

## THIS ONES FOR US!

Jpegmafia

Yo  
Yo, you good?  
Everything about JPEGs I like  
Yeah, yeah

All of my babies is active  
All my money out the bank  
Pretty thot, make her put the cash in the mattress  
I don't be sendin' them nothing (Ooh)  
Straight slut with the flashing (Ooh)  
Niggas can tell that you frontin' (Truth), duff man  
Every episode, I'm sippin', I feel so disgusted  
Piss drunk, thinking 'bout how niggas jealous of me when I loved 'em (Mm)  
Niggas ain't loyal at the function  
Ink dry, crackers took the whole pie and gave you a fraction  
Cut it out, smut it out, pistol poke if you play with my passion  
It's a whole new world but it looks like my map loaded first, y'all lagging (Huh)  
White writers wanna paint me as edgy  
Can't handle the facts that I'm rapping  
Unbelievable, young Jerry Stackhouse  
Don't nobody wan' play with me, back out  
Fuck your playlist, I do what I want now  
Made this beat on a binge with a bust down

Forty five on the Kimber, three holes in the trigger  
The new ones got butterflies on 'em now  
I think I am a killer, came back from Kuwait and these niggas is looking like targets now  
I ain't sippin' no liquor tonight 'cause that Korbel got me feeling broken like Hardy now (Damn)  
And you niggas ain't niggas, you just became niggas 'cause niggas is making a profit now (Fake-ass nigga)  
White boys scared of the Peg in private, but postin' they black squares now  
When you see me, better say it with your chest and you better have a vest 'cause I don't waste rounds (Yeah)  
Give a fuck about a check, give a fuck about respect  
If the SIG jam, cut it close, lay your body down  
702, all I want is a sound  
Bombing on you, this the Lyricist Lounge (Ayy)  
Twin Kimbers, Prince and his blouse  
Lost world when I'm back in the town  
Stainless, I brought the raptors out  
Bloodhounds, baby, trackin' 'em down  
Close or away make you spirited now (Now), yeah

Alright, last chance, enemies end up on last dance  
Spinnin' that pussy, go back in, back out  
Eating ass, feel like Pac-Man  
Rich and bitter, Black Batman  
Industry don't wanna back him  
It's alright though, still successful  
Government still wanna threaten you  
All guns still registered, mhm  
Hipster niggas, so regular, up in Williamsburg, lookin' hella dumb (Fact)  
I used to try to be nice to 'em, now I just know that they jealous of me  
Faded all of my DMS (Yeah), apologize then delete 'em

Crackers threatened not to cover me  
Whole staff white, ain't no colorin'  
Must be a cab night, Eric Sundermann  
Ayy, you and Andy Cohn just smotherin' women  
You threaten my money, I'm snatchin' your spirit  
That's why I feel nothing for none of you bitches  
Leaders is rapists, rest of y'all suspicious  
That liberal arts degree really ain't hitting  
Fuck it, time to hit Tacombi, do dishes  
Your boss is a rapist, what did I do? I missed it  
Black, beautiful, and damn, I'm gifted  
You being white just got you that position  
You not with the shits, you not that good at business  
You vague with your threats, I'm direct with my pistol