

No, Chris, I don't want to battle you
But this is just some shit I had to do
These bars gonna make you go off to the beach
With a camera, saying, "Let's be having you"
Went down the wrong road, wrong avenue
I really wish I wasn't mad at you
You're gonna pretend that you're above me
But you're getting sick from the altitude
See me on the mic, and you're like, "Really, bro?"
Well then, maybe you shouldn't have took my video
I really wish that I could diss you and then say I didn't
'Cause your school about to go expose you for the plagiarism
Pay attention, go and put your headphones on, I'll make you listen
You should be arrested for this shit and you should stay in prison
And you said that we would wager and then play, but didn't
Made me feel ashamed there was no profit, like it's Atheism
Crushed my soul once? I'm like, "Let it be
Dissing you would be a waste of my energy"
But then I saw you did this, I was pissed
Opportunity I really couldn't miss, like your penalties
I guess this turned us into enemies
Maybe not, but I'm really getting more pissed
When I'm done with this verse
You gon' look roughed up, even worse than the fortress
So small on the pitch, I got to look for you
I got to serve you up, but I won't cook for you
"Thrills, Skills and Molehills"
Yeah, I really got more bars than the person that wrote your book for you
So I'ma let you go, better run, bro
'Cause right now, you be acting like a dumbo
I only go off like this a few times a year
Sorta like your uploads