

Lean Beef Patty

Jpegmafia

... in the morning
Maybe we could start a family
I wanna see your pretty face
Someone who truly understands, how to treat a man
Oh yeah, oh yeah
This is what I need

First off, fuck Elon Musk
Eight dollars too much, this past expensive
For the hoes in the back and the cracks in the slack
If I tweet then delete then I meant it (Uh)
I don't really need a check, 'cause I got no respect
And these niggas might know me like a dentist (Uh-huh)
Said he all about these beats
So he hear some shit and then get offended (Uh, let's go!)
This ain't what you want (Let's go), no, this ain't what you want
Ah, fuck y'all niggas, I feel like Papa John (Insane)
Laughin' straight to the bank, I'm Tony Khan (Khan)
And they hate what I say 'cause I ain't wrong (Hate 'cause I ain't wrong, uh)
What kind of rappin' is this? The kind that make rap niggas pissed (You know it)
I put the dough on my bitch, that pussy ain't feelin' like this, she know it
These niggas be textin' with kids, it doesn't get stranger than this, that's hoe shit
Fuck a bar, I don't fuck with you niggas like I'm Hulk Hogan (Wait)
I am mean
Rittenhouse with the shot, and repeat
While you stretchin' the truth in your tweets
I been stretchin' your girl, Iron Sheik
What's the deets?
In the crib, drinkin' Soylent for weeks (For weeks)
Watch your energy, watch what you tweet
You can go from Elon to Ye in a week, buddy (Buddy, buddy, buddy)

Numb the shots with that antidote
Blacked out, we can't take no more
So get away before shit get slow
Even if I've seen it before
Behind the scenes, on that crack room flow
Smokin' up, I don't need no more
So let me tell you 'bout where we gon' go
Know your place, you won't act wrong, B
You ain't gotta lie, hit this anarchy
In your head, girl, I'm rent free
She can't stop thinkin' 'bout me
So drop it low, like you're pickin' up change
Go'n head girl, do your thing
So bust up, and then what's up?
Spittin' fast like Busta
You might need to trust her

Feel like I love ya