

PANIC ROOM!

Jpegmafia

It's alright

Get to work with the Chucks, yeah, Mr. Miyag'
Put your worth on my box, I'm catching a bod'
We do it, we slide, exit pits on the stop (Cool)
We cuttin' a cop, yeah, bitch, I'm the don dada
My papa's a zombie, when I tour I feel like Booty Talk 17
I been walking dead for too long, for too many seasons
Niggas be buggin' at Peggy too raw for too many reasons
I'm just trying to get a bag (Facts)
Rappers in this industry, creatively in hand (Damn)
When I scream, I crack a hottie, shake another dance (Sheesh)
Shake my head at night for hours, start working on my stances
Kegels, gotta keep this pussy tight
This passion inside got no sequels, Peggy fine, no equals
I'm runnin' through these masters to find a beat as good as people
Give that bitch an elbow
How Peggy only five-nine with sticks as big as diesel?
My puppies told me feed you, these poor dogs, they gon' eat you
All doggies die at point range, this flick ain't got no sequel
You choke like Key and Peele do
Banana clips gon' peel you
Monkey business to major move
Put him in the sky where the angels groove
Sucka-ass nigga, I ain't playin' with you
Damn, boy, who claimin' you?
Why your niggas ain't stay with you?
Must stay caught up with the Zoom
Got these niggas lookin' like panic room
Yeah, I got these niggas lookin' like panic room, yeah

Okay, karma is a funny bitch, she gonna find you and
All the things you said ran through my head like t.A.T.u. and
You ain't gotta act like you ain't scared, get comfortable
No, I don't want your consent, nigga I'ma pull this dick on you
No, we ain't gon' work it out, ho, do I look like Stacker 2?
If he do me wrong, I catch your man then he responsible
Take two, De La Soul, roll on by and scrape you, ha
That's for thinking that we was cool, ha (Brrt)
Caught this nigga without a tool, huh
Baby, you're looking like a fool, hm