

Steppa Pig

Jpegmafia

Check

Uncut with that [?] (Style)

My brain fried, don't do drugs

Had two plugs, one just died (Style)

I'm up late, no talk show

Been five up, [?] low (Everything about JPEGs, I like)

Talk with a hoe, had a bank roll

Shop 'nother clothes if you wearin' it slow

Ain't no way, got to be another day of shit for me (Shit for me)

Gave up off their stock, had the recipe (The recipe)

Nah, I do this for my legacy (My legacy)

[?] with my dawg, I need an extra three

You ain't never seen no things, I use most everything

[?] and say most everything (Uh-uh)

Bust up, do it like [?], no [?], no ice pack

I ask the bitch, "Do you like that?" (Do you like that?)

My young nigga step for me, like Mo Bamba in the paint (Get to steppin')

You don't know shit about me, nigga, who is yo' man?

Brown, got a one extra like Lifestyle, BBC

White girls all on me, but-

Love, my dick could roll it up

Make her real like Whitney, get the bands up, satisfied

I be on my lonely, worry 'bout no gossip

Niggas pocket watchin', y'all look in my wallet

Just keep it on the hush, hush

Hang tough, they ain't like us

Just hang yourself if you need help

Uh, back in this bitch with the dope, she backin' it up for a gram

Baby, I cannot do nothin' with hope, I'ma try molly and Xans

Been tryin' get me to ghost, boy, you ain't Kai, one twitch and you banned

Ninety degrees a coat, hoe, and I ain't showin' my hands

Uh, I make it harder to breathe

My Kimber like my emotions, I keep 'em both in my sleeve

I need more time to myself, I don't need advice, I just need to be

Back in this bitch, what's the issue? You bitches ain't barkin' when you off the leash, fuck 'em

Uh, they don't got nothin' for me

It's like I been workin' for crumbs, now I'm feelin' free as my speech

Colin Kaepernick, I'm a free agent, cap the salary, free up my teams

Y'all rap like replacements, they can finally replace it for me

When I stalk your lanes and I see you livin' life respectfully

And I tell myself, "You ain't know her worth," and I draft apologies (Fuck)

Uh, check it out, man, look (Step it)

These niggas act like I owe them

These niggas be dickridin' for grown-ass men that don't even know them

They don't even come outside, don't ever see mans late night like Conan

They off of that two [?] high, incels just can't let it go like Frozen

Bet if I let off these shots, no games, you finna just dance like Goten

White people love makin' excuses and bitchin', I guess it's what culture is for them

You know that this shit don't stop black men that hate me, usually talkin', broke as hell

Mad people love me for me, why they still put on a fret and nobody knows the m?

Don't like when I talk like this? (Nah)

'Cause they know that this shit is for them
These crackers love talkin' 'bout me and actin' like it's my job to ignore t
hem
Bitch, please (Please), still rich, still pretty, still tourin'
Still lit, still gritty, I'm borin'
I don't fuck with you niggas like Hogan
Trigger finger just be glitchin' his program
I ain't takin' disrespect from no man
Niggas rap 'bout guns, don't own 'em
Y'all sippin' liquor, you can't even hold it
I'm takin' shots everyday like DeRozan (Yee, yee, molly water)