

Bad Santa

ChillinIT

Yeah man (It's that shit, man I ain't give a fuck)
Australia stand up (It's just a buzz, This the buzz shit, this the evolution
)
Man fuck all the chorus bullshit (Fuck everything bro)
"La la la"
Whatever man (It's the old shit like)
Let me just bar the fuck out
That's how we got here in the first place
Just rap
(Just let me spit, like fuck everything else, fuck the mainstream shit, imma
bar out)

Call me Billy Bob Thornton with the ball, Bad Santa is back
It's Kris Kringle with a cannabis sack, put my fam on the map
Three Latinas wanna sleep in my bed
On some Zuckerberg shit, I caught her reading my texts so I left (DAMN)
Keeping my shit together like silicone did the plumber
I'm richer than Donald Glover
Motherfucker carry weight, Jay Cutler
I'm like Usher with the yeah yeah
Spartan of rap, Gerard Butler is back (you ready?)
Shit got hip to rot my brain
Freaky bitch to do it, dripped in launderette
Tell this woman, that's my woman, ain't no woman like my woman
Have her drippin like the necklace on my chain
I get reckless off the J (bass, bass)
Pull up to the crib, DeMar DeRozan, no bull with the bars that I point
Pass dope like brother, my bars potion
And the T to the N to the I, O you put a E to the T
And my bars potent as shit, shit
When eye flip like the spelling
Still the same baby nah nah nah, Otis Redding
Owen Wilson in the back of my car
Crash a wedding like it's Hendrix on the riff to guitar, homie shredding the
shit
How I'm betting to bet there is no body, no more
Call Bobby just to holla and go body this cat
I bring havoc when I body a rap
Call it the Mobb Deep revival cause the prodigy's back, facts
Bring it back to the scheme and go get it
Wanna press start, pause to the game, they both settings
That's the word play that's over your brain
That's pro levels, but your still save's dead in it's lane
You don't get it, pathetic
All these women claim they love my sound
And bitches still don't know my lyrics but they love my growl
And bust down with this boy for the decent figure
That's why I break her off some cheddar like a Bega Stringer like urgh
No wonder rappers swallow my dick
You wan' be pill poppers, probably why you follow a script
I can picture all my haters, they studying all my statements just to hate it
But trust me these boys go follow my shit, that's sick
And that's you, I'm a bottomless pit
I take an infinite toke, inhale infinite smoke
This ain't a plan that I made to be the man with the shit
But I'm the man to make his family rich, you ain't a man, you a bitch
Guess what, treat you like I'm Russ

If we talking 'bout the funds, mines really in the trust
If you talking 'bout your funds, yo it's really bout to bust
Only rapper in the game on his category ones
Getting funds, two decimals and stacks man
Kind of figured that will get you friendly with your tax man, God damn
Sent Jesus on a hike and made the profit climb
Money's like Christ in three days I make the profit rise

I told em' bro like straight out
It's bars bro, it's versatility
It's business shit, it's mafioso shit, it's money shit, it's family shit
Like, who doing what we're doing
Like not even saying it like a dickhead, it's like introduce me to someone d
oing what we are doing on a scale we're doing it
I'll shave their fucking head
Just fuck me dead
420 fam fuck it, cut the track
Eat a dick