

Bars

Lil Dicky

What it do
Was 22 up in the room
Thinkin bout a way that I could make a move
Make a boom
Debated to move to LA
To make it in movies
But traded the pool shade and gravitated to music

Now I'm spittin the hottest shit
It don't matter the competition
Is sadder than a bladder that be lackin a pot to piss in

It's actually kinda sicknin
The rap is beyond horrific
Admit it bruh, waka flaka flame is somehow respected?

The game has gotta change, used to listen to jay
Up on the train, now they floodin the waves with 2 chainz
I feel like I separate with ma lines like 2 lanes
It's a dark knight when the joker's better than them banes

Of the rap game, all of 'em rap lame,
They claimin all em ballin, well then all of em sac kings

At least they in the league tho
I can't even cop a fuckin peacoat
That's why I'm aiming outside the box, like it's a free throw

The weed smoke fuckin the air up
Got this mothafucka snackin more than Miggy Cabrera
Got dis mafucka rappin some crack and yappin about it on his cell phone
Tell holmes this is the track, that I got ma swell on

And I spit that shit so fast sometimes I need to slow it down
All these bitches up in the crib, it's like ma home a pound

Tell me I ain't hold it down
Spittin ridiculous, ticklin bitches
Up into they britches, and rip em like tickets

And fastballs, lookin at a cutie on the dance flo
I visualize that booty with the pants off
Had a little dance off
And I ain't had no shot it was the ass fault
Cause shawty body arguably hotter than august asphalt

They claimin they great, man these rappers straight lebroning
I'm layin in wait, to smack the fuck up out dat spalding
I'm hatin every song, they celebratin poppin dom
But I be takin shots a brandy like a kobe at the prom pic

Bomb shit, ya'll should see ma muthafuckin blonde bitch
The bombs on dat body shawty just gotta be Islamic
I twist and I turn her on till she wet like she a faucet
No rapper give you more a set... isn't it ironic?

Because I'm seein these labels

Pumpin out the horseshit, got me callin em stables
Pumpin out the tours quick, but they ain't makin hits
Ain't nobody great as this
White boy killin brothers on that cane and abel tipppp

Tri tip steak, up on a plate, I'm on a date
With a dime bitch, nibbling cake
But nevermind that
Someone tell me where the fuck the rhymes at
I was bumpin nas in his prime and you gonn sign that?

Oh well, guess I'm better than they'll ever be
I could do it serious but they prefer the levity
I ain't really hearin nuffin
Say I ain't the man
I'm layin in sand, zero spf for the tan

But now I'm back in this muthafucka, spit hotta than a flame throw
Waitin to hear em call on ma name like rap a game show

Tell me this is lame,
Though I know that is bogus
Gotta focus
Be the dopest
With the most set of quotes, and the grossest
When I flow sick, and the hope is

Notice is right around the corner, my time to shine
Is almost aligned, something like a quarter to nine

If I could have a quarter for the metaphors in my rhymes
I'd only have a couple dollas so I'm stickin with dimes, ya know?

They getting off like a train stop
I'm lookin at ma dick like how the fuck do you stay rock
No southern carolina, how you got so much game cock
Cause you movin that vagina in the dark like a stage prop

It's all good
I'm making this the outro
I had to fuckin spit, this is what I'm about bro
And you know what it is, holla back up at the kid Slim Boner
So damn hard, this shit is over