

Try Me

Jpegmafia

Niggas wanna be gods
I'm in it

One time for the little line baby girl
I'm in that thing like what
R.I.P. to my haters out in the D.R
Tryin to live they life gettin killed by fucking latinas
If it was up to me I'd end they fucking history
Deport em if they got no papers, oof the irony

But see this shit was never new to me
Warned you niggas about that black-brown unity
This racism shit is too deep for any philosophy
I don't know why you dumb crackers had a monopoly
I don't know why y'all fraternizing with enemies
Don't know they race so them fuckboys pretend to be
Anything they wanna be
Got some fuckin wannabes
Zoe Saldana [?]

Black to the core bitch my skin on extra fleek
Y'all been piggybacking offa niggas since slavery
But that shit stops here I rose to the pulpit
And brought extra bullets for that hola papi bullshit

I swear on James Brown if you try me
Red hooks on em like Spike Lee
I said I swear on James Brown if you try me
Red hooks on em like Spike Lee

3-3-4-4-1-0
5-1-6-7-1-8
And everything in between

Before I get to the business
I haven't spit a punchline since Christmas
Amazon guns get clipped with the quickness
Ya must want death on your wishlist, bomba
This that headshot close proxy
Gotta question for you bitches in the hot seat
What would G.G. Allen do let's dig up the body
Put that cracker on his knees and let him pray to my shotty

Young thotty, Benghazi
I catch bodies
No leader mask gone somebody stop me
The real marxist harmonist I'm a nobody
Black Jesus, dark casear I rep commies
I wish a fuckin officer would try to run up on me
2nd amendment, bitch I got the Glock on me
Hot steppin who's fuckin with the young Devon
Send yo ass to heaven go to 7-11

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Niggas be talking bout what they wanna do to the prophet
Bitch stop it I'm John Hopkins I close coffins
Straight stalkin
I get to walkin your purse is falling
The fellas marchin
Tryin your best to be cautious
This is coins over paper
I'll pay the bill for your wake
I kill a coppa and bake 'em
Ship 'em off to Jamaica
Brake a dread with the vapor
I never been in the paper
But when I do
City of God, Z in the making
Bitch know I
Never trust a preacher or a rabbi
Compress me or check me bitch I'm a motherfuckin landmine
Young black landline password is these cans flying
All up in your cubicle
Bitch I work on my own time
Kill a cop for full time and take him out as old time
I don't give a fuck about a nigga talkin gun rhymes
Peg more than showtime
I spit fuckin coke lines
Flash a nigga to blam him and make him give me a cosign