

# POLTERGEIST

JASIAH

Oh shit?  
The music started?  
Yeah (Oh my-)  
You thought you had me? (Oh, oh)  
Ayy  
Yeah (Ha-ha)  
I'm fuckin' mad (Okay!)  
Oh, he's mad! (Okay!)  
Oh, he's mad! (Okay!)  
Ha-ha, ha-ha (Yeah, yeah)  
Yeah!

Stuck in my mind, I been so fuckin' stressed (Stressed)  
All of my friends, yeah, they're all in my head (All in my head- holy fuck)  
I see you talkin', but how can I trust you? (Oh, fuck)  
You not my brother, so shut up, and fuck you (I'm tired of you)  
Yeah, I can really see the lies (See the lies)  
And, I love it how you slick, tryna' disguise it (Yea, tryna' disguise it)  
Just a push-over, slow demise (Pussy! Ha-ha)  
Watch you go ghost, nigga, uh, poltergeist

You was plottin', but I see you 'round the opposition (Opposition)  
The plot thickens, now you tryna' make a proposition?  
But, I can't fuck with you, probably speak to cops as witness  
Ask God for forgiveness, never knew how to give fucks to snitches  
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You so soft, I go off  
You can't defeat me, I take your fuckin' nose off  
My blow's hard, but, fuck doing coke, dawg  
I'm ready-ready with the Goyard  
You petty-petty just a poser  
I'm legendary, call me Mozart  
We been through this already, can't have no part  
She give me Becky in a go-kart

Ha-ha  
I'm fuckin' Mario Kart  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Huh!  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, ahh!)

Ho, I gotta shit (Bitch)  
I guess I got that, ho, now, what's my problem, bitch  
Yeah, flexin' 'n shit, I know, I must be out of it  
Yeah, SPMO 'cause I got a lil' tolerance  
Ahh!  
For all your fuckin' bullshit  
Please, get the fuck out my face  
We the hottest, and that not for debate  
Shawty like the way that I urinate  
Say you hungry, then I eat off your plate  
You a snitch, I heard you talkin' to Jake's  
Fuckboy, don't communicate with 'em

I might have to fuckin' shoot in the clique  
'Cause I ain't got shit else to do today (Ahh!)  
Shut the fuck up, knife cut like butter (Why you mad?)  
If you really wanna die, I might run some (Where you at?)  
Fuckin' with me ruckus is suicide, 'cause I'm stuck up (Oh, you're bad!)  
Some fuckin' TECs, AKs, and .9's sound like dumptrucks  
Suffocation, no breathin'  
Slide down on that pussy for no reason  
Head hurts, mind filled with them demons  
He swear to god that he hard, think he tweakin'

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