

Intro

Nasty C

Wait a minute
Hold up, brake pads
Smoking on that loud
And all that loud is loud enough to break glass
Smoke at registration
Probably sober at 8th class
Middle finger to my opposition and your hating ass

I say
Fuck what's in your pockets
That shit don't define me
I am far from human, stupid Google can't describe me
I'm probably the realest here
But y'all rap niggas ain't hearing that
But if you drop this here - you might fuck around and get an ear tan hoe
Where you heard that?
No nobody said it
I'm the type of nigga get drove by the chemist
So angelic but the soul kinda hellish
So dope with the freestyle - low I can sell it
And my hand on the mic like feel Jackson
Beat it up nah Phil like Blacksun
Fuck high school, I mean it fuck high school
With a gold chain on screaming, "No Flex Zone"
I met a girl named Sam (girl named Sam)
And I fell inlove with a girl named Sam
Yeah I had to rub it in like bird mans hands
One hunnid, high life, stay puffing, dry ice
And it don't love it, they can die twice
I've seen the afterlife
I took a peak shit still don't change
Y'all still got a penis appetite
Bitch nigga, you ain't acting right
You ain't rapping right?
And peer pressure almost had a young nigga straight blasting pipes
You gotta know which hand can't take the strife
To make a sacrifice
My nigga you can't practice life
I'm Price City Tom even said it
My whole life rests in the palms of the fetish
Grab it it out the hat, magic shit
Dab it out the ass for this rapping shit
And then write a rhyme instead of studying for my exam shit
Dumb nigga, dumb nigga