

Wicked

Chester Watson

I'm tired of eating microwave pizza
And in my mind you know I've been psycho sleep, Jesus
Leave the ladies wet like a tidal wave beating them
I alone could ba-da-bing your whole team
Bitch, it ain't over until the fat lady sing
And I don't see any fat ladies on my team
It's Nu Age niggas with the swagger that's the meanest
Colder than the naked winter spent in Greenland
And yeah, I caught you red handed, better freeze it
You think you fly, I'll shoot you down like geeses
Where that mean goose, in my dreams always lucid
It got the bitch and my two cents for no fucking reason
And I leave my words slurring like the seasons
End of days coming soon. Check it, that's my thesis
I ain't trying to get messy like the grease is
So if you trying to dis me you better know I down-crease ya

Buddy
Niggas be trying to roast niggas...
Like bitch, my fucking shirt costs more than your whole outfit
What the fuck...

And like a size 12-gauge, you are basic
12-gauge your face, hell raised the place, bitch
I bought some razor blades from a couple Asians
I'll keep the Chinese methods to myself because they're ancient
Flesh, scalpel poking and scrape shit
On bath salts like home-made your face and
Just go skate with Lucas and Jason
Bow down now, you're looking at greatness
Waiting too long, getting a little impatient
All the slut muffins just treat him like a stray bitch
I'm pretty fresh and you can't belittle my placement
Looking for some fucks to give, but don't know where I placed them
Niggas hit this molly, faced towards them. Stop with the gay shit
Tired of the bottom so to the top in a spaceship
Didn't want him in so I put a crop in the gape in
The picture of the niggas that I be chilling all day with

'Cause niggas was being flawed as fuck
You feel me?
Nu Age bro
Shout out to Kush Cartel

Fresh to death so in my casket I be swagging it
Chilling in a place where bad bitches just attack my dick
Thoughts in my head, half of you can't even imagine them
I'm working 24/7, so don't ask where the passion is
And yeah, I'm eating grilled cheese playing Xbox
Chilling in some boxer briefs wearing red socks
I'm up in my own shit, you listen to bedrock
Bitches jerking off so I call them all hand-cocks
Words leave you in amazement like dead stock
Head to the sky, eyes closed with your hands locked
Spit fuego so we make a couple grands. Nah
Lazy when we surface so we make glass with the sands hot
Farmer status, yes, Da Vinci had a brand of dogs

I had one before, but getting jiggy with a dinner fox
Hop she's not as geezer smelling, fishy in her pants. I'm
A wicked ass dude getting silly in the paradox