

Beastmode

PHresher

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Shawty pop that pussy for a real real nigga
You be like I bet she won't, I bet she will-will nigga
Been in mansions, know the curtains Tommy Hil-Hilfiger
Damn my head so fuckin' big she call it Lil Bill nigga, shit
I just did a song with Eminem, you chewing M&M's
Heavy trap, they like him again, crazy riddlin'
Shotgun, it's a ten again, I got ten of them
Spice Girls, call off cinnamon, that's a synonym
All my bitches got that fatty and they all know who they daddy
My team winning check the tally, flyin' low, that's who the laddy
You's a ratta-tatta-tally, workin' for the federales
You want beef I call up Patty, that's my little automatic
If you snitching over there you gon' get stitches over here
Don't be blockin' like Ibaka, don't be blockin' like Odell
Hell no we cannot kick it, ain't no soccer over here
Let me put my heart in like a rocket over here, lil bitch

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Bucktown boy with the bustdown
Rollie on my wrist, flip a couple million bucks now
Last year I spent a hundred racks on my wardrobe
Gotta stay sharp, this my King Arthur sword flow
Off with they legs, this that off with they head rap
If you roll the dice with me, probably get your head cracked
Keep the toaster on 'em so you never get your bread back
On my Brooklyn bully manners, where I rest my head at
Fuck these niggas talking 'bout I'm lacking them bars?
A nigga got too high, started shooting the stars
Coming for this rap game, practicing my aim
Who got a issue with this view, I could blow your brains, blah
Uh, I'm tryna eat right now
Standout nigga but need a seat right now
Say I can't bear to find no peace right now
My nigga PHresher, this time unleash the beast right now

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I got, for that bread I go ape shit
Yeah, banana clip, yellow tape shit
Headed to that bread, I be racing
And I still pour zay with them Hatians
Beasting, fresh up out the precinct
Balling with no defense, that's when it keep increasing
Food on the table and my dogs keep on eating
Swag to the max nigga, fuck looking decent
Yeah, I said bitch I need everything
I need cash, cars, clothes, and a wedding ring
But I ain't tryna get married to no bitch though
I'm tryna drive fancy cars and get rich ho
PHresher, holler if you need a shooter (I'm a shooter)
In these streets you gotta know how to maneuver
I'm cashing out, call it Judas
Oh he the plug? That boy foolish (that boy a fool), gang

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