

I could never switch but the blade do  
Why the fuck you think that I hate you?  
I could never give a fuck about a fake bitch  
On the internet throwing shade quick  
You sit behind the keys, can't get in  
'Cause all your friend whack, never went in  
I don't waste my time making fake friends  
Half these rappers just playing pretend  
The other half, I can't really see them  
And honestly I'd just hate to be 'em  
They sloppy jocking, they hear and copy  
Not talking styles, I'm talking content  
Flexing hard but got empty wallets  
Talking guns but ain't never copped 'em  
Copping guns but ain't shot a bullet  
You say you bang but you never pull it

So what the fuck is all the fuss about?  
We pull up on the scene and all the hypebeast gon' start runnin  
g out  
Bitch, I don't rep the fucking underground  
If you fuck around with me, half-  
hearted demons will surround you

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