

END CREDITS!

Jpegmafia

You pull up to a red light
A man jerks your door open, says
"Out of the car, I'm taking your car"
You say, "Okay, take it, just don't hurt me"
You know what I do?
I pull out the Glock, put it on his forehead
And spill his brains all over the concrete
You think you know me

Bitch I write scene on your life
And I only rap out of spite
Loss is the theme my life
After all the steam and the hype
Dawg

This is my careers not a dice
Never take L's to a light
Bitch I am impervious to type
So young bucking at advice
Néw gloc leave it up to Christ

Fit for a joker need a Harley
Don Callis never been a carny
And you know we showing out for Darby
Me and Tina bucking back at ike
You a diva make we gon drop the mic
New gloc leave it up to Christ

Push
Why would I show my hand
I put on a show on Demand
I was in the show who a fan?
These boys never made profit
You ain't doing shit
Nigga stop it I see who y'all biggin but
It's gas
Grown men co sign trash
Log off go find bags
Two Glocs tuck it in the bag
New Switches they Gon attached
And they said we never gonna last
Death loop you ain't coming byke
Them tweets cost you a life
You ain't had a hand in the hype
Nah

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I'm Arn Anderson