

DIET

Denzel Curry

Woah, Kenny

Pamela Anderson Pam Grier
The man's here
There's no fear
Came through with no tears (Waa)
I don't cry
Matter fact I don't lie like a bedside
I tell the truth then I tell you what it is or what it ain't
Please roll me up another dank, another smoke
Though I see it as the antidote to cure my daily anecdotes
I see my thoughts, it's adios
Finito, I get new jerseys like I was a guido
The ego, gotta be vetoed if you want a free-throw
The evils, stay with the scripture what your momma read you
You gotta milk the game, son, I couldn't bottle feed you
This next bar was 'bout to do some Logic shit
But now I gotta stop the shit and let me pop my shit
Drama still added on, stayin' positive
All my niggas on my side, on the opposite

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

Shoebox came with the do-op
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
Missed-star, I am the master
I came through like a (Wait a minute) bastard
Nobody father my style
People say I will fall off but I've be here for a while so nope
Are you ready for the motherfucking giant?
The tyrant, the titan, the ogre, the Lycan
The vampire taking over empires
The game was a tooth, I'm a fucking pair of pliers
We gon' do 'em Vinny style
As you can see, this nigga got many styles
Know too many niggas that got semi-rounds and cold like ice
Put thorns in your crown, you go out like Christ, my nigga

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