

Let's be real (let's be real), let's be real for a minute
You be hatin' on them boys, but the fear is your villain
Oh damn (come on bruh, just face it), I can't see competition
Just some greasy-ass missets that won't clean up their own dishes (ha-choo)
I just sneezed in between my lyrics, seems like T is the illest
Beastmode recondition (yeah), and I go so hard that I feel like a Pimmel
Feel like a dick, 'cause I penetrate you pussies
Feel like a Sith in my deadly sins hoodie
Peach like pink on my nails, I'm a beauty
Peace sign hangin' on my chain, I'm on duty
Yah, yah, yah, yah, you feel like you God, yeah
But money can't clean your ass up and you're really disgusting
Yah, yah, yah, yah, no need to discuss this
You're a struggling fuck and tryna hide it with your muscles

Yeah, I'd rather be a misfit (than what?)
Than a visionless misset, 'cause jealousy will make you vicious
Yeah, I'd rather be a misfit (than what?)
Than a misset that's driven by it's publicity addiction (oh, damn)

Ho-ho-ho-homie, let's be real for a minute
Guess this team's the realest
We don't need no gimmicks
See, we don't feel you, mimics
Better flee, we feast on missets, yeah
And we're killin' beats for a livin', yeah
Outta space, your peak's the ceilin', yeah
Never usin' cheats, always winnin', yeah
Cookin' all his heat while you're skimmin', yeah
Yeah, now I look back on Chrome and I see that
We're always three steps ahead of this weak ass
Hitters and there's actually no fuckin' need to work hard, so in fact
We could just fuckin' lean back and relax, but
I want to go so hard on 'em
I want to go so hard on 'em
Work hard, learn hard, to go so hard on 'em
I go SSJ2 Gohan on 'em, pow
Make 'em pop like Junior Cells, we're cool as hell
You just make a fool of yourself, how mindful
Your mind is just full of yourself, what you call wealth
Is certainly not good for your health, I mean look at yourself
You're still stupid as hell
I suggest you put some books in your shelf (yeah), ey
And the saddest part of all is that you really call yourself an artist
But you're just in it for the star game, see, be seen and all that
Lame-ass illusionist shit, you'd ride a dick for
You ain't goin' all-in, don't pull up your heart and
Biggest aim is seein' your name on fuckin' Pitchfork, ugh
Or fuckin' Billboard, focus only for them bills, bruh
Like you ain't got no fuckin' sort of skill, bruh
Take a look into the mirror and be real, bruh
Let's be real, uh