Sub Me In

Devvon Terrell

Rap dudes put me in a bad mood
Go nuts like Cashews, I spit like bad food
I had to blast you, I sick like achoo
Got street cred with no facial tattoos
A beast like baboons, you makin' bad tunes
I'm poppin' like balloons, I got some bad news
If you hatin' on me you must be confused
Give you two black eyes just like a racoon
They don't really wanna see me, I can promise
Gettin' brain without a college, she graduated with honors
Looking just like Pocahontas, to be honest I ain't modest
I know that I've been the hottest professional, you a novice
I can't even shut my wallet, I gotta lotta guala up in my pocket
I've been taking off just like I'm a rocket
I been a star, I'm a comet, these rappers funny like comics
They suck like girls on deez nuts, ha, got 'em (sheesh)
Let me catch my breath
Give me a mint to refresh my breath, I'm nothing less
Than the best and I'm dressed to impress and the rest is a mess
They obsess with the steps that I step that will prep with the rep
These cop cars is not far, my thought scar
From these hot bars, I think I got strep
All I do is make hits, I keep 'em on deck
So I guess that mean I got next
I hope you get what I'm sayin'
On injury reserve cause I am not playin'
These rappers is lookin' like Walking Dead
Off with they head, I be Shawn because I just come slayin'
They scared me like Freddy vs. Jason
If they debatin' then they listen I end conversation
Cause I been the greatest, my homie Devvon
Can rap better than you and he usually singin'

Yo my niggy if you gon' get on this track, and you gon' try to rap or you go n' to spit or whatever you call it son, you from New York son, you gotta hav e bars B. I'm talkin' real rap bars B, you know what I'm sayin'?
Yeah, yeah that's true. I got it

I don't want nobody telling me anything
Soon as I'm winning I'm winning, I win again
Kobe for 3, I'm like Shaq on the block
And I'm bringing the hype like Lebron in the spot
I mean everybody want a piece of the pie
When you up but when you down nobody got the time
Killing these niggas, not taking their order
I'm lining them up like they're waiting for Jordans
I am the warden, you are the prisoner
No I don't trust you and none of your visitors
Sometimes these niggas tryna be friends to us
Like I don't see 'em like 'bitch you invisible'
No you not you, always sayin' that you got
What he got what he got what she got what he got
But I don't believe that and nobody sees
All these niggas just dancing like Milli Vanilli
It's so hard not knowing where to go
When you lie that's when everyone knows
I swear I don't understand your ways

Your ways
I don't wanna waste my time
I don't wanna no sucka niggas ringin' my line
Keeping 'em away and I'm a be just fine
Anything I wanted I get it and that's why, I
Really tryna make it on my own
Cause everybody got the answers but don't have their own
Pot to piss in but they piss in yours and all
The pissed off people wanna see you fall

That's um... that was a hip-hop track, and you know, some R&B vocals. A litt
le bit of hip-hop vocals too but um... you know, it's a good mixture. That's
 how you body something. Coast 2 Coast

Let me get it one more time, ain't a single weak bar when I drop these lines
I've been looking like the man with the plan, got the game in my hands
Winning is the only thing on my mind, gimme mine
So who y'all? Calm down, woo-sah
Y'all all talk, no bark like new dogs
Yeah, you call it, I walk to the top like woo hah
I'm on then you niggas cheap: groupon
Utah, Stockton and Malone cause we do ball
Little nigga still bigheaded: Jimmy Neutron
You a bitch RuPaul, move it like a U-Haul
Coast to Coast, Buffalo all the way to Tuscan
Tuscan to New York, we could lose y'all
Bringing the type of shit to your city, get a flu shot
You win then I laugh like whoo ha
Frontin' when you dressin' up, your life don't suit ya
You ain't fuckin' with' me
Nigga, who you talkin' to?
It might be you, I wish a nigga would, I'm a part of the foundation
I can make it come true
And let me get the mic, cause you getting me tight
You granting wishes why that?, you a genie in the bottle disguise
Oh you the master of disguise? All these niggas tellin' lies
I kill everything I touch and I ain't even gotta try
You kill everything you touch and you ain't even gotta try, bitch why
You look like a nigga that I seen on Vine, oh my
I'm surprised at the thought that you read a nigga timeline
Lemme give you data, you ain't 'bout to use the Wi-Fi
Sub me in, I never wanna be up on a sideline
Oh, you're an Allstar? thinking that you dunking, I can put in the game
But you just gotta tell me somethin'
I'm already on you ain't gotta tell me nothin'

You little bitch ass nigga!
Wow, wow
That's on my momma cause
Wow, yo
Sheesh
I don't even wanna do this album with you no more dog

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