

ALL THAT

Marlon Craft

Yeah

You should shut the fuck up when you talk to me
Human probablies, lil' ego monopolies
All they care about's possession, walkin' apostrophes
Trust me, they try, can't no one alive copy me
Hate a friend that when I try deposit my truth, they just always try withdra
w from me
You could catch me, wait
No, you could never catch me, open, Klay, never pass me
Bitch, I could walk in Heaven sassy, for real
Apologies, you rappers is too posh for me
All you look like dinosaurs, Chris Bosh to me
All hard and stuck all in your ways like a fossil be, shit
They don't make clean versions for dirty laundry
Diehard Knicks fan but support the Warriors closetly
Don't tell my people
Wet wife beater, y'all do see-through
Derek Jeter of the Neumann microphone
I'm really outside, y'all type of clones type of home
I man up even when I'm in this type of fuckin' zone
I'm type prone to type a poem, type to own all the shit I'm typin'
So get the fuck out my face

My mama always tell me, "Don't talk like that"
I be like, "Mom, it's how I've walked like that"
If I don't gas me up, who gon' got my back?
She said, "Fuck it, baby, talk your smack"
Bitch, I'm all that
Fuck your bag of chips
Bitch, I'm all that
Fuck your bag of chips

Okay, okay
This beat sound like reasonable doubt
Puttin' pressure on the game 'til I'm squeezin' you out (Yeah)
Say a prayer, grab the polie, then I'm leavin' the house
Been broken, been poor, now it's evenin' out (Now we up)
That's why it's fuck your bag of chips (Yeah), don't get your garbage split
Bitch, I'm all that (Ah), sorta like a asterisk (Woo)
Yo, Marlon, we craftin' a classic
Went out of town with the sound and came back with a package (Skrtrt)
Rhyme pattern sick (Sick), I reside by the strip (Strip)
All eyes on my 'fit ('Fit), y'all guys don't exist (Uh-uh)
Major distribution, got 'em playin' this in Houston (Yeah, what?)
Rap's free, I'm just chargin' for my labor that I'm usin' (Ooh)
Switch routes, what's a drought? (Yeah) Smoking good at my house
Eat while I sleep while you thirst for the clout (Aha)
Delgado, I'm a Backwood spokesman (Yeah)
When you coughin' up a lung, brodie, that's good smokin', woah

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