

## FCG (FCG Heem Diss)

El Snappo

We missed it here  
I made it  
Hello

Let's set the record straight  
I got some shit I wanna address  
Nigga, you just a rapper  
You ain't no thug, you ain't never had arrest

Tell the truth, fuck, nigga, gon' confess  
You ain't never sold shit  
You ain't never leave a nigga scratched  
Who the fuck gave you rank

You ain't put on for the set  
Five years in a pen for this shallow side shit  
I demand my respect  
I ain't no motherfuckin' artist

This rap shit a hobby  
But you done made yourself a target  
It's up in the stock, down the trunk, can't even park  
And I was goin' up regardless

Pop my shit, I'm the hardest  
I ain't back and forth arguin'  
With no motherfuckin' body  
You don't like it, we could hit

By the Kodak and La Yada ass  
Bout me beatin' niggas ass up in the county  
Five years, no tears, standin' firm, bein' solid  
19 FME, steppin' like the cartel

Resurrected out the cell  
I touched down to Carl's hair  
Yeah, fuck it, I'm just bein' honest  
I don't got no arts, nigga

I just want some money  
Real recognize, real  
And you don't look familiar to me  
Did this rap shit first

You were lookin' up to me  
Fuck, fuck, fuck Green FCG  
Fuck, fuck, fuck Green FCG  
Fuck, fuck, fuck Green FCG

Fuck, fuck, fuck Green FCG  
Wait