They be sayin' "best rapper alive", who? Kells, who you wanna know? I chop them motherfuckers down, they fallin' like Geronimo Haters wanna holler though, hoes need to stop it I will hit a bitch and pass her 'round the room like a Bop It Back to the topic, uhh I think forgot it Fuck it, I love talking 'bout my dick and how these riders jock it Fuck him, fuck him, she's cool, fuck you And if someone got a hater I'mma show 'em what to do Make sure you puttin four fingers down, keep one up Say if you ain't talkin bout no money please shut up Me, I'm on the come up, I don't know what you bout One million, two million, let me know how you count Yeah, nominated youngin' of the year I "red rover, red rover bring the money over here" Steer, make sure I remain in my lane But that's symbolic cause I'm really on a plane And I red rover, that's ironic because I don't play no games I don't pass the rock like Jay, I ain't fuckin' with you dames Only like what gets me paid, I ain't fuckin with you lames Already pale, where's the raise? I ain't fuckin with the shame I want the limelight, and the lime slice in my drink Chain and whip without the slave, and the bitch that stays paid At the bar buying shots, cherry bombs and grenades Cause I go hard, you can carve it on my grave Now wassup man I crave, travel side, first block, where you stay? All my people back at Shaker and my partners down the way Uptown to the Heights, St Clair to E.C An anywhere on the eastside you're liable to see me Boy I'm about to make a milli, but this not the C3 This 100 Words and Running, I am not Lil Weezy I am daddy to these hoes, fuck a lil pee pee So if it's you, or me, your girl make a choice, easy Uh, I'm spittin like I got my braces in, so much saliva my lower lip that I can't take it in So I gotta hawk it up, spit it on the microphone Family say I need rehab cause I can't leave the mic alone And for that I'm guilty, but until they kill me I'll be nasty in the sense that on this record I'll be filthy Not literally, I'm bacteria free, the flow is ill so Vaccinations given couldn't kill my skill "Chill, chill" how you gon tell me to chill doe? When I'm hot and being slept on like a pillow Better wake yo ass up when I'm on these instrumentals I'm the reason half of these rappers wives turn into widows The type of shit I been on, no toilet to sit on Need my quarterback even though I'm sittin in the endzone Filling all my rillos with the leaves off a willow And that's how I get down - straight up like a dildo, gone