

Another Complaint, But...

Rilès

Tchak tchak, motherfuckers don't you know
I'm the only, only one who knows
I came in this book of shame
I ain't talking Fifty Shades
But this rap game where I whip them all
Talking 'bout that we're banging our head on walls
But we still ain't got no coins
No Mario, merrier we bros!
Everytime I spit a rhyme, Rilès convicted for crime
'Cause I murder all of these niggas
And you say you're a genius, the chosen of the chosen
Like a thousand other postulants
You say you're a lyricist, you're just blowing your penis
Got no bills but I got bars and balls
To kill every fakers, pretending to be seers
They might see that imma scare their soul
And imma sow their scars, already see them sob
Motherfuckers don't you know I'm on?

Damn another basic complaint about how these rappers suck
I'm praising myself but self-conscious I run, I run, I run
Where this shit is going? I don't know but in my mouth a gun
I still murder my pray, Rilès in iron, iron, iron!

I don't know where this shit is going, hun hun
I don't know that I'm not the only one

I ain't got no money, plus I ain't got none of your contact
I ain't got no priviledge, I am not white and neither black
I am just a frech-ass motherfuck - I wan't some payback
Look at the work I did you see how many people give a fuck
A fuck, a fuck, they don't give a fuck, they don't give a fuuuuck

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I don't know where this shit is going, hun
I don't know that I'm not the only oooooone
I wanna taste the cake, I wanna snatch the game
Freestylin' with style and your blind and I'm more than insane
We all starving for fame, to end up like Cobain
When I don't talk to them, I'm making too much gains
My mind's free, my time not
I ain't got time for games
I'm hating everybody, why?
I mean, I can explain
I see too many spoon-feed niggas proliferating
This ain't a fucking competition
If you got no team to wash your ass
I really wonder what you'd be doing
But I'm blaming the industry for being caught in the trend, you know..
You know what I'm saying?

You know what I'm talking 'bout?
I ain't got no plays on my songs
I ain't got no views on my videos
But I still fuck these niggas, fuck that!

(I don't know where this shit is going, hun hun
I don't know that I'm not the only one...)
"I really don't know..
But I am the only one"
"Whaaaaat? Wha.. wh.. what? Listen.. listen
You think you're the only one?
You really think you're the only one man?
Naaaaaah fuck that! You a bitch-nigga!"
"I know there's too many sharks in this game,
But imma be careful, imma sweep everybody else that's gonna be on my way..
Ouh! And imma kill all these motherfuckers."