

**Sincerely**

**Futuristic**

Sincerely...

Shmang, shmang, pow, pow, hide your kids, hide your wife  
Saucy Sunday, we raping everybody out here, sheesh

Yo, first of all, that beat is wack as fuck  
And I've been busy doing beneficial tracks and stuff  
It's not that I thought I was too big for the song  
But why would I help some niggas that's hated me all along  
Guns drawn when you say my name  
That shit is crazy, dang  
How you gon' act like I didn't create the AZ lane?  
I introduced you to Bootleg, and he said you're gay  
Corny as fuck and your band songs are super lame  
Y'all got five hundred plays in a day  
With five rappers on it, goddamn, what a shame  
I get that in a minute, before I finish my sentence  
So why would I have my people come listen to what you spitting?  
You claiming you better, different, let me give the specifics  
Three fours of your followers found you cause Futuristic  
You opened up my sold out show and I told you "rip it"  
You didn't wanna go first, called me and threw a bitch fit, like  
I don't know, bro, there's like a thousand people coming  
And I'm only gonna rap for four-hundred something  
Now you out here and you acting like you run it  
When the fact is, lil faggot, couldn't catch it if I punt it  
Now let's keep it a hundred, how'd you get on TeamBackPack?  
Who did that first? Tell me where your facts at  
Your biggest video is smaller than my smallest  
Eleven thousand views, I get that on a Snapchat  
And isn't my producer admin on your Facebook?  
To do your marketing and help you get a great look  
And don't you ask my DJ to spin for you now?  
He do it for the low and tryna help you out  
You really making me proud with the shit you putting out  
I mean, it's dope, it just sucks that it ain't getting around  
Cause you ain't left the town, I done like seven tours  
Top ten on iTunes and I'm still moving around  
I came to Cali to extend the things I started  
Then as soon as I left, you lil bitches started barking  
Like now you got the crown and the city on your back  
Twenty-fifteen is your year and you still chasing after Zach  
Matter fact, didn't you just call me up about a week ago?  
Begging to get on a track with me and all my people, bro  
Ask me for advice like every night and I would speak it, bro  
Other than me, you the only nigga I believed in, bro  
I'm eating and you starving in the city though  
And who the fuck shoots all your videos?  
You lucky I'm not a nigga that's scheming  
He's my roommate, I can walk in his fucking room and delete them  
Chanita told me that you was talking, I couldn't believe it  
I'm happy for you niggas, dream and I hope you achieve it  
It would have been cool if that's the way I was treated  
But nobody showed me love from the second I started speaking  
So I left, got a buzz elsewhere and came back  
I ain't never made a post 'bout putting AZ on the map  
I let my work do it, I let my fans prove it  
And speaking of "Prove It", I included you in that

So it's kinda wack for you to diss me  
I know you get emotional, just text me if you miss me  
Damn, that's kinda weird, this nigga just text me  
Hold on, I'm a read it, it's like  
"I don't know if the trolling got to you or not with that verse  
But I feel like you more than anyone knows what it is  
Didn't mean any disrespect, all for fun and competition"  
And I ain't 'bout to say your name, I know you probably wished it  
So you can tag yourself if you that desperate for attention  
And no, this ain't subliminal, they know just who I'm dissing  
It's all love, bro, friendly competition, right?