

UNTITLED

Jpegmafia

Because I like JPEGs
Eh, yeah
Uh

Damn, how ya want it then?
Industry done let a wolf in a pig pen
Big mouth, back it up, why you faking then?
And you niggas still ain't did shit and I'm starting to feel like Zimmerman
Not fly, trap a star, strip a wing from him
Back in the city, you a pot that I'm pissing in
Ooh, somebody pray for this dweeb (Pray for 'em)
Some niggas die tryna make a-mends
They gon' find your bitchass face down
You want this nigga? I'll be that (Yeah)
In the grave I'ma be where your seed at
You still ain't ran this fade
And you know that I'm still with that nonsense
Leave lil bitch in the field with no options
But you stay on my mind everyday, huh
Yeah, it's no secret
Crown heavy on my head but I keep it (Yeah, yeah)
In the grave like Pa, I'm heated
Amazon's fresh at your door, bring the beef in
You still ain't ran no fade
How the fuck am I still on your conscience
Know my enemies sick of this taunting
But you stay on my mind every day, yeah, for real

Uh, when it's cold outside, get up in the office
Dead niggas steam better, lemme pick a coffin (Sure)
My main bitch wanna get hit but I ain't Steve Austin
When I die, bury me next to Scott Hall (Sheesh)
And bottles sharpening my edges, I'm an alcoholic
Gotta keep my hairline on Candace Owens, Kevin Owens (Uh)
Real nigga, fuck a token, melatonin
Niggas sleepin' on the moment (B-bap!)
Apnea, late night with the Glock loaded
Joe Budden with the pump when I aim, focus
Nigga, how ya never miss when the whole world is hopeless? (Huh)
Joe Biden, can't remember, think I gotta focus
I be going
Speed through the tolls, my bitch consoling
All these writers getting fired feel like James Comey
Nigga, fuck a interview, you better know it's on me
And I don't trust these nigga's views, I gotta kill 'em calmly
Catch a nigga in the lobby, hit 'em with the Olly (Yeah)
And I'm fucking at your partners 'cause you know I'm poly
I'ma be swinging on these crackers like I'm playing hockey (Bitch)
Young P. K. Subban with the stick on me
These niggas Grey Worm, straight Unsullied
Boy, you scared and you weak, plus you dress bummy (C'mon, daddy)
I be twerkin' on stage like I'm Bad Bunny (You the man, daddy)
These niggas going through a phase
I'm going out the country, why? (Be like that)
'Cause I get more money
Young Thor with the hammer and you can't touch me
What your life like?

Why you settle for this job?
Get your mic right
These off-field niggas spreading highlights
Acting like we can't read a fucking b**k, man (Man)
And you not weirdos
And you not with the shits
And you never on go
Yeah, what the fuck?
Begging for a donation (Gèt manman ou)
And shout out to my Haitians, uh
Get money, nigga, stay patient
When you doin shit right, lames stay hating, yeah (True)
Pull that blicky out, they singing like Clay Aiken
Y'all circle jerking with no bitches and no bacon (None)
Out west with the Smith like I'm Jaden
Let it ring from either hand like Nick Saban (Brrat)
More money, more guns, less vacations, nigga
We deserve them donations
Don't play with me, bitch, play PlayStation, it's safer