

## Dig Deeper

Rittz

Bitch, I'm back and I'm better  
Comin' harder than y'all  
Only a few as dope as me  
Don't know many artists at all  
Come take your spot and your property  
Fuck a larceny charge  
Ran through the music biz like a bull inside of a Pottery Barn  
Gotta be calm cause these robbers will shoot your legs up  
Now you can't run away  
Gotta lay there beggin', time to pay up  
You wanna come try me  
I will kindly show you what I'm made of  
Let me by, I'm on my way up  
Did a line and squeezed the lime on my Cerveza  
Wait a minute, they had me boxed in  
The rappers boxin', I'm Tyson Fury  
I'll drop his ass and I got the cash to fight with my attorney  
The fire burnin', the tree is purple like a Vikings jersey  
My bitch is workin', her pussy spicy like rice and curry  
Sometimes it's hard to find the word  
And bitch excuse my language  
Don't group my name with other rappers  
Fuck how you would rank us  
I wasn't raised round country music singers  
In my crew never threw no gangs up  
Only use they fingers pullin' triggers, ya-uh yeah

Looks I go bananas like Joe Bonanno  
Drink Cuervo, go no Moscato  
These hoes love my whole bravado  
I'm thinkin' she's ready  
She gotta work in the parking lot  
She the hostess at Old Chicago  
She blow me while I ate a plate of pizza spaghetti  
I put my feet in Giuseppe's  
The skinny jeans wasn't stretchy enough  
To fit all the bread I had  
Felt like I sat on a telephone book  
This wax is from Washington State  
Cigars from Nicaragua  
Freshwater lobster from Maine  
I get 'em shipped to Georgia  
Wait a minute  
What you thought a fire would cease?  
Nah, that's unlikely  
Plus I like when I inspire MCs  
So give it up quick  
Write your retirement speech  
And Nawf can rhyme when he please  
Made so much money on gas  
He like a modern day Michael Franzese  
I was out in Vegas with homie  
Danny and Rios was fightin'  
We hit a lay  
I spent the day off on Rodeo with Chryslers  
Chillin' backstage at the Kimmel show  
Eatin' waffles at Roscoe's

I don't got my name on the Walk of Fame  
But I ain't shocked that it's not though, uh yeah uh yeah

Don't try me that don't work, that's the word  
If you haven't, you'll have to learn  
On a Tab and a half a Perc  
The ambassador of the GCG  
And you just an actor like William Shatner as Captain Kirk  
Crack a smirk, put the cash reserve under the Mattress Firm you Sleepy Sleep  
Been wakin' all the haters on our Jeep  
Ain't got time to read  
We tracin' your location, y'all should leave  
R-I, R-I, R-I-P  
Y'all tweakin', y'all on Speed? Y'all think you're Keanu Reeves  
Life like a movie we been shooting all day on and off the screen  
Better get an Oscar or an Emmy  
Y'all really thought I'd stop because I got that tarnished image  
Too much alcohol and Xanax  
Tryna prevent it knows  
The North is not as friendly  
As you thought  
They jack your car just cause your Charger got a Hemi  
C-M-T done a one man show  
Anybody comin' at me [?]  
And they breathin' the contact smoke  
Follow me on the street in a combat zone  
With a white flag  
More lines than a flight path  
I smash through the block, I ain't talkin' about Mine Craft  
It's not a game when I struck your name  
Hit 'em with the body paint  
I don't even bat and eye lash