

## DNA.

Joyner Lucas

I got, I got, I got, I got anger, hate and jealousy inside my DNA  
I got envy and bad energy inside my DNA  
I got snakes and Satan entities inside my DNA  
I got demons, pain and enemies inside my DNA  
I got passion, guts and action tucked inside my DNA  
I got pints of Michael Jackson's blood inside my DNA  
I got Captain Crunch and Magic Dust inside my DNA  
I don't do massive drugs, don't gas me up  
Look, I got, I got, I got, I got  
Murder all on my conscious  
I might take me a hostage  
I fell asleep in Worcester, I just woke up in Compton  
Shout out to LA, where your songs play niggas gon' put on my shit  
Half of you niggas fake, heart full of clay  
What's your last name? Thompson?  
Even if you join a gang, that don't really change up the fact you the softes  
t  
Don't let the colors get to your head  
Who the fuck you think you are, Rodman?  
Who the fuck you think you are, Ron O'Neal?  
I'mma murder everything, I don't chill  
If you lucky, then I might let you eat the scraps off whatever's left I'll k  
ill  
Nigga, pull it and "bap bap"  
Blow your brains over your crop top  
Sick of niggas thinking they hot shots  
Full of jokes, niggas get knock knocked  
This is the chop shop  
I know where they cooking the Crock-Pot  
Semi-auto making them Hopscotch  
All my life I've been cock blocked  
I'm tired of being stuck in a blood clot  
Talking that blah blah  
I'm runnin', jumpin', duckin' them cops  
Hop in the puddle while you jumping on FOX trucks  
You can run all you want, we just gon' see how far you can get  
If fans want me do features with their favorite rappers that'd be the best  
Look, all them niggas know exactly who I am, but they don't give me no respe  
ct  
'Cause the problem is they don't fuck with me, everybody see me as a threat  
Yeah yeah, I know this sounds like some fresh air  
If you don't hear me right use your left ear  
I want to say that I'm the next up  
I want it last year, they said next year  
I want it this year, they say not yet  
But I'ma take it from whoever got next  
Twin deuce-deuces, I'm Clyde Drexler  
What is competition, who gon' die next?  
Get dissected in the lab with pliers, pencils, and a razor with my initials  
Get stabbed by the guy who sent you  
I'ma sign, send you the pollution, environmental  
I'm a giant pistol, you're a kung fu guy  
It's simple, you gon' lead by my example  
I'm a flying missile that connected and fried your mental  
DNA on the side your temple, nigga

Oh, shit...

Someone call 911, niggas gon' die when I'm finished  
I'll probably get locked up for life, what the fuck you thinkin'?  
My whole life I been too fuckin' patient  
Give me respect before I fuckin' take it  
I know you see me don't duck your faces  
You see me mentioned on publications  
Then you get sour and suck your face in  
Pay for my dick since you love to taste it  
Better swallow the shit, don't you fuckin' waste it  
I'ma flood the nation, this is suffocation, this is deprivation  
This is Satan's kitchen, that's your destination  
I got heavyweightin' angels flyin', prayin'  
Jesus entertainin', Marvin Gay singin'  
Martin Luther dreamin', Pac and Biggie schemin'  
Bob Marley smokin', Paul McCartney floatin'  
Prodigy mobbin', Pun say I'm joking  
JFK riddin' 'round like a loaded nigga  
Shout out to Joe Budden  
These niggas really don't know nothin'  
I swear they came from the home office  
I should just run up and \*gunshot\*  
No one seen, nobody know nothin'  
This shit is so touchin'  
Shout out to Kevin Durant  
This that underdog court that they throw us in  
I blow your shoulders in  
This that crack, this that shit that them hoes got they nose up in  
Cinematic, movie shit I usually watch a little static  
I crack you till you're leaking and then begin to panic  
A DNA'll bleed a nigga  
Livin' damaged and get jimmy jammers  
And I never had too many manners  
And you know my momma always told me I was heavy handed  
Fuck it though 'cause I was fully loaded  
Now the semi jammin', I'm already blammin'  
Got the hammer and the minivan  
And I'm a busy man but I got liquor  
And she bad and boujee  
All they got snitches is Ratatouille  
Can't beat me up so they gotta shoot me  
They don't like me now they gotta sue me  
Killin' y'all softly, I got the Fuji  
Don't touch me, all of y'all got the cooties  
That's your bitch who sent me all the nudies  
Get my dick sucked playin' Call of Duty  
Nigga fuckin' shoot me  
Nigga damn it they ought to know  
Em shoulda' signed me a while ago  
Cole shoulda' signed me a while ago  
Dre shoulda' gave me a beat or two  
Diddy shoulda' had me writin' for him in the crib for a week or two  
I don't smoke weed but I needed to  
This is a meter room  
You gon' need a bag and a feet or two  
I'm mad and I mean it too  
It won't be the last I'll see you soon  
Kiss my ass and I mean it too  
A lotta drama  
Bitch I'm Freddy Krueger mixed with Jeffrey Dahmer  
I know you're probably mad 'cause you look very sour  
I'd probably be in hell if I was any hotter  
I'd probably be Usher if I ain't wear a condom

I've never been a fan of Gucci, Fendi, Prada  
But my auntie got it and she never leave the crib without it  
Some people say I'm crazy, that's the the thing about it  
Whatchu think about it? Think about it, nigga

(Gimme some ganja)