

Courtside

Mark Battles

Yeah

(Yung 1, you a fool)

Haha

I'm back on my shit again, so you know the game is mine
Like the single file line, I make these niggas stay behind
You losers like a longboard, y'all was never made to grind
They really tried to block my shine
So now I have to raise the blinds
Ran when you heard the pressure, big dog, German Shepard
Streets showed me love, I've got the plugs like a surge protector
Been had the skill, and had the will but now we working better
Misery loves company so the haters can sit and hurt together
(Uh oh)
It's a Vossi summer
The rap game a fucking mess, infested with a lot of suckers
Imma fix this shit with confidence, I'm like a cocky plumber
Committed to the gang for life, so we know we got each other
Huh, I'm throwing three's like a shooting drill
But you don't want to ball with me, cause nigga I, I shoot for real
Twenty days sold out, and I ain't even scoop a deal
Fans connect and show respect, cause they know the truth is real
Usually on my humble shit, but fuck that y'all could suck a dick
Every bar is accurate, I aim to not let nothing miss
This rap game is wide open, and I'm bout to run with this
I already made my dreams come true, I don't need another wish
Who the fuck is this?

This how I feel in them summer nights
Lifetime, I always wanted something more
So many ideas but it wasn't right, court side you can see the score
Leg-locked like a figure four, figured I be moving in a little bit
Be the best and be the reason why my niggas always feelin' like they hood rich
Nice guy with a hood bitch, six shots fired of a full clip
they love it when I'm on my bullshit
Big mad, I'm a big problem, probably at a point of breaking out
Make me in the south, pussy good never leave the house
The elevation at it's highest peak, the mind sharp like it's lion's teeth
Mad dreams of what I wanna be but best believe you always see a higher me
Remember when they wouldn't hire me
And now they love me, probably would desire me
Yeah, the day and I'm fading, you expired, and when I see a shot I take it and I'm fired
My head in the clouds would you like to get a preview
This ain't what you want, if you do I don't believe you
Tryna make the band, making bands for my pleasure
Post that on the gram, I demand nothing less

Court side full time rappers
Rappin' they need more grind, I need more shine, I eat more
Treat the beat like it's a pork grind
Listen, Momma tour, I'm selling more so I ain't poor
I got the xannys hit the four, high, weed, and coke I made a store
Flow just like a shoreline, I see more dimes they for sure mine
I be sitting with my .45 dream I'm getting head in Porsche rides
All you rappers bored fly to the morgue I spit out more rhymes

I'm the source for all your scores like I'm Jordan and you're court side
Asian chick want more thai
That's another bitch I'm bored by
Fella fuck for like the fourth time
Smoke it off, that mean I'm more high
Bitch give me more head, all they pffft all on your forehead
Killed the beat, ain't none more dead
With that yeast, and count up more bread
Fuck the police force feds
They all brainwashed, they all force-fed
Now go when where the courts said
Off-roading getting road head
Gimme what you quoted, pockets skinny get me bloated
If it flip that mean it's sold, broke as shit these pants , fella

Fuckin' with this bad little bitch that never had a father
All she do is call me daddy, he don't have to bother
I finessed her with the game, I don't have to call her
You finessed with the your bands, boy you had to sprawl her
Used to whip, lock and rock, dish it all up
All this jiggas in my kitchen, tryna get the potluck (Uh)
Tits out, still stuntin', bad hoes still fuckin'
Pulled in, top down, backed up, still frontin'
Ah man, just in, this little nigga still got it
Hit your hoe way back when she a little bitch, still thot it
Still 'bout it and you read 'bout it
Still got an Audemar, Rollie, Patek time I can still kill
Maybe its a couple seconds I can kill out it
I don't got no time for it, I ain't got no rhyme for it
I can do a whole hook on a beat, I don't even need a line for it
I don't even need a verse for it, I don't even need a verse for it
Come in singin' one time (ahhhh), motherfucker, that's a hearse for it
Niggas wanna make boss moves but don't ever wanna work for it
I got hoes that'll work for it, I got hoes that'll twerk for it
I got hoes that'll fuck the whole 50 nights on a world tour for it
I got hoes want make moves, I got hoes that'll do things
Hit your face like Liu Kang, bitch I'm hot like blue flames
White and red with the blue veins, niggas talkin' ain't a new thing
I got bitches havin' mood swings, 'bout to buy them bitches mood rings
Ahh, see this is serious
Bitches delirious, nigga I'm serious
This shit is ridiculous
I'm sick of all of you bitches with syphilis

Every bad hoe that I play with, I treat them so unfairly
Give them some magic, so change my name to Harry
I've been a savage since, like I was born
If we beef, ain't no challenge, I, kinda like that morgue
In my mind I got some real shit, my medicine it may vary
I'll stay on my shit, I don't give a fuck who staring
Oh, now you big mad well, this shit like war
So I'll still knock your teeth out like my name is the tooth fairy (On god)
I wanna star
Yeah, that shit comes in, I Milly Rock
Yeah, I just checked the temp to see what I got
The thermostat is way too hot
I made the track, I'm in my bag
I promised this, I told you that
Oh, you want a piece of this, yo battles can you hold me back
Making this look easy, like you put this boy on any track
And oh that girl she played me now the music made her heart attached
Drop dead like a heart attack
Nah, nah, nah, nah don't do that

Drop back like a quarterback
Take a shot, and maybe I might the cash