

## Super Tuesday!

Jpegmafia

How you rappin' all your life and you ain't profit? (Hm)  
How you tryna be punk and you ain't moshin'? (Pssh)  
How you tryna book a tour but you ain't poppin'? (For real)  
Nigga think he Steph Curry, boy, you Ilgauskas  
Pop filter, bump stockin'  
One shot turn Steve Bannon into Steve Hawking  
R. Kelly, jiggalo, I'm dough pilin'  
But I don't fuck with little kids, bitch, I ain't Woody Allen  
How you let a nigga run you out your own city? (Word)  
How you never catch a win, but you catchin' feelings? (Yeah)  
I ain't tryna have debates, I just bake bitches  
Put a price on your head, send my niggas fishin'  
Boy, you really Craig Mack but you think you Diddy  
Put this fuck nigga in a bag, he the new Missy  
How you let a [\*beep\*] nigga call you nigga? (Psh, hahaha)

Uh

More money, less fame, push my tracks deep  
These niggas ain't reviewin' your music, they reviewin' you  
Keep it to yourself, get your money, baby, keep doin' you  
Step out of line and show these Plaxicos what the Ruger do  
Now who is you? Double barrel, twin magic  
Hit the W, go through the roof  
Base swell up and go through the coupe  
Pacin' at this nigga house like Peggy finna hula hoop, uh  
Lines around the block feel like Super Tuesday  
Bad leather Biden, baby, we need new things  
Makin' love to your girl, pullin' tracks out the strings  
Pat the weave, I gotta water the soil 'fore I plant the seed  
Lots of information in these bars and schemes  
These niggas basic, all they know is jokes and memes  
Now let's face it, you hate me because you ain't me  
You think because I mention forums we the same type of dweeb?  
Fifth up in your face when I catch you off-key  
This is how it taste when you talkin', don't read  
Nipples on my suit, I'm lookin' for Mr. Freeze, cut the green  
I don't got fans, I got fiends, what you mean?  
Show up to the studio, I'm dressed like Harley Queen  
I don't want no picture, give a fuck about your 'zine  
Snitches gettin' Christian, hope you rat up on your team  
Tell me all your secrets, pour out one Lil B  
Tony Braxton pistol had 'em talkin' in his sleep  
These niggas don't rap, they incriminate on beat  
All I do is spit facts, get money, make heat  
Spit up in her ass, let her know that I'm a freak, don't speak