

Ego Intervention

Merkules

Rule number one:

Don't say you're the best rapper in the genre, when you're not even the rapper in the room

Aight

Thanks for the invite

Someone should have told you

This is global domination

You're a self-proclaimed snitch out here recording conversations

I'm the doctor with the scalpel

This' an open operation

So, now, that I'm in charge, we all know you're not gon' make it

Look

You been doing so much speed that you can't hold a conversation

And this Uzi got a drum in case you homies want a facelift

Cut out that light bulb that you've been smoking off

While making Instagram stories acting like you're Mozart in your basement

Shut the fuck up

Can someone please confiscate his phone?

You're in your own world

Your closest neighbors blocks away from home

So, you're getting high alone like:

"Fuck. I gotta make a post."

In your front yard tweaking while you watch and wait for drones

Look

I hate to judge addiction

I got vices as well

See, the difference is you're also fucking high on yourself

Your name's "Upchurch", but I'll be sending Ryan to hell

You're so delusional now

You believe the lies that you tell

First, it's Adam, then it's Jelly

What the fuck did you expose?

Besides the fact that you're a rat inside the comfort of your home

We can see the residue from all that dust that's in your nose

Watch me punch you off your throne once these knuckles hit your dome

Upchurch. Bro, the only thing that's up is your heart rate

From smoking all the meth and tryna front like you're Scarface

If it's beef, then I'll show this cocksucker the hard way

Fuck your security. I'll show up broad day

In driveway

Like "Hi, Ryan!"

What up, Church. Let's be honest

Are you sure that you can handle what you started?

I'm invested. This snitch is getting disrespected

Welcome to your ego intervention

What up, Church. Let's be honest

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So, now, you're just a shell of a human
You're fucking punk
I promise: no one had to tell me to do this
Yo, JustTrae. Don't let this fucking lame sell you a blueprint
He's gonna use you and disguise it like he's helping your music

Look at him withering away
He's fucking broken and shattered
Let me guess: you got some weight jokes?
We've both gotten fatter
You're in a onesie with your titties out posing for cameras
Plus: I'm Canadian. So, I'm the only hoser that matter

You got nobody now
Take a long look around
Pushing friends away instead of trash songs you put out
While he's locked in his house with his dog on the couch
In the studio like: "That's what I'm talking about."

A sharp shooter. A true assassin while doing wapping
Bullets flew right past him and killed him before he knew what happened
You're conniving womanizing little weasel. You're done
You're straight pussy. Probably bleed once a month
Keep it a buck. Come on

What up, Church. Let's be honest
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What up, Church. Let's be honest
Are you sure that you can handle what you started?
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That's the thing I'll never understand about you, man
It's like you push literally everybody out your life and then act like every
one else is out to get you
You think you'd reach a point
Where you take a look around
Ask yourself if maybe you're the problem
You thrive on creating this chaos in your life just to, like, distract you f
rom the fact that you're frail and broken inside
You push all those problems away and refuse to admit they exist because you'
re too much of a coward and not man enough to do the work and fix that shit
It just get pretty lonely in that big house. All alone, waving "Hi" to your
security at your gate every day who keeps you safe from all the people you c
onstantly disrespect for no reason
You can only hide behind that false ego for so long, man
This isn't a diss track. This is a therapy session

Welcome to your intervention
You're welcome