

Beef

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[Samuel L Jackson:] What does Marsellus Wallace look like?
[Frank Whaley:] What?
[Samuel L Jackson:] (Gunshots) What country are you from?
[Frank Whaley:] What? What?
[Samuel L Jackson:] "What" ain't no country I ever heard of. They speak English in What?
[Frank Whaley:] What?
[Samuel L Jackson:] English, motherfucker, do you speak it?
[Frank Whaley:] Yes!
[Samuel L Jackson:] Then you know what I'm sayin'!
[Frank Whaley:] Yes!
[Samuel L Jackson:] Describe what Marsellus Wallace looks like!
[Frank Whaley:] What? I...
[Samuel L Jackson:] Say "what" again. Say "what" again, I dare you, I double dare you motherfucker, say "what" one more goddamn time!
[Frank Whaley:] He's black
[Samuel L Jackson:] Go on!
[Frank Whaley:] He's bald
[Samuel L Jackson:] Does he look like a bitch?
[Frank Whaley:] What?
[Samuel L Jackson:] [Gunshot] DOES... HE... LOOK... LIKE... A BITCH?!

[Frank Whaley - in pain:] No!
[Samuel L Jackson:] Then why'd you try to fuck him like a bitch, Brett?
[Frank Whaley:] I didn't
[Samuel L Jackson:] Yes, you did. Yes, you did

None of y'all niggas can fuck with me
The cheque I got this morning says fuck Vigi
Man I done made a mill tryna fuck Minnie
Now all the baddest bitches tryna fuck with me
Uh, I did it faster than Ramadan
They'll never give me my props, they bitter ha ba na plan
Your music is kinda average
My niggas above the bar
I'm cool with number 2 cause I'm richer than number one
Yeah, I done made it bigger than your favourites
Man I done sonned the game, y'all can baby sit
Your bandz make her dance, mine make her rich
My money rude, yours polite like
Taylor Swift
Man what's wrong with these OGs
Oh don't be acting like you forgot what you told me
About that coloured nigga, yeah that coloured nigga
Oh I shouldn't mention it?
Let's leave it then, I'm not one to provoke beef, beef, beef, beef

Yeah, I swear this shit is kinda crazy
The game is colourful
But I find none of you amazing
I'm a let you be
But you can not replace me
Get it right man
I am a ruler, you can't erase me
Yeah, my new white bitch like the rodeo
I call her Katy Perry, she a Scorpio
PhD with the audio
I don't need to say it though

Everybody knows like Pinocchio
Even though it ain't trickin' when we spray bottles
I'm still hungry enough to take the stake from you
I always share with my niggas when the cake crumbles
So why should I care when a stranger call me fake humble?
Yeah, man what's wrong with these OGs
Se ba batla ho nkhuza acting like they really know me
I'm a humble dude but watch how you approach me
I swear nowadays it's so easy to provoke beef, beef, beef

Man, everybody understands this shit differently
Ever since I dropped Gusheshe, niggas tried to mimic me
I'm underrated lyrically
So I wake up in the morning
Do some shit they've never done then
I'm back to making history
I'm at a point where I don't even post all my achievements
You fucked up your career, your attitude is bulimic
I told em that I'm a do it
They said do it, then I did it
Then they started hatin' on me
Guess the dream was more appealing
Cause honestly, they know we fucking this game raw
It's evident that we way smarter than they thought
The way I'm killing niggas, unfair like Treyvon
Just found out that I hit the same bitch as Trey Songz
I told you I was the shit and that I could rap if I want to
But y'all don't deserve my punchlines
Just the one two
Oh y'all gon' ignore the fact that I went gold
Don't tell me how you feel, tell me how many you sold
How many of you niggas did the shit that I did
None of your so called "heaters" could compare to my hits
You mentioned my old bitch
You should take your verse back
We'll have this conversation when you get your first plaque, motherfucker!
Nxa! Le tlwaela batho masepa entlek