

Williamsburg

Jpegmafia

Selling art to these yuppies
Getting mixed offers
Hold up...

Selling art to these yuppies
Getting mixed offers
I'm In New York like I'm Peter Parker
Wrote a 16 then I tossed it
If I wanted bullshit
I'd just read Gawker (Facts nigga)
Young rick murder
I just shoot walkers
I'm a slave to this rap shit I can't quit (No)
Fresh cig with the grip
A yuppie pop shit
Call the gun Britney jean
When the spears come out
I hit you and JT
You yuppies ain't real
Let you live for a fee
We taking Brooklyn back
You can leave the coffee
And you coons dying to
Word to Charles Barkley (Word)
My head dreaded up like my name mar...
Naw we don't do that
Simple rhyming ass niggas
Get they wig pushed back
Get your mic snatched
Nicotine patched
Call my white boys up
Get your life hacked
Heard your Stock dropped
Nigga this the blow back
Put the Hawkeyes on him
Heard he like M*A*S*H
You gon' rust in peace
Heard you like thrash
Put a price on your head
That's a light bag
45 on me like mike back
Whoa

Hey! Alright!
Baby I'm just heating up
I just wonder is it for you
Feelings stuck
You know how to heat me up
Ice it up
Ice it like a hockey puck
Baby I'm just heating up...
You know how to heat me up...

Deep off in the main...
Hidden hills

I walk in the booth like I own it

I know that I belong there
These days ain't the same
All ain't built like that
These fuck niggas ain't [?]
Like that
Y'all niggas ya'll built like rats ahhh