

One two, one two, uh
One two, one two, uh
One two, one two
Pussy
Pussy boy
One two, one two, uh
One two, one two, uh
One two, one two, uh

Nasty with this wrist, I got no competition
Great at talking shit like I'm politician
Nationwide ain't on your side I'm unforgiving
I make 'em pay for all these hits like they ain't got collision (GET OVER HE
RE)

Sniper wolf I hit these copy's with precision
Peter bucking niggas 'til they find this new religion
I'm that black man that made daughter hate tradition
She bought me magnums then I tag her with some new positions
I got no head on me

Niggas ain't ain't ahead of me
Hit your wifey doggystyle
My special move the pedigree
I'm Stone Cold with this recipe
I cook these niggas breakfast, B
Llama like spit like Tempa T
How dare these niggas step to me
Fuck them cause they not my team

Hella dollars no receipts
All that cake up on her face
Like damn maybe its Mayballine
All this talk about my race
I brush that shit off gracefully

Short stroking niggas from the burbs got so much hate for me (FINISH HIM)
First you was a rapper then you was trapper

Then you was punk kid
I guess you just an actor
Niggas getting mixed up in some shit they never mastered

I don't give a fuck Mo or your gramma

Scrapers tryna buck
They getting dragged by they antlers
I ain't talking labor

When I say I got the hammer
(Reversed) saying that he's knows me
Not true

The papers said I can't hit (bleep) nigga, not you
Niggas want war but filing orders for peace (beep)
I'm running with the squad
While you run to police (beep)
Acting out on Twitter just gon' get you deceased (beep)
While I smoke your daddy's ashes
Out my Fasfa receipts (nigga)

On the mic
Make you think twice
On stage you think it's a magic mic
Way I take layers off
I'm from where the moon and water came from

Build relations to the sun
Wake up smell the concrete when the rains done
Hungry but I need Ganja before bacon
Give my girl that brown sugar
I'm Sanaa Lathan (FINISH HIM)
I got shit say, Nathan
Just know that style is ancient
Wise men told me
Never get your hopes up for Pitchfork
I make sure to scratch and sniff my ass around rich folk
Separate the white from the egg yolk
Kush and orange juice over French toast
Been a goat
10 4
Down the rabbit hole with Draino
If you ain't know
On the mic most you no Bueno
I been spittin' pukin' on myself since a day one
Chewing on my favorite color crayon
Free Desean
"Prepare to die"