

# Lil Arrogant

IDK

This is what you all been waitin' for, ain't it?  
What people paid paper for, dammit  
This that goin' to the gun range with the click-clack-pow aiming  
That boy from PG but D.C. still claim him  
And I ain't gotta act like I'm from there, I'm real  
Some rappers magicians, they trick you, they Copperfield  
Act tough as a gold medal, you link 'em, they daffodil  
Meanwhile, I'm just runnin' back kick returns on the field  
Where the Redskins be losin' but we gon' support 'em still  
That's how you know where our loyalty at  
So place a bet against me, where your royalties at?  
I bet I leave your ass streamed of your 14 percent  
Then fuck on your bitch, my dick named Mutombo, I'm lit  
I rub on her clit, she drip, then I cum on her tits  
How common is this to spit like a fuckin' attempt?  
I'm murderin' shit, I flip, then I leave your ass flipped  
I flip the script, then skip to your fuckin' event  
I take the check and dip, moments later it's spent  
You take the check and shit, it's enough for your 'rents  
So how the fuck you telling me that I ain't good enough, prick?  
Ahhh, I think that I'm top ten, top five  
Top three, top two, top one, and I'm still not done  
Trump supporters' daughters love me, so I still think we won  
She on her knees for that black thing, no Kaepernick, I copped the neck

Yo, yo, yo, Badmon! Uhh  
Here's what you been waitin' for, ain't it?  
It's a portrait if you can see the picture, paint it  
I ain't got to explain it, this lane, I done paved it (right)  
I done paid my dues now I'm just collectin' payments (collect)  
One verse, that's gon' be your whole life savings  
If I was you, I'd be makin' funeral arrangements (true)  
These bars, I could leave your mind in enslavement (what else?)  
Hit you with the bar that I'm raisin', I come in, gun blazin' (facts)  
We gon' see who get the last laugh (hah)  
It's funny 'cause these niggas always trippin' off the past (hah)  
Think this shit a joke until somebody get smoked  
Choked, off the very words that they spoke  
Listen here though, it's gettin' near close  
'Bout to blow your brains through your fuckin' earlobes  
This one, the kid been gon' for a while, they missed him  
Patient with the shot, when we blast off, won't miss him

(Somebody gon' die tonight)  
Rappers see me but don't say shit like they don't have vocals  
And they be dissin' on the socials like they don't have Pro-Tools  
They big you up until you're big enough  
I guess the love was never real as if I really give a fuck  
I'm already eight figures up  
Y'all are in the minors still, I'm Willie Mays  
Y'all still jumpin' out of bed for 50K  
I roll back over and continue fuckin' all y'all's favorite  
I'm the greatest, I'm not stoppin' until all y'all say it  
I'm courtside, closin' multi-million dollar deals  
Then we celebrate it, eat Italian, thousand dollar meals  
I'm in Lake Como, you stay in NoHo, the hate is promo  
I play solo, women take photos, ride me like they play Polo

My crew solid, new problems, my day ones deserve two commas  
A few dollars moves nada, we still act the same, you not a-  
Part of the formula that put me here, so fuck you  
When the second album drops, watch who they all run to  
(Haha)