

**Bruh...**

**Lil Dicky**

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LD

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A.K.A. stem cells

Errybody know the cat like a dope meme  
I got em' buzzing off the crack like a dope fiend  
They saw em' come up with a Mac yeah I'm so Steve  
Nowadays bitches tryna crack got 'em ODing  
Like how them hoes want to get it with L  
They know it's cold enough to charge like a letterman sale  
If they gon' stand behind the bars I'm in federal jail  
I'm going far like a general mail

On that note I got the fellas saying what up, the tape what up  
The same mothafucker playing with his steak cut up  
I'm great, shut up, the flowing no debate just us  
I'm out of shape but I'm straight to fuck  
Yeah you know I got a chicken in the condo  
I was sick of getting off beat she a bongo  
Now she playing with the hard D being Rondo  
Drunk and go inside her all sweet like a Strongbow  
How I'm'a do?

I got your ex coming next like a W do  
I gotta flex, I'm the best, now I'm being direct  
I'm unimpressed by these bitches that I see in the press  
I'm kinda vexed by the trash like I'm cleaning a mess  
Cus they as real when they rap as a Chias a pet  
They old news stocks plummet! Men's leg hair they ain't cut it!  
Forget about your era, Pat Summitt  
Finesse writtens  
I wanna get a hundred bitches and fuck with the spitting  
Religious like a couple of post-marital Christians  
I've been official, Dick Bevetta a living  
You better dig it like you bitches got a mill in the ditch  
I'm killing this shit I been kicking like a villainous ninja

My shit is gripping when I run it how the fuck I be slippin  
I be intimate with them hoes, she never flummoxed  
I take chick p and smash, I call it hummus  
And I be funny with this shit, I'm just playing  
But still nobody fucking with the kid I'm just saying

Ah! Got a chicken parm on the date it seem  
But I don't even know the broad, she just grating the cheese  
I don't even got a job I just blaze and free  
But still they give a boy bands, 98 degrees  
So come fuck with me  
I got a couple hundred bitches doing drugs with me  
And I got a couple dozen bitches tryna hug Dicky  
And I got a couple bitches who be steady fucking me

Hey, that's a good ass life  
Only thing I got left find a good ass wife  
But yo I gotta hit these hoes first, don't tell Mom

But in a year I'm'a bend over Michelle Obama  
Bruh you know I gotta do it while I'm hot  
I'm tryna get blue in most states like Barack  
I'm tryna show a boo the last name of the Rock  
And put her on D till we O, J Watt

I never hit the scene when I do I'm high and wasted  
I'm fucking with them jeans love them bitches high waisted  
I run around your team, you a player but I'm Naismith  
And I Command V, while you copy I just paste it, face it

Hotel got 'em puffing on the L, going harder than some hell  
You ain't knew it  
If everybody had to tell the truth and you had to pick a dude  
Spitting better than your dude: can't do it  
Telling me damn you got bitches, damn you got hoes  
Damn you got money, but damn I got flow  
Damn you got riches, damn you clothes  
Damn you got honeys but damn I got soul

Hold up. This shit I'm making's always tight it's like a yoga store  
They all up in the other boat it's why I'm overboard  
I'm taking time to do it right it's like a soda pour  
Cus we ain't loving all you bitches like we spoken for  
Damn packing the van, wagging the man, cracking the ma'am  
Packing the stands, had them clapping they hands  
Tagging they 'grams, Manhattan was ham  
Slapping the fans, playing havin' the plan  
Fans rapping the jams, sagging my pants

You see the type of shit I do on the track?  
Hot shit like I poop in the jacket  
Won't mack your bitch but yo I'm bout to come and mack your clique  
Your whole friend group fucking with Dick (no hetero)  
I yawn when I hear these motherfuckers on the radio  
They ball all retarded Cuba Gooding up in radio  
I long for the moment I can say that's not debatable  
I'm past that, I wonder who appreciate it like a snapchat  
Affleck, dunk the dude, I'm going hard for the grind but I tuck this move

I made war with the rhymes, motherfuck your crew  
These bitches going Adolf, tryna fuck this Jew  
I'm too nice like a motherfucker that fell in love with a boo  
Twice as in double as fuckable as he was  
And dude tries to be subtle and get a cuddle  
Venting the troubles and getting the truffles and ending up  
Befuddled when she don't fuck him and someone tell him listen  
You bugging she never fucking a pedestrian mother like you  
So why all the trouble but he rebuttal with  
I think I just love her so I would shudder at the thought  
Of being anything other than nice

Peeping like a Port-A-Potty  
It wasn't even deep dang shit is still a hobby  
It's too bad bitches sleeping on me threesome  
Cus now these bitches want to help but he don't need none  
I'm all time like the Wall at the Bank  
You've no shot like you drawing a blank  
Honestly you probably couldn't hang man  
I've been drawing a blank  
Giving you lines while you sitting there and drawing a blank  
So go in the rink, chilling like stoning and banging  
And I'm flowing danker than a grower in Napa

Growing the stankist cannabis  
Going rapping flowing smacking all these rappers  
And showing the total package like my flaccid is growing fatter  
Samoan cracker dapper rapper had to keep goin  
Yeah that rap is a rap I know you rappers napping don't know it  
There's a dagger pita pappa-tapping on the window  
It's a real accurate metaphor of what you having in store  
And I be snapping I mean I be splashing on the  
Pay me your rain, fallin  
Quicker than Aladdin's first name  
Are you better than me?  
Bruh