Litty Freestyle

Joyner Lucas

What's up with you R&B niggas tryna turn rappers and trappers (Joyner, Joyner)
You should just stay in your lane, bro, you sound like PaRappa the Rapper (Yeah, yeah)
I'm looking down on you when you talk to me, you should grab you a ladder
You swung at me, only jabbed at my bladder
Watch you disappear like you abracadabra (Poosh)
Now grab me a dagger
You got some hits but you lacking a swagger (Yeah)
I'm still the shit, bitch, so that doesn't matter
Don't call me a kid, I'm your papi and dada (Hahaha)
You get splattered and flattened
You an' Trippie better have you some backup (Hol' up)
Ren and Stimpy looking agi' and staggered
And when I kill 'em, they get madder and madder
Time to get litty, bitch, fuck all that singin' (Yeah)
You challenge me, what the fuck is you thinking? (Woo)
Way too much weed, what the fuck is you drinkin'?
I brought the tsunami, you fuckers are sinkin' (Brrrat)
I'm glad that you came
Leave all that lyrical shit up to me, I'm a savage that bang
Bring all your Prada suits back to Lee Chang (Brrrat)
Take all that autotune back to T-Pain
I swear you R&B rappers is strange
You okay but you ain't nobody favorite (Yeah)
You a'ight but you ain't nobody major
5'3", you ain't nobody dangerous (Brat)
Maybe that weed you were smoking, had you feeling confident
Let's have a real conversation (Boom)
Maybe that doctor put something inside of your head
When you got your new hairline replacement (Brrrat)

Why you bring my name up in the first place, Tory? (Huh)
You ain't fucking with me on my worst day, Tory
Wasn't better than me when I was in first grade, Tory
We can do this every year or on your birthday, Tory (Dook, dook, dook, dook)
Every summer, every winter, every Earth day, Tory (Joyner)
Every Tuesday, every Thursday, Tory
It's gon' be a motherfuckin' anniversary, Tory
You done fucked up, now you need first aid, Tory (Dook, dook, dook, dook)

I'm the leader of the new school with a screw loose (Woo)
All you niggas Blues Clues with a fruit juice (Woo)
Turn your Jimmy Choo shoes into FUBU
Nigga, you do what you can, I do what I choose to
I get litty in this bitch for my city (Yuh)
Only few real niggas left, they ain't many (Yuh)
They compare me to Em, they compare you to Iggy (Oh)
They compare me to Meth, they compare you to Glizzy (Oh, oh)
I'm Leonardo Da Vinci, I paint a picture with color
I already got cake and I don't need a butler (Yeah)
We already got Drake and we don't need another
I don't really got space but I'ma eat your supper (Woo)
You know Joyner got a hotter flow
I'ma do what Travis should've did a while ago (Woo)
I'ma do what Drake should've did a while ago
Throw your ass off a cliff, make you say, "Geronimo"

Then you had one chance, now you slumped on (Duh)
Go back in the booth, make another love song (Duh)
What you gon' do when the fucking blunt's gone?
'Cause I wanted all the smoke, I ain't even puff long (No)
Nigga, I been packing a black MAC with it wrapped in a backpack
With a stack and I'm Mad Max in the back of the black cab
With a gat and a snapback, put a cap in yo' back fat
Murder you and your wack little Cat in the Hat raps
Finna stab if you jab back, and I clap at you mad fast
When you sing, you ain't half bad, but you rapping like Ras Kass
And I bet that you mad sad 'cause you 'bout to get laughed at
And buried in trash bags and left in a hatchback, my nigga
Jamming in front of the corner store, whoa
Mobbin' a lot in the corridor, whoa
Breakin' some shit you don't want no more
Fightin' when nobody want a war
Rob at the haters, gon' sing like the Commodores
I got some shit you ain't saw before
Swallow the key and I lock the door
Tory, you ain't gotta hide no more
Come out and play, you my prey, you the GOAT? I'm a dinosaur
Oh, you wan' hate, that's normal
You just gonna do what you supposed to ('Posed to)
I remember when them hoes called me old news
Now when they cheat, I'm the go-to (Joyner)
Word on the street's I ain't one to get close to
I was hopeless, now I'm hopeful (Yuh)
I done made my own way like I'm supposed to
All you niggas did what you was told to (Yeah)
Tory, why all your songs always sound like a rerun, nigga? (Huh)
I just want my motherfucking refund, nigga (Huh)
Funny looking ass, go and eat some', nigga
I ain't never had to get my fucking teeth done, nigga (Hahaha)
When I kill you, I ain't running to you, bleed some, nigga (Yuh)
Oh, you wan' be some nigga? (Yuh)
Me and 6ix9ine had Trippie Redd bitch on the couch
She was giving us a threesome, nigga

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Shit
Damn
So now that we got that out the way, hmph
Let's make a record, nigga
Hahahahaha
Joyner

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