

Yikes

Eric Bellinger

This is the E-mix, this is the E-mix, yeah
And this gon' be your favorite song

Memories don't die but I can't say the same for you
I been on a positive vibe but this I had to do
I'm down for gettin' dirty, boy, I came from the trenches
Too pussy to say my name but I heard the description
The shoe fit so I put a outfit on that match it perfect
This shit was a Eazy Call, ain't no need for hearses
Give 'em what they demand
Bury you where you stand
What kinda nigga is proud to copy another man?
First time you stole my shit, I nevermind it, wasn't stressin
Second time you did it, okay now this needs addressing
Like any artist with my craft, I work hard
I thought you would understand but you was focused on the car
(Are you stupid?)
I don't know a person that could make it through the challenges
I see on a daily nigga, you don't know how bad it is
We live in a day and age where they don't know what talent is
Yo' only talent is mimicking anyone that's talented
Released a couple singles to your fans, you was red hot
Surely had a change of heart the day after your album dropped
Stole a vibe from Trey Songz, took a flow from K-Dot
Kinda sound like Fetty Wap
Dammit, Tory, when will it stop?
(To be honest with you, I take from a lot of musicians)

And that Eazy Call on the way
Eazy Call on the way
You should stay the fuck out my way
Get the fuck out my lane

Fast forward second album, you still on that same shit
Every other rap verse suckin' on that Drake dick
It's all bad for you, I'm sympathetic
You even stole the song you dissed me on, that shit pathetic
(I don't give a fuck, stole from all you niggas)
You don't put no fear in me, nigga
Next time you in the city of angels keep that same energy, nigga
Don't back paddle from the smoke 'cause I'll bring it that's true shit
It's war time, best believe we ain't on no truce shit
Before yo' next move, think twice
'Cause that bum ass album you got could be yo' life
That's on Christ, it's plenty ways it could go
I put a couple grand on your head
Have some of your old friends become new foes
For me the goons pull up packin' pieces and kill things
Drop you like a bad connection, you know it's the real thing
With stains on your shirt, screamin' out "It hurt"
First you hear that yak yak then after that skrt skrt
As I recall, I been that nigga
When it come to disrespect, I don't accept that, nigga
Your temperature, I'ma check that, nigga
You Wesley Johnson
This that hesitation before that Harden step back, nigga
It's Eazy

And that Eazy Call on the way
Eazy Call on the way
You should stay the fuck out my way
Get the fuck out my lane
Said that Eazy Call on the way
Eazy Call on the way
You should stay the fuck out my way
Get the fuck out my lane

Hol' up, hol' up
Got some more, got some more shit to say
I could take the credit for a lot of niggas' style
But I got my pub so I'm good for a while
You gon' have to do more than just say it
If it weren't for Interscope, yo' records wouldn't be playin
You split up your checks like 150 ways
While I'm just signed to myself like JAY-Z
Hella plaques on the wall
Grammy talk, Grammy talk
April 6th, April 6th
Eazy Call, Eazy Call on the way, on the way
Yikes

You should prolly just chill, bro
Just chill, take a L
You gettin' bodied by a singin' nigga