

We the food chain's Apex
And motherfucker we ain't ate yet
Any food sitting on your plate's what we'll take next
Keep it dirty on the mic, but we stay fresh
Set fire to your tape decks

(Nems)

Let them burn a flame on your set
You run off on the plug, we just hang the connect
Put this in your tape deck, it'll break the cassette
Soon as I finish writing my verse, I bang on my chest
Cause I'm a apex predator
Spray TECs, wet you up
You a bridesmaid at a same-sex wedding bruh
Your best work is shit we do on the regular
Homie you not a killa, at best you an embezzler
Sneak thief, whack bars and weak beats
Hatin' on us in the game from the cheap seats
I will pull up on your girl like, beep, beep
Bitch get in the motherfucking car and eat meat
I know your mother she ain't raised no shooter
And that chain is garbage you should hate your jeweler
Give my little man a ounce of haze and buddah
Have him pull up on a Razer scooter, blaze and shoot ya
I grind hard every day cause we ain't getting younger
Top of the food chain with a tremendous hunger
While Webby was in the booth spitting bars
I went into his phone and stole Halle Berry's number, what up
("We're sorry, you're reaching number that has been disconnected")
What the fuck?

Your father should've pulled out and blew it all over your mom's rear
Your trash to pop beers on the back of a John Deere (Apathy)
Better cop no dolls, cause sleeping on this song here
You'll wake up with long beards, and think it's the wrong year
Oh yeah, beat you to death, diss you at the seance
Then cut it short, like the hairdo on your gay Aunt
[?] the cassette, scratch the wax and scribble raps
On scraps, my whole Snapchat and they snatch
So distracting, extracting souls while I'm relaxing
The pyramid builder, windmilling it to a backspin
Adios suckers, I'm peeling out in the Audi
Feeling now how the crowd be
Real fucking rowdy
Fight music, [?] wanna fight to it
Kill the mic and resurrect it, then I'll put a spike through it
Cause can nobody try it or rock it
I'll tie it to a rocket, and fire it at a fiery comet
You're finally seeing my psychotic side when I'm on it
Invite me to flaunt it, you saw it and you violently vomit
I'm the worst case scenario like AIDS in your flu shots
You rappers scared of flow should take a bath with your boombox
Rarish and rick rude in a savage and sick mood
Turn rappers to fish food, get masses of chicks nude
The apex predator, Ap circles the sharks
Soon as the verse starts, the vets give purple hearts

(Anoyd)

Yo, possibly raps illest
I knew these wack spitters were catfittish
And I'm flabbergasted that you attached with it
If I subtract fingers, can you add mit it
I'm that wicked, you'll get it later like last minute
Shock critics, infinite
Swim underwater with a Trump supporter
And don't come up till I'm sure I can really cure lung disorder
With a bunch of quarters, I'm sure I could fund your public order
But I'm keeping everything to myself when amongst a whore
To kinda saw that Webby call when he need me to murk a verse
Then I slur my words like a durt ma gurt when converting herbs
Into certain thirds of the curb and a version you don't deserve
When the curtain, says do not disturb and you still observe, it's a burden
We the food chain apex, in a tape deck
Ain't no way you can escape death
I wear my air forces when it's pouring the rain check, the food chain's apex
I feel like a plane wreck in the main deck

(Mickey)

This dude limitless, true penmanship
Born cam, get too out the frame
Did you picture this? (Factz)
I move militant, too intricate, who's into this
I'm only the good elements off the food pyramid
You listeners need to hire a nutritionist
King with these cool images, rule villages
Y'all food primitives
Did my research on you shitty buffoon lyricists, so technically
Y'all could say that I do due diligence
This a school syllabus
Learn what I earned, I urge you to move different
Or squirm and get burned from the words, I spew cinemas
Remove privileges, Tom Hardy I'm too venomous
Without CGI, the genie fly
Make a wish, colorful aliens, graffiti mind
We be riding, see me try to just keep in line
Make a move, without moving
I get that Ouija vibe

(Ren Thomas)

I've been making bodies disappear like Bin Laden's
Need people to send dollars every time my pen rhyming
Fact is I need ten commas next to the name Ren Thomas
Tell the truth, with a gun to my head I'm dead honest
Tired of them comments
Saying I look like so-and-so
But these rap cats will never reach me, like my phone is broke
Ass on sniffing packs so caps sinks in the bathroom
While y'all suck at whatever rapper you get attached to
I'm raising bars like [?] old man
I'm in the trenches everyday, going Rambo ham
I peep how they plagiarize, think I'm slipping you plagiarize
Beef on my team and doctors will stabilize
I ain't cocky, how great am I?
Since I was 8 or 9
I first ever created rhymes, took the game and made it mine
Had a Mother's Against Drunk Driving meeting in the road
Afterwards we got drunk in the parking lot and drove

Got Dr. Jekyll's personality, with nothing to hide
I'm In-N-Out, of my mind

Double-double with fries
So cover your eyes, you gon' need a spot you could hide
Or hop in the ride, leave town and cop a disguise
The Lord of the Flies
Fake war paint with the pig's blood
Always on the grind since the times that I flipped bud
Running up a tab but I'm still tipping like Slim Thug
Underground money shit I'm hustling with dig dug
Rap hot, spelling out my syllables in caps lock
Sharper than a slap chop blade when the track drop
If you disagree, suck a fat cock
Catch me outside, like a motherfucking airport bag drop
Twenty in the matchbox, we gon' start a fire now
Still just warming up while my competition is dying down
Sway labeled me a hyena but wear a lion's crown
You better get to lying down
Welcome to our fucking side of town
Yeah we them prostate carnivores
Indominus dinosaur, the kind that rhyme is watching for
Disassemble every part of your body is on the floor
Smashing Aphrodite up on the throne of the god of war
Tuco Salamanca, I'm breaking bad for the genre
From the north, where the sunset it's dark, naked and proper
I'm bonkers and button-pushing and contra Konami code with a choppa
The only honky they bumping down in Wakanda
Rolling with some wolves and some lions, tigers and bears
With some eagles, hawks and a falcon that's flying high in the air
Got a tank that'd be full of sharks, and a silverback that'll tear you in ha
lf so just be prepared
Yeah they calling us the

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