I heard that he ain't shit He drivin' his mama whip He still ain't got no crib He still tryna make it I know his bitches, she let me hit We ran a train all on a hoe I heard he gay, y'all, on the low My best friend sister cousin told me so He dress like a faggot He ain't really stackin He always love braggin' His old bitch, yeah, I bagged it His whole career ruined He ain't really movin' Whatever he pursuin' Just know they don't really love his music His flow is a 'ight I like one song, it's a'ight My girl play that shit all night Swear to god, get me tight He on that Drake shit 'cause he don't write Put that on my mama

You don't look good tryin' to make me look bad
You don't look good tryin' to make me look bad
You don't look good tryin' to make me look bad
No, you don't look good tryin' to make me look bad
You don't look good tryin' to make me look bad
No, you don't look good tryin' to make me look bad

I'm sick of these rumors Spreadin' lies about me Fake dirty laundry Get the fuck out of my business