

"Being a professional at our work, that is rapidly becoming a world of amateur's"

"What are your qualifications?"

"You, you, you, you got 5 (yeah), you, you, you got five, five minutes, you, you, you, you got (Uh) five minutes to preform your fake act"

Yeah, uh, you think you know me homie, you phoney rappers talk baloney, y'all so far below me

Blow me, there ain't nobody who control me, I'm in a league of my own, I'm ain't competing for no trophy

I don't need no album budget, I record and make my own beats

Hit the studio all by myself, stand on my own feet

I'm a different breed, I do this for the crowd applause, turn this hobby to a job, don't need no feature on a blog nah

I ain't a star, I'm an astroid, trying to avoid these fake girls, takin' botox and ass steroids

A bunch of people who talk behind your backside, like dissing someone on Twitter and not putting the @ sign

You scramblin' (scramblin'), career is over-easy, been-a-dick since I was an egg in my mothers ovaries, please believe me

I ain't your rappers favourite rapper, I'm my fans favourite rapper this is just the latest chapter

Shoutout to the artists working hard and undiscovered, that's my father on the guitar, I call him my motherfucker ooh

You think you know me, you don't know me, kid your way off

I'm here to restore order cause we all live in chaos, this is Filthy

There you have it, the uncut of rap, of rap "you see me do this shit?" (yeah) "we the hottest thing ever" "who is this?" (Class! This is last man standing, this is Filthy, dirty, grimy, cruddy, feel so good but it sound so ugly, nasty, cruddy, oh so muddy, we get 'em up) "you better ask somebody"

Ayo, I spent the week in detox, but now I'm staring at my weed box, excited to get higher than the treetops, living in a cold world, and this is how I defrost, strike like a peacock in a fresh pair of reebok's, yeah, it's a thin line between magic and a bad trick, it's a matter of opinion between the wackest and the classics, so make sure whatever I make I love it, first and foremost, cause artists steal a style and move on when it's worn out

Kanye sped his samples up, everybody sped 'em up

Then the South slowed it down and everybody slowed it down

Then Drake and 40 showed them how to use a filter

How you supposed to hold the crown when you don't even own your sound, huh?

I grew up on that boom, bap, loud kick and snare, kept rocking
with it even when that sound disappeared
Came into the game when white rappers weren't a cliché
But man oh man that's sure changing these days, shit is Filthy

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shit?" (yeah) "we the hottest thing ever" "who is this?" (Class!
This is last man standing, this is Filthy, dirty, grimy, cruddy,
feel so good but it sound so ugly, nasty, cruddy, oh so muddy,
we get 'em up) "you better ask somebody"

(yeah) you got five, you, you got five (Premo) you, you, you go
t five (Class, always wanted to say that), five minutes to perform
your fake act, act (and then we're taking over it)