

Two Faced

Ollie

(Aye, yeah, aye, yeah)
(More than music)
(Aye, yeah, aye, yeah)
(Aye, yeah, aye, yeah)

Everybody wanna talk now
Kinda funny that we sittin' on the top now
Got a problem these days can't calm down
Gettin' sick of all these rappers in my hometown
They just wanna blow loud
I don't really get it
Nah
And we are not friends boy, get off my dick
Begging for feature in my DM's while you go on tryna copy my shit
Feelin' like a new me, and it's my time
New level I'm focused up on the rap grind
So you know, I've been writing all of the best lines
I can give two fucks bout a co-sign
Or the rain drop or the drop top or whatever, God damn, can y'all rappers just please stop
When did mumbling about a bunch of bitches or a car or your chain become a part of this hip hop?
When it's all fake, you ain't even get plays
Label paying for it all
Welcome to the new wave
It's a new day
I'm just takin' everything, people always told me I wouldn't
Well, think again!
We gettin' sick of it
Everybody been spittin' it
Mumble over words like your mouth has got a dick in it
Like "Oh my
Stumbled on the gold mine
I'm just gonna go in tryna make this shit all mine, ah"
I feel like the greatest
And I know every other rapper probably play in my latest
Like how did he make this
I really fucking wanted to hate this
And man he's taking all our fans, pretty soon he'll be famous
And I don't think that it's fair
But really you don't compare
Just look in the mirror
You saying shit that we don't care
You rap dummies never get it that's why you ain't here
Stop debating who the best when the answer is clear
That's real

I'm just on a new wave
They all said I couldn't be shit
I won't let em waste my time
I can see right through their two faces

Told me I was a joke
Now look at what happened
Everybody back home they were secretly laughing
Now when I roll through, everybody asking for a picture, to follow them on t witter, but I don't feel like chatting

I fell in love with this rapping
And I won't ever go back
And to my old friends, you can go suck on my sack
You stuck in the past
Mad cause I'm spittin' the facts
Well wah wah little bitch, high school don't last
I'm goin' up right now
Feeling like I own this town
I just touched down with the whole team
Fake people showing love right now
Man, it's getting pretty hard to believe
I hate what I see
Rap now is all about pussy and weed
Or girls on their knees
Or talking bout how "I'm so g"
Well, that's cool, cause I'm killin' all you wack mc's
Bunch a temporary rappers here for the day
Here for the pay
Just to go and blow it away
I'm taking your place
Wish you'd see the look on your face
And to my ex-girl, tell me now who got played?
Or who got game?
Everybody knowing my name
I'll do it again
Talk about the money and fame
But God damn, it's too fake, goin' insane
Losing my brain
Thinkin' 'bout the shit that you claim
Like woo!
Back of the bar screaming out "I'm not sorry"
While all the girls in the front takin' shots of bacardi
Saying "best night ever" while I'm sayin' hardly
Got bigger things now
I ain't care about you
I'm talking the truth
What the fuck you rappers gon' do
I'm slayin' the booth
Soon to be stages too
And I'm the best 'round here, hope you gettin' the clue
God damn

I'm just on a new wave
They all said I couldn't be shit
I won't let em waste my time
I can see right through their two faces

Two faced, two faced
Show the real you when the spotlights on
Go behind my back tryna do me wrong
Don't apologize now that shit is long gone
I can see right through your two faces
Two faced, two faced
Show the real you when the spotlights on
Go behind my back tryna do me wrong
Don't apologize now that shit is long gone
I can see right through your two faces