

Tofu

Dropout Kings

Rappers say they need a feature (ahh ahh)
I might just breathe on the track
Tell em send another rack
We got everything they lack (ahh ahh)

Can't a nigga hold me back
Can't a bitch hold me back

They hatin in vain like needles
My girl ain't bad she evil
Inside of a scope she sees you

Cus it's a secret
So if you leak it
She gotta leave you see through

Watching your life force seep through
I know all kinds of people
Playin with knives and gleeful

Ayyyyy
I'm on the grind, earning what's mine
But I got the time to bleed you

I don't like hearing your lectures
I keep the bliq like a western

But now I shoot like a expert
Bitch like a blessing
Buzzin like sensor
Bussin like pressure
Ball with no effort
Kill em like Dexter
Tell me who next up

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Can't a bitch hold me back

Goku, I cut her off like I'm Nobu
We're soul food, these bands are faker than tofu
I got some hands that are quicker than Joe too
Runnin numbers like I'm playing sudoku
Suckas hatin over dreams that they sold you
We the greatest baby thought that I told you

They don't mean shit to me
I am my number 1 enemy
All y'all lack identity
I'm leavin' you slumped like a Kennedy
Hoe please, how you gon' ball with them broke knees
Gettin' the bread and I'm stuffin' the bag
I got a squad we ain't reppin' a flag

Broly I'm boutta murk' em like Broly
Brokeboy, did I hear the sound of a brokeboy
Big right hand when I'm poppin' shit
Like where you gonna be when the shit gets lit
Like whatcha gonna do when the baseline hits
But they hit me up when they need shit ethered

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