

Ctrl + Alt + Del

Cyrus

All these boys wanna sound like me
They still boys how it sound lately
Wanna name they songs too
After mine real shit baby
This dick your dick baby
They trying to ride your dick baby
All them boys no good boo
But shit, you, you bad baby
Even rap on the same beats
Then they act like they ain't me
Even jock how I write tweets
Just to act like they like me
This ain't a diss you'd get disfigured
'Bout to turn a song every week into 6 figures
Mannequin challenge every rapper just a stick figure
Life is a bitch but she sleeping in the bed with me
Oh my God!
But he got nothing to do with it
I'd give a fuck but shit, at the end of the day you wouldn't know what to do
with it
Talented as fuck and still work harder than half these kids that's true with
it
After all I'm blessed but these praying hands ain't ever preyed on fans
I never play how could we, only play our hands
Could mix plenty tapes but make mix-tapes better
Pistol-whip your tape like it's a new Beretta
Lit from coast to coast I make time-zones jealous
Heard your bitch might want me to make her mistake better
She wanna see this D give her the 6 disc changer
Scratch this disc and I might just change ya
Life ain't cheap, your two cents need change up
She ride this D like a new jeep wrangler

Yeah, and this shit go out to like, fuckin' everybody
Man, I wasn't gonna have a hook on this shit, but
Let me try something like this
If you think this song's about you then maybe it is, maybe it is, alright
You talk, you talk, you talk, but you don't ever do shit, you never do shit
(oh no)
Little bitch

I been going off the top, she be giving up the top, you bottom-fishing
Made a song about a thot, made a song about a lot, no songs with you
Really need to get a job, say you working but you're not, what's wrong with
you?
You been working up a favor, God can't save ya
None of them songs you made should've left that paper
You hear what I'm saying, the fast rap flow, hair with the Saiyan
Do you got the time or do you just watch?
Do you got the drive or do you just walk?
Oh you got the key? I need a valet
Why's your whole life one bad day
You a stop sign I'm a fast break
Better yet your drive is a driveway
I don't back out shit I only back up shit
I got internal drive but my external quick
I'm in a solid state you in a solace state

My silence of the lambs you just an awkward date, like
Maybe you need Jesus?
Me I ball you need some
Every year my year
But you never in season
Plus you talk too much
Give you the silent treatment
See I don't give fucks
Dicks don't keep secrets
Guess I'm out for blood
Is that your pussy bleeding?
You boys won't be us
Ctrl+Alt+Del you