

# CRASH DUMMY

Joey Bada\$\$

Joey? Joey chewin' through shit  
Hrn-hrn-hrn-hrn-hrn-hrn, hrn-hrn-hrn (Ayy)  
Nigga, Joey chewin' through- (Ayy)  
Joey is chewin' through, hrn-hrn-hrn  
He chewin' through shit  
(Kirk on the beat)  
You believe in God, believe in TDEast, nigga

Take-take-take (Take money)  
Ayy  
I said, I take-take-take (Take money)  
I said, I-

It's about time, nigga, goddamn (Take money), almost got sick of waitin'  
Like a bad doctor, nigga, I ain't got a lot of patience  
Y'all niggas back on the clock (Take money)  
And anything past twenty-four hours is a shot clock violation  
What's the current situation? Niggas just clickbaitin'  
How predictable, this the angle I was anticipating  
And thank you for making it clear to me that Dot scared, but yeah  
I was at the party, but I also saw Top there  
In fact, we was talkin' bout the same very plot here  
Y'all niggas goin' out sad 'cause I'm the one on top tier  
He said, "Hey, Joey, I got this artist named Ray Vaughn" (Uh-huh)  
"And I'd appreciate if you would really help me put him on"  
I said, "Okay, Top, but you know it's gon' cost you"  
You know I really want the one who elevated your roster  
I'm on these niggas' headtop, rise to the top like dreadlocks  
Joey got the whole rap game in a headlock  
I'm lettin' off headshots (Take money)  
I seen this whole shit from afar, the way I red-dot  
Niggas can't walk on these shoes, though, they dead stock (Take money)  
Lately been enjoying the perks, but I don't med pop  
I pop out and show niggas how they ho niggas (Take money)  
Simultaneously aiming at least four niggas  
How many more niggas is it really gonna take to drop him? (Take money)  
They need 101 Dalmatians just to spot 'em and got 'em  
My lyrical Drac' makin' 'em beat box  
I won't hesitate, but these niggas still won't drop like Detox  
Matter of fact, I think they forgot the last time I destroyed an average rap  
per who tried to take a cheap shot (Bloaw)  
Now they reminiscing over you like Pete Rock  
I ride through the city in that GL Smooth and Maybach  
So you know I came to do what it do  
'Cause we rapping over yappin', nigga, joke's on you, ayy

Scared money don't make no money  
I could never go broke, steady take your money, ayy  
I could Evidence you niggas, but ain't shit funny  
You ain't a crash-out, nigga, you a crash dummy, ayy  
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Anywho, ask myself, "What would Kenny do?"  
Any day of the week, I take on at least ten of you

You thought you got dirt on me because I buried you  
Y'all niggas is hysterical (Haha)  
Ain't no coming back from this, you need a miracle  
Joey just spun again, how could it be?  
It's like he knew it was comin', the future, what he foresee?  
Have you ever thought TDE was working for me?  
How the fuck am I your OG? You older than me  
This ain't a fair fight, it's a fucking slaughter  
Why you keep bringing up pregnant women, don't you got a daughter?  
You really need to get your affairs in order  
Last time I checked, your label exec's was in hot water  
The Diddy house angle is terrible, you makin' it way too easy for me, we ain  
't comparable  
When I'm done with you, Top won't let you drop like Karrahboo  
Guaranteed this the last time we ever hear from you

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You ain't a crash-out, nigga, you a crash dummy, ayy  
Scared money don't make no money  
I could never go broke, start to take your money, ayy  
I could Evidence you niggas, but ain't shit funny  
You ain't a crash-out, nigga, you a crash dummy

Time to show the world who I am, I've been a man  
I'm loaded up, my clip on jam, might spin again  
I'm taking all the shots, they say I opened up Pandora's Box  
I'm breakin' all the locks and all the gates they tryna key  
Barkin' over, know I got faith in God that I had to reach  
Keep thinkin' shit sweet, when it come to beef, let my teeth sink  
Kickin' up dust because my niggas really street-street  
Niggas better rethink, I don't throw subs, I throw torpedoes that heat-seek  
Through your fleece when I speak my piece  
I beat the beast strictly off instinct  
All the speculation is lame, I tell it plain  
I ain't gotta drop a nigga name just for him to feel the flame  
Do this for the love of the game, you think it's for the fame  
Niggas swervin' in my lane, I'll take them on a scenic route  
I'ma stand on every bar, I promise I won't bleep 'em out (That's right)  
It's demons inside my soul, family who wanna bring 'em out  
Keep my wife's name out your mouth 'fore you get Chris Rock'd  
We ain't duckin' smoke, that's out, bitch, this is hip-hop  
All I need is a microphone and a disc jock, and I'ma make this shit pop  
Let my dick rock 'til my dick pop, I do this shit for Big Pop and Pop Smoke  
How many more New York niggas gotta die on y'all Coast?  
And still we got mad love  
If y'all niggas mad 'cause I'm putting it on for my section, I should be mad  
You niggas never ask yourself that question, pardon me for my question  
I know that's a tough pill to swallow, I give you time just to digest it, uh  
Just get back and I hope you know  
Keep on rackin' 'em with the flow, now kick back and enjoy the show

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Take-take-take (Take money)

Ayy, take-take-take  
I said, "I take-take-take" (Take money)  
I said I-, hmm, hmm, hmm, what?  
Take-take (Take money)  
Ayy, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Take-take (Take money)  
Hmm, ayy, woo (Ha-ha)

Yeah, y'all niggas know what time it is, man  
Come to TDEast, nigga  
You believe in God? Believe in TDEast, nigga  
Huh, woo, ayy  
Ayy-ayy, what?  
Ayy-ayy, what?  
Get Top on the phone, yeah  
What, ayy, hey, hey (Take-take-take-take-take money)  
(Kirk on the beat)  
Gather 'round  
We are gathered here today to say goodbye to a good dog, gone right too soon  
Yep, bark on, bark on  
In loving memory, we pray  
Rest in peace, my dog