

Time Freestyle

Drakeo The Ruler

Shit, nigga
You know the truth
You niggas know I rip everything I get on, period
(Swish)

Sticks and stones break bones, but these choppers crush egos
Slits on my wrist, it's the emo demon
Gray bags will go upside his head up in Nieman's
It's some shit on me, I'm with shit show on the '60s
That's Bricc Baby, got that clip hanging, Scottie Pippen
Never listen when a broke nigga talk, pay attention
Three K's in a duffle like I'm carrying a midget
Side talking, we'll strip niggas
Gymnastic, flip niggas
John Madden, blitz niggas
F&N's hit different
That swiss cheese from a Big Mac for kids meals
Rolls Royce Dawn, I peeled off in a big wheel
Mumbling under your breath, you niggas better sit still
Any nigga wanna wrestle, hit him with a steel chair
When this forty ounce bounce, it ain't beer cans
Shells dropping out the cannon same size as wheelbarrows
Long dicks on the forty get harder than Will Ferrell
You ain't say no homo, shut up 'fore I let this stick off
Bullets make a nigga double dutch and Chris Rock
Double D's on the chop, I had to put the tits on 'em
Shit talker, aiming .223s at any shit starter
For the bag, they'll put you in one, so you could shit out it
The chair, you can sit in it, lil' nigga, I beat it
Michael, machete on the K like Myers
Longstocking, nigga, that's more money, more problems
The have and the have-nots, you be in soap operas
Stars, I'ma aim at one if you want problems
Big dog, all these bitches call me papi like we partying
You see my posts on the 'Gram, ain't doing no arguing, shit
You be target practice, I'm harder than all these rappers
You with all the capping
Nigga, for real
Get with the program 'fore the program get with you
These chopsticks tummy with a side of jūjutsu
Mae Ling, Soo-Yung, I'm Malcolm in the middle
That's a threesome, two piece him if he playing with my skrilla
It's the Thrilla in Manila
Dope cookies, would you steal for me? Kill for me?
Get up on the stand and lie for me when the sheriff on me?
Shut the party down if it's any mis-confusion
My million dollar ass'll get out this Rolls and get to shooting
Don't play with me, it stay with me, you niggas just play pimping
I really play bitches, dog 'em out and slay bitches
How I do 'em down bad, down bad and make 'em hate niggas
Shit, for real
Jump up off the stage and rock the mic if you for me
We know the truth before the song was even over
That's a free throw, get the scorekeeper, store runners
Had no say-so on his forefront
I'll put a pussy nigga out using one shot, what you thought?
Oh, you figured I was only gon' say one punch

If he speaking evil thoughts, we gon' cut his tongue off
Bitch, its wartime, hang a nigga up, it's chore time
It's gon' be a rough split in his head, divorce time
Fifty shots, but I gave him thirty-six from four nines, ugh

You know the truth

Man, stop playing with me, nigga, y'all know what's going on

Man, So Cold I Do Em 2, man, niggas know the truth, niggas know what's going on

We know the truth, you know the truth, ain't that the truth?

I rip everything, niggas know

Put some respect on my name, I run this shit, nigga

I am LA, nigga, and don't you never think nothing different

Yeah

We know what's going on

Shit, nigga

Sheesh

Yeah, I'ma start doing that again

'Cause y'all think, like, nigga, nigga, nigga, yeah, ain't no, ain't no such thing as new Drakeo

Y'all thought 'cause I stopped doing that and all that, ugh, and all that

And Mister Big Bank Budda, Big Bank Uchies Baby, and all that

Y'all, y'all thought a nigga was starting being nice or something, yeah

Yeah, Shenenehs and Pippy Longs and all that

Yeah, all that, yeah

Yeah, Mister, Mister, Mister Big Bank Uchies Baby, Mister This, Mister Foreign Whip Crasher, and all that, yeah

Yeah

And I do not drive a Wraith, I drive a Dawn, it's a big difference

Put some respect on this shit, bitch

I am from Los Angeles, California

South Central

I ain't grow up in the suburbs

Ugh

Bitch

Put some respect on this shit, bitch