Keep filmin' no matter what
Let's go
Yeah, yeah

Whole time I got the vice grip (Yeah)
Triggers bustin', niggas duckin', I got the right clip
Good manners or the damage, a nigga might tip
I drive the boat for the passengers
This a Kodak moment, a nigga might drift
I work smarter not harder, this is a life tip
Can't get your show on the road, niggas need a pilot (Uh)
You niggas trash still slavin' away on Sylenth
Matter of fact you slaves no matter who niggas sign with (Uh)
Lemme look at your deal, 21 Savage
To these Milli Vanillie ass niggas
Don't even own what they rhymin' (Facts)

I can't take this livin' all alone, I'm Phyllis Hyman Billie Eilish got four GRAMMYs, it's frightenin' Slick old nigga, I'm Peabo Bryson Flows be so-so, you off key Rappin' like it's '04, wrote this in Red Monkeys

Uh

Steady hand Peggy, my production is a diamond Precision, execution, and timin', slick rhymin' Pick up the pattern, tackle melodies like a lineman (Huh) Rappin' offsides, throw the flag when you fine him Up in your turf with a bomb and a plan Flowin' in enemy territory, I feel like Walt White Teach you niggas how to get busy on USB mics Rappin' like Schoolly D and dressing like Magnum P.I She need a tip drill, Peggy been uncut since E.I All these amatuers, they can't keep up with my stamina (Nope) Ebony, wrong category You ain't built for what you backin' up Make yo bitch back it up All these weirds beats, you commentin' while I'm stackin' up Gots to find new wave, these niggas stay attackin' us Feel like a Titan when I'm strappin' up, my flow a bachelor Get to fuckin' on the back of her and get attached to her Pistol pokin', I look after her, your beats inaccurate Muddy low end and you over-compressin' 'Cause you don't know what you doin', so you be stackin' it Don't know the difference between threshold and attackin' it You impassionate, ungrateful Mince meat, don't mince words, bitch I hate you Thinkin' about what I'ma do and how I'ma do it when I face you

Oh, man