

Rappers

Lil Durk

I ain't gon' lie bro
It be like
It's about the nigga
It's about you though
It's not about none of this shit
We y'all niggas go out y'all way to be turnt
That's how I know y'all niggas be lame as dog shit nigga (cause I was lit when I was broke)

I swear we doggin' bitches
Niggas be killin' to get it
We all got millions to get
Bet you niggas be lame as shit
They wanna go to the hood
I don't wanna see it again
It might be a difference, less attractive when you livin' that shit
Nigga you really a rapper
Niggas can die for a caption
I drop to the streets in a You think we the same you cappin'
You think you lit you cappin'
I get my food from madness
Your roley over average
You know I'm oh for seven

My hood is not no tourist attraction
It's not what I'm interested in
(My block is not a twitter tutorial, so we not mention this shit)
Me and Durk droppin' a tape
We need a million for this
Ay how that your favorite rapper?
He say the simplest shit
You bought her a Goyard bag for ten
You in your feelings and shit
Right hand to God
If she ask me for a coach purse I'ma spit on a bitch
Outside of cameras you don't tote guns
My niggas go swimming with sticks
I'm not tryna link up with niggas
I'd rather go chill with a bitch

Your favorite Instagram model
I had my dick on her lips
And I got choppers and power
Niggas be wishin' for this
And we gon' really be slidin'
I am not taking a risk
And we gon' really link up
Niggas be makin' a diss

If you was you
And I was me
I had my pole
I'd poke someone
If I was you
And you was me
Ain't had no pole
I'd choke someone

Pull up to the studio
I hope you know I'm eleven deep
I could not pull up by myself
Too many tryna niggas beef with' me

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Traphouse and property money
Only time I can sit with' a rapper my cub gotta be muddy
We drop this time don't call my phone that it price gotta be thirty (30K)
I can't sneak no XD in this club it gotta be thirty
When I go them trenches
They be trying rappers
If a rap nigga try me
He a dying rival ya ya
I heard them rumors 'bout my bitches no I'm dying 'bout 'em
I asked out Durk, I picked up Durk cause it sound better let's get it

Would call them by their rapper name but I like clown better
Feds couldn't make me break boy I don't allow pressure
Nailed yo' bitch to the wall I had to crucify her
If this rap shit didn't exist niggas woulda been uber drivers
Niggas be lame most of 'em
Highschool woulda cracked jokes on 'em
Nigga get mad I'll punch on you
Soon as you fall I'ma stomp on you
Really want war lemme know sumin'
Famous everywhere still 'll blow sumin'
Don't make a diss I'll wait it out
Catch 'em out
Let 'em hold sumin'

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We doggin' bitches
Niggas be killin' for them
We all got millions to get

But you niggas be lame as fuck
For what?
We been there