LIARS

King Iso

I be off in that murder
I be off in that kill
I be off in that slaughter
My niggas know I'm for real
Still rapping like I never had a deal
I be off in that vaccum seal with y'all niggas bitches
Jack and Jill, finna beef
Giving niggas whole value meals
Riding 'round with a bad bitch, she like me, she never had shit
We spend loot and get cash quick
She only normal, a tad bit
Super bad, like an actress
I'm Brad Pitt, with a black tip
Rip a nigga easy, like fabric
With a bad bitch, when her ass thick
I keep it brackin'
My pants saggin'
You niggas slackin'
I'm on ya, rapping
I murder niggas with the semi and the mac-10
[?] with a napkin
Niggas talking 'bout beef, but, who has it?
I made a living off this muthafucking rap shit
I got cash quick, and drop classics
If you ain't dropped an album, then suck a fat dick
I'm that nigga, you with that bitch
I'm in a gang, but, you with the wack clique
You open up for bigger niggas and you pay for features
What's that shit?
A local nigga to a global nigga
Underground like a casket
You actin' like you on with social media...
Catfish!

You niggas liars
You lie about your fame
You lie about your name
Exposing out your flame, but you on fire
I'm calling out you lames, who talk about the game
Like you 'bout it, but you ain't
You niggas ain't workin'
You safe with this (you safe with this!)
You takin' pictures (you takin' pictures!)
These hoes believe you (these hoes believe you!)
Y'all crazy, bitches (y'all crazy bitches!)
Your jewelry fake, how much you pay for this shit?
Y'all ain't catching cases
Y'all ain't gangsta niggas

Hold up, you ain't swinging work, got bigger cash?
What you make from work?
You ballin' out, but can't change a shirt
You're a yee nigga, you don't bang the turf
When the stainless squirt, it'll stain your shirt
When yo bitch cook, then you make dessert
Suck a sick dick, I'mma bang a nurse
You mainstream, well go bang a skirt

I got yellow ice, and I'm smoking blue
Like I'm slayin' a smurf, and I'm drinking purp
I was born a nut, like I dropped out
With a hard dick and I came at birth
Y'all plain as thirst
Stop bitching on that internet and go lay a verse
Y'all spendin' while I'm stacking
'Til my bank look like my date of birth
Y'all niggas need beats, you ain't get shit 'till you pay me first
Y'all say that I'm weak, but when I drop a song, you gon' play it first
Shoutout to my dead gang, talking about the real dead gang
Not dick riders like the x-games, just to get fame
Where you head bang
But I don't give two fucks about you fake niggas no more
While you bangin' on your wi-fi, I'm 'bout to go on tour
Shoutout all my five niggas, shoutout all my six niggas
Eses and my juggalos, y'all know what it is, niggas

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