W.O.W.

PRhyme

Put the rap game on a crunch
Blow the spot without warning
You get no chance to back down
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Hop off my Harley Davidson looking like I just got hit with the cool stick
Sherry red boots, cigarette lit and aggravated
How come it's to this dirt road moonshine trailer trash trooper
Every day a party happy belated
If you smoking marijuana with your mama at 12
Then we either related or related in jail
Street thangs, stealing Honda's for the major gains
Hopefully yall means little sister will give me brains
That's street cred for the uncredible nobody
Am I Bon Jovi looking like bitches so got it
Loud it, Catfish Billy get stoked shawty
And I shined up the bowties up that box body
And Alabama knows it
Travel the world with my slangs some of them don't get the slang but Alabama knows it
I'm sweaty funk humility punks fish hook on the hat
Dirty little then we float back lips chapped
I'm country hard

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Ain't nobody fresher than em and def with more pressure than em
Never mess with niggas whos image is skinny stretchy denim
Just remember everyone who with me winners, everyone who with you dinner
Bitches with you quick as Brucie Chrissy Jenner
Chrome rims on a whip just to shine on niggas
Black tires to look white, Tyrone Biggums
Giving out turkeys on Thanksgiving like Nina Whittis
We even passing out TVs like Wendy Williams
All I know is that I'm the wild child
Yall don't want no smoke with these bars
All yall niggas know is yall SoundCloud
Hypothetically say I'm pissed, I would definitely AR grip, i would definitely spray yall whip
If yall expecting me to hesitate to shoot this bitch, then yall are definitely in the playoffs with J.R. Smith
I would definitely put my hand in your pocket but not the way you want
I put your whole family in boxes like yall the Brady Bunch

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I go bananas, too miraculous to react to mortal mammals
Cooking crack in my new velour pajamas
Getting back to my roots rap where I stored em hammers
Lord of Grammar, my IQ's my actual portal panel
My IP address is my dressers drawer, I ain't stressing unless its war
I ain't said shit unless it's more, I bet you you'll die less than my irons
legend for regretting gore
Ghostwriter in the driven snow and its headed north
Looking like it's for the seven floors, flows are metaphors
Buried skulls all over the globe like a Stegosaurus
My rifle kick back when it get blazed in the sky
I'm a classic I get dressed plain with women on
Don't do some shit to get your wifey kidnapped
Have you on twitter begging for your bitch back like Sage Gemini
Why these niggas getting their hair dyed and they nails polished
I'm like Biggie and Pac trapped inside of Big L's body

Rhymes I create a knock out ya gold tooth
Battling me is like fightin' a gorilla in a phone booth
I wreck mics and drop the cool speeches
Nowadays rappers think they motherfuckin' schoolteachers

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