Stop sweating me Y'all know I got the recipe Goonies is on the left of me Ready to let it squeeze Fuck my enemies Ain't nobody ahead of me Better be with this shit or get hit til its hard to breath I'm a menace to society now, high in the clouds Driving around and I'm eye'n em down They on the left of me, the right of me They even in front I breath in this blunt I'm a heathen eating people for lunch Fall asleep at the wheel Easy after eating these drugs Put the keys in the truck and ghost ride with Biebs in the trunk They stick around and the police show up to clean up the blood And when they do I just start screaming while I feed em with slugs My arrogance is apparent Parents don't like Merk They know if their daughter hears him They scared that she might twerk My shits so fucking cold that I'm carrying ice bergs And you fairies is like worse so just spare me them nice words It's Merk

Fuck y'all I'm havin' fun right now
I got em mad, I'm number one right now
I see they scared of me, well I'd be too
They cryin' cause its obvious that I'm that dude

I'm that dude with the tattoos and the gnarly scars Party hard like its Mardi Gras screaming hardy-har I get wasted, bitches say I got a beach body Same diet plan as iron man, I eat broccoli Who am I kidding man I dip it in gravy Sipping liquor, kissing bitches, in a vintage Mercedes Thinkin I'm Jay-Z, difference is my shit isn't mainstream And I won't collab with Iggy Even if Iggy paid me I keep it underground When the Thunder pound It break your skull I'll punch you dead in the face, homie So make the call You rappers acting like faggots You tryina place a call I'm rollin' right up in that bank, and then I take it all All I got is rap and I'm sick of taking the bottles back I ain't flossing stacks I'm workin' while they all popin' tags I'd rather rap about my feelings than a Prada bag It's all a drag, an insomniac with an awful past

Fuck y'all I'm havin' fun right now
I got em mad, I'm number one right now
I see they scared of me, well I'd be too