

Whoo!

Some niggas want to kill me I don't care if y'all feel me I'm a motherfuckin rider

A hundred teeth bites to your 23 strikes Ima mothafuckin tiger

I used to grip hammers now I carry Nick Cannons like I wanna fuck Mariah

Your talkin bout bands but your hoppin out the van yous a motherfuckin liar

Trappin on the block with a choppa in the car but I never got caught

You heard all about me couple niggas try to out me but they never got far

Shares to the dre's couple shots to the face and the rest is all yours

Don't smile at my face with your drills at your face like a nigga Paul Walsh

Got shooters and them niggas all talk

Jail posed with a cellphone and my niggas all call

Few problems that I'm never gon solve

Couple bad bitches with some kids so I never go raw swear to God that I never go hard

Drunk sex on a rollercoaster bitch you better hold on- and my Cadillac really so soft

Shit Ima die in the booth till the heavens gon call

Who the fuck you think you fuckin with I'm Joyner- trappin inna corner gettin high but I ain't have no marijuana

Make a nigga wanna die from paranoia

Take your body dig a hole big enough to put a tractor on you- nigga drownin and ain't gettin out the water

Double sided penny flippin dimes time to get a half a quarter

I don't even think you need to have a lawyer

Order in the court I'm the judge bitch you gettin outta order motherfucka

And I ain't finna show you where the drugs at- fuck rap

I ain't give a fuck about a crush back- trust that

Pull my dick out and just make her suck that- bust that

Hoes that who see me give you a nut bath- scrub that

Feel like I'm ready to go above cats- up that

Over your rims and under your hubcaps- puff that

Smokin some shit that get you a come bat' scumbag

Imma submit em sick of them dumb rats

Yeah I'm finna show you where the loves at- fuck rap

I ain't give a fuck about a dumb stack- trust that

Gucci and Fendi and where the sun's at- bust that

Shit that you speakin and give you a bloodbath- scrub that

I'm more than ready to go above cats- up that

Over your head and under your suncaps- puff that

Spit at and kick you niggas and punt that like.. like spit

Don't your hear the drums hittin on the 808

I used to get a couple bitches that'd pay to play

Never really had shit but I mad a way- and all I gave em was some hard dick and some gatorade

Pussy young and I'm doin what I had to do

Back when I was just a nigga with an attitude

Grandma told me rap music ain't an avenue so I went hard and now I'm flyin like a parachute

Joyner Lucas give a million with the man ho

Workin so hard I forgot to change clothes

Kickas hella soft rappers with the same flow- and all there fuckin heads cotton candy and some rainbows

Hold up- who you think you is?

Imma go hard no matter who you say you is

I ain't for the small talk big can put the strap and I'm too busy for distractions don't be asking me no questions nigga mind yo fuckin business

They askin me questions- like
Are you Joyner? From paranoia?
Put a tractor.. nih
Niggas drownin and ain't gettin out the water tryna.. tryna get to have a qu
arter
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