

Explain Myself

Dizzy Wright

All I hear is ladi dadi, dadi dadi, dadi dadi, dadi dada

Ain't gotta explain myself to no nigga, I don't have to change
Who the fuck I am, dawg, hell nah, that just ain't me
Don't worry 'bout the moves I make, we can really take it there if we have t
o
All I hear is ladi dadi, dadi dadi, dadi dadi, dadi dada

They calling me the fly guy general, everything is memorable
Marijuana keep me at my pinnacle
Look, lucky me, I got two nougies that's identical
Me sticking away from all the nicotine and chemicals
Look, I hit my west coast 1-2, cause lyrics do what guns do
Niggas doing what they want to, like this is what it's come to?
Come and witness lives you see me saving
DDT, you break your neck before I break my concentration
Mention the best, motherfuckers better come correct (right!)
Respected on the West, no doubt I'm here to finesse (right!)
Got problems? Hit me direct or get hit with the kill switch
And see, Dizzy go 0 to 100 real quick

Look, Z to the third, I prefer to observe
Been on the sideline for a minute, now I'm 'bout to emerge
Separated myself from losers tryna take what I earn
Put my faith in this music knowing nothing's easy deserved, I got racks baby
You haven't noticed, I've been working on these tracks lately
Stacking this album just in case these niggas act crazy
I got my eyes wide open, putting this plan in motion, plotting how when I'm
smoking
Forget about it, your vision's clouded and the truth is shrouded
And bullshit, so, all that gossip, we can do without it
I'm SwizZzlefish, who wants to skinny dip and take a swim?
The water's warm, I promise, darling, take that off and jump on in, yeah

I'm spitting the illest autobiography, could body your arteries
Name a motherfucker hard as me
I outta be mentioned with the Greek mythology gods
I beat and body the odds, his feet is by the garage
His head inside a duffel bag that's in back of my Dodge
Mr. Benton, ho, I refuse to be pigeon, ho, with these imbeciles
A space ace that's been on, bitch, I been gone
I finger these hoes till I get carpal tunnel syndrome
I rap like I don't wanna go back in that basement
Cook up murder material, get blood on my apron
You don't want no problems, what the brass knuckle done
I'm a bully, I don't care to watch these fags guzzle cum
Gat with the bracket that the strap buckle on
Dr. Lecter in this bitch with that black muzzle on
(Fuck the industry! Chip on my shoulder, bitch, remember me?)
I'm 'bout to murder all my enemies, Hail Mary!

Sorry if I come off conceded
I'm dropping killer bars till you niggas all deleted
This lil' microphone, I'm known to eat it
The moment that I succeeded
It was hard to keep the bitches off my penis
Can you believe it?

I been perceived this, a motherfucking omen
Rap Trojan, Hulk Hogan, patrollin'
I ain't here to take no shit from no man
Got a problem with you, I'mma say it, bitch, you know it
I'm Conan, I stroll in
Looking like a monster when I go in
Standing up against me, you got no chance
Tryna play the game without a token, you niggas gotta be joking
This is the reason my niggas the dopest, we on it

[Hook]