

Opera

Jazz Cartier

Phantom of the opera
My bitch a prima donna
I'm fucking up these commas
Welcome to the, oh
Phantom of the opera
My bitch a prima donna
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Welcome to the, oh
Phantom of the opera
Woah, woah, woah
Phantom of the opera

Get it, I got it
I get it now
Get it, I got it
I get it now

Oh, mamma saw me on the television
I used to tell her it would happen, but she never listened
I send a prayer to my foes, I may as well forgive 'em
I hear the disses, all the disses, but I keep my distance
Oh my, don't call me a friend
How you gonna war with an army of ten?
A price for a feature's an arm and a leg
Eat foods ain't nothing to my dogs in the ends, oh
It's a dead ting, hit the UK for my peng tings
A man like me never beg tings, Cuzzi

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I'm the new face of the country
Niggas had my names in they mouth so long, so long, I'm immune to assumption
s
Labels they hit up my phone like "hello, hello" I'm declining the budget
I'm dipping and dodging, and bucking, and busting
I rose from the ashes, survived the eruption, oh
We put out Marauding, niggas so gossip, I got 'em some coffins
I know that they talkin', but you should go tell 'em, don't step in my garde
n
But this is the dawn of the dead
So give me the word, and it's off with they heads

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