

# Dork Rap

Rittz

Shit, it's 4:44 and I'm talking on my money phone  
I've been stuntin' on 'em all summer long  
Your money gone, sweeter than some honeycomb  
Gettin' money long till you're freaking phone bill  
Go on, cut it on  
Got some real homeboys, never done me wrong  
You could meet us at the top  
Then [?] I will  
You can fuck off and run along  
People flip on you like a somersault, doin' cart wheels  
Pourin' top-shelf liquor in my cocktail  
The CLI-N-TEL Crew comin' like the cartel  
Double-timing, but that's how I feel  
Better stay up in your lane  
Get in mine, hit the guardrail  
Trynna work, but the cards dealt  
And still flex on 'em like I'm doing curls with a barbell  
Traffic in and out my house like it's a yard sale  
I be in the crib with a blonde bombshell  
Livin' like a kingpin, did it with the inkpen  
Shit I'm sayin' make sense when it sink in  
I'm distinctive, pinky ring pimp  
Spittin' shit that you think spin in distinction  
Like the horn of a rhino, or elephant tusk  
Soarin' through the sky like a pelican does  
Snort a bunch of white, when I'm feelin' the buzz  
You sayin' you supported, I can tell you're jealous of us  
But that's cool with me cuz my fanbase thick  
You're wounded again, make the band-aid stick  
It's a movement, you can shit the campaign, bitch  
Light the fuse and I'm lit like a lampshade is  
Every verse, I'm going on one of my rampages  
Let the champagne fizz  
I can show you how to get paid  
But they just went and stole my template  
Trynna copy me but could never be this caliente, bitch

Time for me to bring the hardcore back  
Got 'em feeling like deja vu  
Anyone'll get it when I'm on a warpath  
And anybody in my way, I'm movin'  
Then I snuck in when I seen the door crack  
Then I made a new lane, make room  
Little girl shit  
They be on that Dork Rap (Swag)  
Bunch of lame ass dudes  
They don't never spit no real shit  
They be on that Dork Rap (I'm Lit)  
How the fuck do you support that? (Yeah)  
Thinkin' that you killin'?  
What I'm hearin' is beyond whack (Sizzle)  
It's like the industry done gone mad  
And I don't ever feel shit, every single song's bad (Fire)  
Where the fuck they find these boys at?  
I be on that real shit, y'all be on that Dork Rap (Swag)  
How the fuck could you support that?  
Suck my dick!

Shit, I was gonna ease up  
People complainin' it's hard to keep up  
I'm like a lion inside of a herd of zebras  
What, I gotta dumb it down now  
Cuz everyone now sounds  
Like a down south rapper with a lean buzz?  
Shit, I'm like a volcano  
I'm bout to erupt  
Bunch of A-List rappers get a D-Plus  
You say I need to go?  
Please, I was better than 'em way before the goatee  
All I had was peach fuzz  
Lots of refer stickin' out my Nautica trunks  
I was young and makin' all my money from drugs  
Rollin' all my dollars, every one is a straw  
I never listened to my momma  
Told me "Johnny, be good."  
Finally made it as a rapper, never thought that I would  
If I knew then what I know, I'd have slowed down  
Finished school, got a degree  
Cuz it was shocking to see  
This rap game is like a comedy club  
But you the one that's on stage gettin' laughed at  
Puttin' dye up in your braids, wearin' man bags  
Guess you need a place you can put your Tampax  
Thinkin' that you're hard  
With your tattooed tears and your hand tats  
I ain't hatin' on the kids  
Know a bunch of young dudes that'll never get caught tryinna flop that  
One-track wonders, said they got racks comin'  
All of a sudden, they got nothin'  
Cuz they fucked 'em on they contract, bitch

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This is how y'all rap:  
"I be dressed up in tie-dye  
Got some old-school Vans on my feet  
Bout' to go for a bike ride  
Got home, ordered crab rangoons and some fried rice  
Tofu for my vegan friends  
They spit bars, they don't look like they rap though  
My girl's tryinna be a creep again

All up in my phone, but she don't know the passcode  
I had it bad, yo  
Almost didn't finish college  
I finally got a doctorate  
I coulda been a brain surgeon  
Fuck that! Imma do hip-hop instead!  
Everything wavy, like a waterbed  
Spendin' all my cash that my Father lent  
Ballin' out hard on my Father's bread  
Go and do shows for the college kids  
And jump up and down on every song like 'Jump Around'  
But I ain't never heard of 'Everlast'  
Take water bottles and I sling 'em at the crowd when I rap  
You can see 'em gettin' wetter (swag)  
Got a itch on my neck from my sweater tag  
Double-XL on the freshman class  
Say the word 'Lit' twenty times a day  
And I say the word 'Litty' twenty times when I text you back  
Sippin' green tea out a liquor flask  
Sold-out shows, ain't no tickets left  
Hella fresh, small-ass t-shirt  
Something that a middle school kid would have  
Everything that I wish I had, I got now  
Gettin' mad love when the boy's back in town  
Beside's Drake, I'm 'The G.O.A.T.', people love my accent  
I'm just glad Dork Rap's a style

Hold up dude!  
Did you hear what I fuckin' just said!?  
Did you hear all those bars!?  
Holy shit, it's so fuckin' lit!  
Dog! Dude, this shit's litty!  
Aight, let's go to Whole Foods...Peace