

Different Breed

Rittz

Ol' ho ass
Bitch...

Uh, it's embarrassing watching people go out back
Want to fight, I'ma sucker punch you, I ain't trying to go out back
Flow so outdated you be slippin' off shit like an old mouse pad
Run around like an old grouch bag
When you see me don't speak like a No Doubt track
Shhh, quiet motherfucker
I don't recognize you 'cause we only met once
Even if we met twice on a night when I wasn't that drunk
I still don't recall what the fuck your name was
What I look like, bitch?
Teacher calling out names in a homeroom class? Hell nah
Hear my speakers straight bang in an old school 'Lac
Think everybody lame like white boys tryna bring boat shoes back
Motherfuckers who carry guns, knowing damn well that they won't shoot back
But you look cool though, just kidding, no you don't, douchebag
But if I was cool as you I would go into a new car dealership and shoot up t
he showroom glass
Like a badass would
Scream like you want a bitch, scream like you have bad blood
Like a badass does
Take a picture with your gun, post it up, sayin' #thug
Go and tat that up
Yo, homie what's the deal with this bond? Getting backpack love
Let my cash stack up like the checks so my ass cap her
When I smack all these whack rappers tryna be like me

Homie, I'm a whole different breed
In a whole different league
Look at you and show disbelief 'cause I can see your ho tendencies
Shut your ho ass up
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Shut your ho ass up
Talk about your money, what you've done and where you're from
To me it don't add up, you ain't all that good
Homie, I'm a whole different breed
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Think you're dope, I'm like, oh, that sucks
See your music and I go crack up, ol' stupid motherfucker

Hate to see your DM on my IG feed
Just 'cause I replied one time doesn't mean that you're my GP
Sendin' links to your song, but you're biting Tech N9ne, copy ICP
You're the opposite, lame-ass white boy dropping N bombs
Who the fuck are you, the white Chief Keef?
Need to stop that shit (ol' white ass boy)
I don't give a fuck if you got Pit Bulls
Saying where you get your work done?
I don't want to talk tattoos

I'm distracted, staring at your knockoff shoes
What the fuck are those? Chinese Jays?
Saying one day you gonna finally sign with Strange
Hate to rain on your parade, but I got bad news
You ain't never gonna make it, and it's better that you face it
You ain't never made dope songs
You gon' feel dumb in the end, like the millions of Americans that said "Vote Trump"
Man, I still can't believe he won
Fuck paper, he gon' make it rain those bombs
And I'm sick of politics like chicks postin' pics with the Snapchat filter of puppy dog ears and a rainbow tongue
Flower crown on your head, make your eyes look pretty, lookin' shitty with no make-up on
Really got some little titties, but you tricked us 'cause you had a bunch of padding in an A-cup bra
You the type to fall in love, tongue kiss 'em after they suck off
A bus full of dudes after they fuck raw
Online they compare me to the same fuck boys, really they subpar

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I can't listen to your shit no more, 'cause when I do I get so bored
When I feel it boomin', it hits so hard
Like when Lennox Lewis and Klitschko fought
Got a Famous hoody, some retro 4s
Some expensive jewelry, a disco ball
On my trigger finger, a missile launch
'Bout to happen any second it's an intro for verse three
Curse me and you'll be verially assaulted
Fire's bitter, try me, end up burning and engulfed
In a ball of flames, hall of fame nominee
I should be twice as big, kill 'em like the villain in a Saw film
Home of the Braves and the Falcons and the Hearts fans
I'm as calm as croc in a swamp land
Waiting in the water for my prey like I'm Jaws
Tryna to bait me and fall in, you gon' see a shark's fin
Starvin' like I'm sleeping on a park bench
Spit bars, serving rappers like I bartend
Start shit, you gon' need an RN
Superman blending in like I'm Clark Kent
Fuck how big your bark is, you ain't got the heart
Better sharpen your skills, I'm a killer, you a marked man
When it's all said and done, you'll be burned to a crisp
Smokin', I can smell the cartilage and charred skin
Set 'em on fire

Used to have it up high now look how low the bar been
Look how many off brand rappers put they palm print on it
'Cause they shinin' for a moment
They go broke and then they starve, damn
Selling dope in their apartment
Now we toast champagne, open up the caviar can
Blowing money in department stores
Got diamonds in my ring, got diamonds in my watch band
God damn

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