

# 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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