

Story: No Title

Denzel Curry

Story with no title, everything is vital
Came up in this game now my idols is my rivals
Childhood friends end up pulling guns on you
Hoes wanna fuck because you carry funds on you
Like a blind man in church homie I don't see none of that
Still can't believe that I made it off rapping
Baby bottle blue mic spitting blue magic
How the fuck the rap game, become a beauty pageant?
Fugazi ass rapper trying to sound like Atlanta
Cause they got no identity, I'm off the top like
O-Ren Ishii vs. Uma Thurman
Gasoline, in my thermos and I'm 'bout to make a furnace out you niggas
Spitting ether, make-believers call it Easter
I am Jesus with a blacker penis, that is fucking genius
Who said Jesus can't be a black guy?
Even Luke Skywalker's father was on the dark side

Story with no title, everything is vital
Praying for my rivals let the church say (ay!)
Everything is vital, hand up on the rifle
Send them off to Lotto, let the case say (spray!)
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Started from the bottom where they wear bikini bottoms
Dig even deeper all you see is crabs in a bucket
When shit hit the fan niggas up it like "fuck it"
Spitting colder shit over cold shit my diamond you cold bitch
You like N64 go buy my old shit
I keep a AK on my Issa Gold shit
That's how it goes down on the lower East Coast bitch
South Florida 21 getting older mind of a marine ever since I was a teen
Blowing up smithereens, living a broke man's dream
Follow the roots of the prince till they crown me king
It seems, these niggas acting less than G's
This ain't the place that I choose to be
Where friends become strangers
Everybody wants to be a gangsta
It's going down on the block, no anchor, story with no title!

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Story with no title, bullet with no name
I was brought up inside a city that was built of cane
Even during my sunny days I am still a hurricane
I just wanna make it rain ain't no aim ba-bay
Watching Bebe's kids, we all Bebe's kids

Little badass jit that's where the story begins
'Fore the end of the timeline, on to the crime crimes
Out here beefing ain't no working at Five Guys
It's wild, convicted felon put on trial
It's sad, a mother outlives her child
And that's bad, especially because we're black
When the revolution start that's when the niggas attack
I'm looking at the liars that say you ain't come from riches
Stop calling out women bitches fried chicken and watermelon's
Not my diet, I'm everything you fear and what defines it
And if I die today it's not surprising, story with no title