

DIET_1.5

Denzel Curry

It's the remix, nigga
Woah, Kenny!
Kenny, you ready?

All these racks in the ceiling got rappers back in they feelings
Treat the game like Trump voters did the Capitol building
In a 600 Maybach, the only passenger in it
Ain't got no cash for the dealer, if don't no stashes come in it
Denzel hit me, and I couldn't get back fast enough nigga
Talent attract talent, I'm just not rapping with niggas
The way I'm crafting this shit, get way too tactical nigga
All my albums is classical, just to challenge you niggas
My shit been in crazy demand (I know) but play again
I be plugging with eighty grand and have it eighty a gram
I feel fast as Tyreek Hill chasing these bands
Who else glaciated they hand and be wearing Bape shit from France?
I'm into light skin bitches and blue dinero
Bricks in a blue Camaro, I feel like a superhero
Every year they discuss me, who else they gon' name but me?
And Gunn, we the ones who they call when they get rusty
Griselda, nigga

Get money from a show, then deposit it (Uh)
Your shows got no hoes, I acknowledge it (Yeah)
So braggadocious, spit sick shit, it's atrocious (Nasty)
Risin' like the stocks, stockbroking
The Shogun, came through with no gun
One man, Ichiban, fresh out of Japan, do as I command
And what I demand is some fuckin' peace and quiet
I told 'em please go to church, and please get on a diet

Shoebox came with the doowop
One billion and two cops can't find 2Pac
Two shots, that's two grazed in two days
What goes up must come down on Tuesday
And I don't like Pixar, mister, I am the master
I came through like a (Wait a minute) bastard
Nobody fathered my style
People said I would fall off, but I've been here for a while, so nope
Are you ready for the motherfuckin' giant?
The tyrant, the titan, the ogre, the lycan
The vampire, taking over empires
If the game was a tooth, I'm a fuckin' pair of pliers
We gon' do 'em Vinny style
As you can see, this nigga got many styles (Serious)
Know too many niggas that got semi rounds (Serious)
And cold like (Ice)
Put thorns to your crowns, you go out like Christ, my nigga

Get money from a show, then deposit it (Uh)
Your shows got no hoes, I acknowledge it (Yeah)
So braggadocious, spit sick shit, it's atrocious (Nasty)
Risin' like the stocks, stockbroking
The Shogun, came through with no gun
One man, Ichiban, fresh out of Japan, do as I command
And what I demand is some fuckin' peace and quiet
I told 'em please go to church, and please get on a diet

You already know what time it is
It's the motherfuckin' championship