

Liar

Lil Peep

I've been through a lot boy
Punk star
I've been through a lot boy
I ain't gonna stop boy
Ouu Bi-Bighead on the beat
I ain't gonna stop boy, yeah
Always runnin' from the cops boy
Damn

Call it rap, call it pop, boy, yeah (Call it rap, call it pop, boy)
Call it what you want, boy, yeah (Call it what you want, boy)
We call you a opp, boy! Yeah (We call you a opp, boy)
Got a big gun? Who you shot, boy?
Call it rap, call it pop, boy, yeah (Call it rap, call it pop, boy)
Call it what you want, boy, yeah (Call it what you want, boy)
We call you a opp, boy! Yeah (We call you a opp, boy)
Damn, I'm a real life GothBoi (I'm a real life GothBoi)

Why the fuck you lyin' in the streets? (Lyin' in the streets)
Why the fuck you lyin' to me? (Lyin' to me)
Why the fuck you lyin' to her? (Lyin' to her)
You couldn't even buy her the purse (Nah)
Everybody wanna flex on each other (Why?)
I just want some money for my mother (Damn)
This ain't no competition (Nah)
Please listen (Yeah)
Hold up, listen to me, right?
I was really in the kitchen, yeah
But I sing about bitches, yeah
'Cause I really know killas ('Cause I really know killas)
They are not like you at all
And I can tell it, yeah, I can smell it
I can see it in your eyes, boy, yeah
That's why I got respect, 'cause I ain't a fuckin' liar, boy (Nah)
Yeah, yeah, damn

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You ain't on the block, boy
Yeah, you got a Glock, boy
You hot, boy?
That ain't smart boy get your ass locked boy
And for what?
You're diggin' ya own grave
You're diggin' ya own grave, yeah