

# Doja Freestyle

Cordae

Alright, we're live in the homie's backyard right now  
Today, me and Cordae steppin' in the cypher  
What's Gucci?

How can I be homosapian? I'm high as an alien  
Both of my lungs are in training  
I'm burning pounds, but not inside a gymnasium  
This off the cranium, this is a nuclear weapon, my bars are uranium  
(Ah) I'm spittin' fire  
This must be House of the Dragons, I'm a Targaryen  
I don't deal with pussies, I'm not a veterinarian (Nah)  
But I might educate and slap a pussy boy like a disciplinarian (Woo)  
I got a lotta skater homies that'll hit a ramp and do a varial  
I got a lotta mob ties, put you up under the sea with Ariel (Damn)  
I got syrup in my cereal (Yeah), I blow an O like a Cheerio (Woo)  
I shook his hand, but I didn't like his vibe so I used antibacterial (On God  
)  
I'm too sick, no vanerial, but I must be a disease  
'Cause the way that my competition keep on trying but dying  
I'm tellin' you this is a burial  
There he go, laying six feet while I stand 6'6" in these new kicks  
Sittin' in a double R with the double-X roof print  
Cigar in my mouth like the cover of the blueprint  
This leopard interiors animalistic  
My middle finger's a characteristic  
You hear this voice in my lower intestine?  
That's my competition, I'm cannibalistic  
How can I be homosapian? I'm a fucking alien  
How the fuck could you say that I fell off? I just sold out a stadium  
Crazy I didn't have a date to prom  
'Cause now I'm like "Look who I'm marrying"  
I came outta Cleveland and now the timezone I'm in is Australian  
Wait, last week it was London, had Skepta at the function  
Wembley and its shutdown pre-show  
And we backstage, and you know what we crumblin'  
Stepped out 'cause the man them thought he was a big dog  
So I had to son him  
Test me and we spray like Jetski turn it to a danceoff  
Make 'em start krumpin'

Uh, how can I be misogynistic? I love all my bitches  
Grandma used to whoop a nigga with switches  
That was way before the switches  
I was just talking to Kells and he told me pull up at the crib  
He gon' throw on a beat (Yeah)  
You can be born in motherfuckin' Antarctica  
Promise that nigga ain't colder than me (Uh)  
I was just talking to God and he told me I got it  
Don't worry, it's all taken care of  
Ya'll niggas stay on the blogs, I stay on the rise  
So please just do not compare us (Uh)  
I'm from the city where niggas gon' make you pay tariffs (Yeah)  
Them niggas strapped like the sheriff (Yeah)  
Promise my whole family good if a nigga gon' perish  
They in my will like a Ferris  
Ay, hop in the coupe when in London I'm off a bar  
So I can't properly function

Ay, I buy real estate when niggas is bored  
Damn, my monopoly jumpin'  
Ay, real music may not get the awards, but you cannot stop the consumption  
Ay, go outside, think you don't need a strap  
That was a sloppy assumption  
Ay, I know I'm far from a gangsta, rest in peace Juice  
That boy armed and he dangerous (Yeah)  
Run up on bro, better call you an angel  
My dick so long, that shit fall to my ankles  
Ay, stop playin', boy, I'm done with the jokes  
That album's trash that you dropped for them folks  
Disappointed but I'm Prada my coat  
I'm comin' soon, we unlocking the vault

That felt great  
Yeah, yeah  
That felt really good