

## E-ER

## DJ Scheme

Y'all rocking with DJ Scheme, lil' bitch

I'm sippin' tea, beat what I eat  
Kicked up the feet, no Assassin's Creed  
Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee  
Good reflexes like you knocked at the knee  
X'd out defeat, you, I delete  
My boots from Greece made with feathers from geese  
Counting loose leaf with the face of deceased  
Count up the bread, count up the yeast  
This is for my nemesis, white folk  
If you pull up, then you're dead, uh-uh, rifle  
We gon' cross him like the symbol on a Bible  
Call him Spongebob 'cause he movin' life without spinal, huh  
Never not woke, my gland pineal  
On the patio fucking Princess's peach, Mario  
Yellow Louis V overalls on me, look like Wario  
On the mic, I'm an animal, hear the cardio through audio

If you want beef, capisce (Hahaha)  
Smokin' on tree, hashish (Yow)  
She said, "No, don't leave"  
Baby, I'm oh-so green (What's that shit 'cause it better not be)  
We got Dracs, sticks, all type of blicks (Ooh-ooh-eeh-eeh, ooh-ooh-eeh)  
Blood on my back, don't get caught in a blitz (Ooh-ooh-eeh-eeh, ooh-ooh-eeh)  
Chopsticks, got me a pick (Eeh-eeh, eeh-eeh)  
Steppin' on shit, put my foot in a brick (Eeh)

Fuck you mean? (Yup, yup, yup, yup, yup, yup, yup)  
Huh, oh, I'm ready (Haha)  
Yuh (Oh, shit), yuh

I'm in the land of the lost, now I'm chill, Jack Frost  
Yeah, my conscience like Constantine, that hot sauce  
Jack Skellington limbs 'cause I'm known to pop off  
And I'm one with the force, so this saber is my sword

Got the dick tucked in like RuPaul  
Two bananas and a boat in the U-Haul (Huh)  
And the dope look sick like Wuhan  
'Nother brick comin' in from Tucson (Racks)  
I was too puffed up when a nigga walked in  
I was servin' up bricks at a low end (White)  
I got too much boof stuffed in my pants (Huh, huh, huh, huh-huh-huh)  
I could probably fuck around, build a snowman (Huh-huh-huh, huh-huh-huh)  
And it's stone, no Mason, say I'm chillin' with your bitch  
It's for him and her like Rozan  
'Cause this shit go down when a nigga get whacked  
Should've never put your life in a ho hands

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Kick a bitch to the curb if she don't speak with manners (Hee, hee)  
My house sit alone behind gates by the manor (Hee, hee)  
My new hoes look whiter than Carlos Santana (Hee, hee)  
My bitch from the hood, mamas hustled on camera (Hee, go)  
School from the seventies  
Could've been dropped by the first time I signed for my boy  
That was English like city of Oxford  
Just finessed some pussy, I need me an Oscar  
I thought I want kids 'til I sat by a toddler  
Recorded two hits in one hour at Doppler (Two)  
I walk in my house naked holding my chopper (Frft)  
We do the same shit, we change names just like soccer  
My jewelry box looking like Davy Jones' locker  
I want Addison Rae to become my doctor and check on my privates (Woo)  
Put her in a skirt and a scarf like a pilot  
He didn't make it past the first clip like a pilot (Frft)  
I'm sick, I need medicine before I riot  
My bitch pussy sweet, it help with my diet  
Can't go off the label, boy, I gotta eye it  
I gotta smell, I gotta taste it

Haha, hahaha, yaow, frft (On God, slatt)  
What's this, what's this?  
What's that shit 'cause it better not be  
Eeh-eeh, eeh-eeh, eeh (Go)  
Eeh-eeh, eeh-eeh, eeh (Slatt, damn)  
Yup, yup, yup, yup, yup, yup, yup  
Hahaha, oh shit