

# Rapper

Jaden Smith

I roll with my dawgs  
We slip and we fall  
We don't listen to y'all  
I hit a swisher, we ball, wait look  
You just a fraud, wait  
You just a mirage, wait  
I'm in the garage  
I need a massage  
I'm cookin' the sauce and I'm 'bout to floss  
And I'm 'bout to (flex)  
I hear the applause, I'm gettin' them cheques  
I heard you just hit the road, Pete Wentz  
I guess all this rock and roll shit ain't a stretch  
I'm bout to put Hello Kitty on my neck  
Just to show whack rappers how to get it  
I slaughtered the beat and I never regret it  
I'm signing to Hov just to help with my credit  
You get me look, look

Sometimes I feel like a trapper  
Sometimes I feel like a rapper  
I'm in the 6 with my Raptors  
But my boy Roy Backwoods  
Pull up on me, a disaster  
You get them cheques in you head  
Independent to the brain  
I think I do insane, yeah  
Sometimes I feel like a trapper  
Sometimes I feel like a rapper  
I'm in the 6 with my Raptors  
But my boy Roy Backwoods  
Pull up on me, a disaster  
You get them cheques in you head  
Independent to the brain  
I think I do insane, yeah

You still caught up in the game  
I don't need a private plane  
I just wanna heal the poverty  
When it comes to rap, I'm the anomaly  
Put a pretty pendant to a prophecy  
Sit at Jon and Vinny's poppin' bottles  
We just need to get a Tesla with the throttle  
Autopilot 'til tomorrow  
Girl you still fed up, don't lie to me  
Your body I hit the lottery  
I'ma go build me a colony  
Speak up I only talk guapenese (ya, ay)  
Why can't you wait on the beat, ya  
That's just my name in the streets, ya  
They call me Jaden the beast, ya

Hundred grand no misogyny  
Hundred grand, diamonds all on me, look  
Hundred grand for monogamy  
Hundred grand, diamonds all on me  
Hundred grand no misogyny

Hundred grand, diamonds all on me  
Hundred grand for monogamy  
On the gram, you should follow me

Hundred grand, need a hunnid  
You was walkin', I was runnin'  
Come and get it if you want it  
Bought Kombucha in abundance  
My baby mama like stunnin'  
That was none I was stunnin'  
Niggas still runnin' from us  
I got 'em going bananas