee, I grand hustle
My fam hustle, we got lawyers, fuck it
I keep two tiny ratchets I name Monica and LeToya Luckett
The boys I fuck with will grip the toast
And if they're ever in the bing, they'll never sing, but on a different note
They'll get you smoked like the weed man
They'll start to spray out the blue and you'll get aired like the Febreeze can
You need bands 'cause all the stuff in the mall cost
I need land, I want to know how much the whole mall cost
Bitch, you ain't gon' do shit but tip the law off
Snitch call the law, then erase the shit out your car alarm
But forget the law, dog
This shit on my waist will still ring even if I switch my income and calls off
Charles, I knew you failed, nigga
You talk your shit, but when you start to spit, I smell a doodoo smell, nigga
I heard when you was Nunu Nellz nigga
She stucked a finger in your butt, your doodoo under Nunu nails, nigga
And you could tell niggas try to fake it to win
Hydro got my eyes low, no relation to Jin
You straight thug when you're tasting your Hen
But a fake thug can taste blood, take slugs and never taste shit again
You make too many mistakes with the pen
You suffocate him 'til he die [?] suffocated again
Beasley told me that he need me on the stages again
To demonstrate how the [?] niggas' faces again
If you're a star, it's hard making a friend
You shine, they look up in the galaxy to see the type of space that you're in
They lied and said I had relations with men
Nah, I'm the guy that criticize the feminization of men
They're spreading false information again, hating again
Making shit up to discredit my reputation again
Niggas claim to be homophobic but then believe the story when a homo told it
This an easy case to defend
Man, a tran got to fake it to win
I've been straight like 6 o'clock, we're not gon' have this conversation again
I'm rapped out, I doubt he know the situation he in
He gon' rest in peace, get a wake but never wake up again

I couldn't wait to see his face in the end
I just smoked Goodz, I'm 'bout to smoke a wood, celebrating my win
And I'll shoot your building up, Fortnite
Front get lit up right from the door [?] porch light
You owe child support, right? Why you looked bothered?
Let me find out my son, Goodz, is not a good father
Goodz, I should rob you, what type of man is you? I don't sleep
I go OD, no Z's 'cause I'm an animal
I'm good with the hammer too, Goodz, fall in line
'Fore the baldies and the nine be the next thing that cross your mind
'Cause you crossed the like trying to frame Cass
I need apologies and get rocked with a bald head, Dame Dash
I'm quick to bust but never came fast
I'm fly, but they're praying on my downfall, airplane crash
Your lame ass don't want the business, man
You just run your mouth, but bitch, if the gun was out, you would've been to
ran
I'll grab the mag, once it's in the hand
I'll gun butt his mouth, y'all saw him biting ass on his Instagram
You been a fan, me and you the new Em and Stan
You was playing 2K in my van, remember, man?
I've been the man
All the money I made off trees, all the green I was stashing a box of Timber
lands
I send my boo, OT, you see the vision, man
I get a tan, on my toes still, I got a business plan
You lift the can and hold steel, better hold the steel like my dentist hand
You don't know the drill, switch your dental plan
I ain't finished, man, I could slap and punch or clap a bunch of toasters
Or I could poke you more than get in acupuncture
I never had a jumper, but I'll shoot the tre
And I'm a great shot, you'll get a face shot if you don't move away
I'll spot your truck, red dot your truck, let the cuatro bust
And leave hella shells in your whip like it's a taco truck
I made your stock go up, little nigga
I ought to make your daughter mother swallow her brothers and little sisters
I call you a little nigga
'Cause when I look in your eyes, I could see a whole lot of bitch and a litt
le nigga
So little nigga, just admit it, I'm dope, bitch, I'm the goat
And they heard the corny shit that you wrote
This just a couple more bars so you can know
You got killed, I'm 5002 and 0