

## 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 lebronning  
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 tipppe

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