

BLUFFIN

Marlon Craft

I'm from where we tell you "suck a dick and take it personal"
Clown you if you take it personal
Why you cryin'? Keep yo head high
Ain't no bitch in my tone, said they ring [?]
They just live on they phone, boy you big wash
I ain't hearin' y'all a decibel
Fuck if you offended and my defense is impregnable
Way my soul be cookin', all my demons got be edible
Difference between me and them is all my threats are credible
I ain't lied on a word, they be crownin' with nouns, I be countin' the verbs
I been poundin' the ground just to quiet the sounds with the blindness preferred
I'm alright with a vice, you be hidin' in yours
How you livin' in pride when your life isn't yours?
We don't feel your intro, it's an outro, my guy
You only a gangster when you have some wif
I ain't never sweat a hoe
I ain't startin' witchu dudes
Moms, pardon me, I'm rude but they ain't fuckin wit me

Why they always tryin me?
Why they cryin' to me? No, no, no
They don't want no part of me
Don't got heart like me

Fuck that
Where your lunch at?
Ima eat that
Feedback, we don't need that
You could keep that bullshit
You could talk that, don't believe that
If I said I lived that, then I breathed that
Don't want hear your sob songs, shut the fuck up
Clickbait, fuck it raw-dog, shoot the cover
Bird shit, you ain't fly though, you just duck us
Call me what you want bitch, I'ma call you bluffin'

Oh Lord
They been avoidin' standin next to me for so long
It's gettin inescapable they tryna hold on
They put their money where we see it but got no cause
I just am who I is so I brought the homies, made my company my company (copy
)
Bout to take us all from dollar slice to luxury (watch me)
They say it's a vibe, I just call it fuckery (copy)
Ain't the first Marlon to be witnessing puppetry
Godfather, Brando flows the handles prose
It's A.I. meets Baldwin meets Bernie Sanders' nose
I'm damned, I don't, I do, they slander, throw shade
Demand I'm froze, I stand
I won't cower to a coward tryna disparage him
They could call me cocky but I'm finally breathin' air again
It's time to pay the fare again
You muhfuckas pussy, wouldn't dare to win
Hold a mirror to 'em, watch 'em perish from the fear of it
It's Craft, hoe

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