

# Lil Arrogant

Joey Bada\$\$

This is what you all been waitin' for ain't it?  
What people paid paper for dammit  
This that goin' to the gun range with the click-clack-pow aiming  
That boy from PG, but D.C. still claim him  
And I ain't gotta act like I'm from there, I'm real  
Some rappers magicians, they trick you Copperfield  
Act tough as a gold medal, you link 'em they daffodil  
Meanwhile I'm just runnin' back kick returns back on the field  
Where the Redskins be losin' but we gon' support 'em still  
That's how you know where our loyalty at  
So place a bet against me, where your royalties at?  
I bet I leave your ass streamed of your 14 percent  
Then fuck on your bitch, my dick named Matumbu, I'm lit  
I rub on her clit, she drip  
Then I cum on her tits  
How common is this to spit like a fucking attempt, I'm murdering shit  
I flip, then I leave your ass flipped  
I flip the script, then skip to your fucking event  
I take the check and dip, moments later it's spent  
You take the check and shit, it's enough for your 'rents  
So how the fuck you telling me that I ain't good enough, prick?  
Uhh, I think that I'm top ten, top five, top three, top two, top one  
And I'm still not done  
Trump supporters' daughter love me, so I still think that we won  
She on her knees for that black thing no Kaepernick, I copped a nick

This what you been waitin' for, ain't it?  
It's a portrait, if you can see the picture, paint it  
I ain't got to explain it  
This lane, I done paved it (right)  
I done paid my dues, now I'm just collecting payments (collect)  
One verse, that's gon' be your whole life savings  
If I was you, I'd be makin' funeral arrangements  
These bars, I could leave your mind in enslavement (what up)  
Hit you with the bar that I'm raisin'  
I come in guns blazin' (facts)  
We gon' see who get the last laugh (hah)  
It's funny 'cause these niggas always trippin' off the past (hah)  
Think this shit a joke until somebody get choked  
Choked off the very words that they spoke  
List here though, it's getting near close  
'Bout to blow your brain through your fucking ear lobes  
This one, the kid been gon' for a while, they missed him  
Patient with the shot when he blast off, won't miss him

Somebody gon' die tonight  
Rappers see me but don't say shit like they don't have vocals  
And they be dissin' on the socials like they don't have Pro Tools  
They think you up until you're big enough  
I guess the love was never real, as if I really give a fuck  
I'm already eight figures up  
Y'all are in the minors still, I'm Willie Mays  
Y'all still jumpin' out of bed for 50k  
I roll back over and continue fucking all y'all's favorite  
I'm the greatest, and I'm not stoppin' 'til all y'all say it  
Courtside, closing multi-million dollar deals  
Then we celebrate it, eat Italian thousand dollar meals

I'm in Le Como, you stay in NoHo, the hate is promo  
I play solo, women take photos, ride me like they play Polo  
My crew solid, new problems, my day ones deserve two commas  
A few dollars moves nada, we still act the same, you not a  
Part of the formula that put me here so fuck you  
When the second album drops, watch who they all run to  
(Haha)