

# Hermanos

Jpegmafia

I named this one JPEG, because I like JPEGs, uh  
For the resolution, the color, the size of them, everything about JPEGs I like  
ke  
Check

Narcissists, arsonists in my arsenal  
Got carpal tunnel 'cause I was holdin' that awkward  
Got the queer block, hot works, I work my mat  
Livin' like the early '80s and I got a sex habit  
Habitual bridge burners sicker than Bob's Burgers  
Nice with the shit since ridin' a bike on sherm  
Was broken and washed, didn't have change for Arnold Palmers  
AC broke, yayo truck was armored  
Now everything I drive, it ain't got no gas  
Late night nigga, inner city since Arctic Blast  
Bitch body out of this world, she got a Martian ass  
You always with them niggas, be the sausage fest  
We all gonna land back to steal on a D.O.T.'s  
I see why you a bad rapper  
Get the fuck up out my face befo' I smack the ass backwards  
When you're average at life, they can't get much better, rapper  
"Let the truth prevail," like the king of pop said  
Ain't fuck with no Percs since they found Prince dead  
Nigga, no cap  
The bitch got bald heads and you think it's all wraps  
'Til them niggas all dead, old head  
I'm out for that hog head cheese (Style)  
I'm a legend from Michigan like Mateen Cleaves  
Rest in peace Eric Garner, 'cause I can't breathe  
Smokin' loosey's on the same corner, used to serve fiends

Servin' up a mojito  
Okay, look

The black Konami cheat code  
More Mitch than the Rico  
The toast mint condition like serving up a mojito  
Overworked so all of my talent backs up my ego  
Up the score, off the rebound, and-one with the free throw  
Oh, she want the nerve with her? Go figure  
Posed too hard for the image, she cropped yo' ass out the picture  
Gave me the leg up and that ain't even a kicker  
Dropped SCARING THE HOES, end' up terrifying the nigga- wait  
I got this down to a T, sharp as a crewcut, uh  
Tables turn like Serato with death queued up  
Y'all made a race, so I did the mechanic suit up  
And I drive sum' crazy whenever the autotune's up  
Put Tony on the mic like Pacino  
Good fella with the lines, bangin' like De Niro, wait  
Let's get this clear yo, the flows is a-blazin'  
Don't slip, don't slack, now Rothstein in Casino

Ayy, let me get that one back  
Uh

Men lie, women lie, but the numbers don't  
With no machines, so my numbers go where your numbers won't

Nasty