

Yeah, Yo, to be honesty
I don't feel like rappin'
Just the other day some fucking bullshit happened
I fucked my girlfriend and she didn't take her birth control
Now she might be pregnant, that's what hurts the most
To top it off she wants to break up with me
She don't understand this rap life gets tricky
Girls on twitter wanna marry me and kiss me
But I'm a nice guy, you can even ask Dizzy
You hurt then I hurt, man my life's dirt
Baby I promise I'm a think twice if I flirt
Now I'm feeling bad because I didn't write a tight verse
So I wrote some bullshit just hoping that it might work
Who you think you playin' with, my rhymes stay legit
Balls so big they touch the water when I take a shit
Illuminati got you niggas bonded like a paper clip
Without them you'd be nothing, you lovin' the fact that they exists
I got the coldest flow, doesn't take a pro to know
Only nigga buzzin' this hard who hasn't sold his soul
Yea, sorry I couldn't spit tight
But fuck it I'm a' pass it off to Dizzy Wright

Uh, look
The hardest comin' I'm a' show you I don't start for nothing
If you ain't calling me real nigga, don't call me nothing
I use start functions now these rapper's targets running
My daughter growin', so this rap shit is all or nothing
Representa, neva sicka, I'm cleva nigga
Money motive I'm Jordan under the pressa nigga
Seven grams in the swisher and that's a gram a man
See it's a new day and I'm lookin' like Kevin Durant
Fuck the critics my lyrics became my record deal
Funk Volume bitch, I don't need a betta deal
A lot of niggas is talking but they ain't movin'
Let the movin' do the talkin', instead of tryna' be extra real
West coast, but I was found in Vegas
Now when I travel, my shows be cloudy occasions
Why you hatin' I made it and it's amazing
They waitin' on four twenty for that Smoke out Conversations
Basic, bitch don't ever disrespect the playerness
Play play is over and I ain't the one to be playin' with
Keep this shit three hundred, but ya don't hear me saying shit
Cause when I do I'm a be the nigga changing shit
To my last day, these rappers is past gay
FV, you lookin' like the Heat on a fast break
I got the cash in the bag and I'm twisting up the hash
My shit is crack yo shit whack like sad day
Don't make me put you in your place
Get it straight I've been killing shit since o' eight
The fade against a fan and get a hand across the face
I know some stands that'll stand you in your place
Dizzy Wright Nigga