

Trigger Happy

IDK

I ain't even gon' lie, 2019 I'm 'bout to be on my singin' shit
Like, mi, mi, mi, mi, mi, mi, mi
Fuck you, you, you, you, you, you, you
Take your bitch this year and shit
That's gon' be the reason why

All of my peers is threatened by me
I can tell, I can see jealousy livin' in need
These niggas sick 'cause I won't quit
They stuck in the sea, stuck in the wave
Stuck in the deep end of the spectrum
They drownin', they floaties ain't working
Should've just stuck to the beats
Even though your body is a he, you really a she
Fans'll say your rappin' is a A when it's really a D
They get a B for brainwash, the sucky disease
Worst part of that is you believe, sneeze
I'm cold as 23 degrees below the only number startin' with a Z
That's why they sleep, so I'ma crank the heat
So hot, the helium's makin' it hard for them to breathe (Ahh)
I'm still independent, I run my own shit (Run my own shit)
I can't say the same for niggas I've grown with (Grown with)
But keep it real, I'd rather split half of a mill'
Than keep the whole hunnid, so my deal with [?] is comin'
I heard so-and-so say so-and-so's they only competition
I started laughin', you must be kiddin'
'Cause if so-and-so drop another so-and-so
You and I know your conversation is good riddance
With good mittens, you couldn't catch any ball I'm pitchin'
But this ain't a game of bars, no
This is a game about who you with and who you know
And if you with them niggas at the top, then you could blow
So here I go

I gotta keep a chopper on the table in front of the Bible
So right before I spray, I pray
That don't nobody try me, high-key
Make 'em grow wings and make 'em fly away

I wish a nigga would try me, I'm trigger happy
I wish a nigga would try me, gon' make me happy
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This the shit that make Carl Chery neck snap
This the shit that make Rob Markman pimp slap
Your favorite blogger who's callin' himself an author
But never wrote shit about who I fathered, and that's awful
I know how this goes, you niggas sleep 'til I make a heap
Then all of a sudden you on my meat, proceed to beat
But nigga guess what, I'll never skeet
'Cause I will never be turned on by a fuckin' leech, capeesh?
Logic and his manager tried to ruin my deal
I guess that's what happens when you tell a nigga
Who spent his whole career proving that he's black
But he ain't black still
But when you taking food out my fridge, I ain't gotta chill

And that for real, this ain't a diss
He won't respond, this ain't a risk
This is me sayin' none of you bigger artists can cock-block shit
This industry is a bitch
I been patiently waitin' to blow
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the IDK show
It's the same as before with a lot better flow
And the melodies and the hooks that prolly take your ho, like

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Ayy, Eddie
Ayy, make sure you leave a little bit of, um, instrumental
So they can loop that shit and, and, a-a-and rap over it and shit
Matter fact, matter fact
I'ma just drop the instrumental with this song
That's a good idea, I'ma drop the instrumental with this song
I'ma put it out with the instrumental, yeah