

## Too Funny

Merkules

But I forgot how to rap, right? (Hahahaha)  
Yeah I came up from the bottom, I ain't arose from the ashes  
Now I'm on my throne with a glass full of Absynthe  
So do the math half these rappers are has beens  
And I'm so in the future that this track's in the past tense

Figure it out, I'm the illest spitter without a doubt  
I came to kill these limp kids for they clout  
Gimmie it now, BOOM, BOW catch my fist in ya mouth  
I hear ya momma yellin' out now like "GET IN THE HOUSE"  
I dropped a song last week they said I'm singin' too much  
Like "we want bars not hooks Merk"  
Well get off my nuts  
I don't show up at ya work and tell you how to do ya job  
So fuck off and play my old shit and I'll do what I want  
I don't only make music for you pissed of teens  
So get lost please, I'll knock you out ya ripped up jeans  
This is real life, you ain't seen the shit I've seen  
I'll fuck around and let a clip off and hit y'all geeks  
I'm on a whole 'notha wave length, been raw since the 8th grade  
A bald white, drunk Biggie Smalls wit a AK  
I find it ironic that they hatin' on me  
'Cause I'm the one who taught 'em everything they basically me

I've been to myself  
Homie, I don't wanna talk  
I don't wanna fuck around and have to get involved  
Cause at the end of the day, all these rappers are my kids  
Bitin' on my old shit and claimin' that it's theirs  
Man, it's just too funny (Man, it's just too funny)  
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Fuck outta here!

I heard it's all, you can't eat, somebody make me a plate  
I ain't gonna hate, but you're soft as Drake on the day  
I know they really wanna bars and they said bars what they need  
So let me spit some bars, I hope my bars up the speed, look  
Cataclysmic, eatin' rapper like a pack full of timpats  
I'm flabbergasted that you can't see 'em twisted  
I laugh at these bitches that hit you with a glass that I'm sippin' from  
If it's beef I'm known to get up in that ass like animas post  
Hahaha, holy shit, he can rap still  
I'm fire, play this song at your crib and they will raise your gas bill  
Your rap name Kardashian tities cause you're not that real  
I'm spazzing having tensions causing headache, I can't chill  
Quit staring at me, this shit is C-Lance fault  
I've tried to quit and came back cause I had beat withdrawals  
And then he popped through me e-mail with these beats on call  
I called him up like "Let me get a free beat, dawg"  
Well, I'm giant while they're lying only three feet tall  
Embarrass kid with his parents, I can't be seen with y'all  
You ain't a hustler when you're working at a kiosk, ha  
It's for my homies doin' time  
I'm yelling "FREE MY SQUAD"  
It's fuck anybody but us, my chest out like whaddup

A C-Lance sample, you need it, I'll get you cut up  
It's Stompedown Killaz, all 2018  
You can steal my style but you nothing like me

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