

G Lollipops

Murs

Gangsta ass lollipops
Your bitch got a sweet tooth

I make art, y'all niggas make hits
I make music from the heart and what you make is shit
Softer than the couch, step up, get knocked out
Poppin' bottles in the club, I'm just chillin' at the house
Playin' war games with 4 dames in your name
Don't get high, stay fly and inside your lane
Tame as a derriere but it gets scarier
When you try to test the best in your area
Aerial attacks and burials and wax
Like an Annabelle tale, but scarier in fact
Where the rappers at? Where the rappers at?
They told me real rap is dead, I had to laugh at that
How is it dead if Wu-Tang's Forever?
Better than the worst but Murs is still better
The Leroy and Bruce, I deployed the troops
The devil is a liar but these boys the truth

Gangsta ass lollipops
Your bitch got a sweet tooth

Okay I gave her a cavity, you hate that it had to be
Regal Rhymesayer, Mister Laver, your majesty
Lettin' my nuts hang like Tiffany had his weave
While y'all toss salad, anything for a salary
You call it a triumph, I call it a tragedy
Casually I turn competition to casualties
Converse with my rollo, I call him Murcielago
One thing I'm certain if it hurtin' 'em I know
I'm an introvert, a street kid, was never into Vert
I'd rather pen a verse, some call it audacity
Where did he get the nerve, usin' no blackberry
Nigga, you gettin' curved by labels and hoes
Layaway on your clothes, another day I suppose
You portrayin' a rose, I would say you a troll
And it's takin' his toll by the way human go
I can't give a F-U-C-K what he sold
It's Fash

Gangsta ass lollipops
Your bitch got a sweet tooth

I'm in the 4-door Ford escort
With 4 escorts with high test scores
Indoor dro grown next door
In class with them hickey neck sores
That's too much sauce, that's too much sauce
Had to turn to Pookie, "Baby, that's too much sauce"
As far as I'm concerned, I don't fuck with the list price
Rappers these days ain't been in a fist fight
You never know homie, I could be a fraud
This atheist chick I'm fuckin', she treat me like a god
I'm poppin' pills in the VIP all day
I'm an industry plant, I'm just playin' the long game
Bitch never wrote a rhyme in my life

And after the club, I'm gonna break your wife's hymen tonight
Shout a couple dudes for a career in rap
Turn up, turn up, fleek, fleek, bruh how real was that?
Pookie

Gangsta ass lollipops
Your bitch got a sweet tooth