

Warning Challenge

RJmrLA

Why are you in so much competition with me?
You jealous Willie
I can't help it!
I look better than you do
You don't
I cook better than you
You can't
My dick is bigger than yours
It was cold that night

A black kid nigga I pull up in foreign
Pig tails red rubber bands
Choppas' wit endurance
Chinese pullin' niggas out the cars out endurance
I just might just fuck a ratchet broad out in Florence
I pull up in Louisiana's off Norman [?]
(Give me a snack pack)
A few blocks from my grandma but the south side
South Central send them lullabies outside
Shots fired bullets ain't lying in them stop signs
Cold Summers told yo rollie say it's bout time
We goin' shoulders with the rollers
Cause it's drought time
We never heard what momma told us
She had two jobs
Ain't had to stink the blowers
Hands saw me creep em outside
I had to hit the whole chink on the block
Handle beef with the flamethrowers
Chopstick in the Wok
In the streets if they don't know us
They was sleep in a box
OMMIO we all want it but feed me the rock
Flickin' up but I ain't speakin' about it
On everyday of the week I can drive
A blind nigga said I'm easy to spot
If I slidin' with you your mine nigga beamin' or not
Rap mechanic corn or cream of the crop
I jump back off tour
Turn my dreams to a job
50 racks when I perform
They been dreaming I stop
We got more straps for war
We gon even the odds, woo
Yeah we all know, man we all know
Why you still talkin' about it?
Thought it was all over
I done lost my mind a long time ago
Back when we was jackin' niggas for they Franco's
I'm back on these niggas necklace
Getting money six ways you can't intercept it
Niggas with these bitch ways
Don't know what they sex is
I'm hoppin' out that bitch say they [?] to rest it
She just hit the message
Man these new niggas they so John Legend
I fuck wit his message but he so non threatening

My nigga is you bangin' or you flexin'?
More they love you around the world
More they hate you around yo section
I scarped my plate and came for seconds
Running outta patience out here waiting for yo blessings
Money not the only quest
I need the basics for my essence
Need some shit that I can take in
Once I take my last breath
But if they coming, where that cash at?
These mac rounds make em back down
Like some [?]
They say you only great as ya last step
I took that leap of fate in the fast...
Track

Big mansion
Niggas ain't got a mansion
Rich Blacks pay the homage where you got it at
I switch hands from the A to the M
From the M's to the A's like, Woo Woo
Red guts in the Wraith like, SuWoo
Big blunts to the face like, excuse you who?
Rich blood yeah, blue faces
One man fighting 32 cases
White stones linked up like braces
Pour it all out the cup it ain't Ace's
Takin' shots, top shotters helped me get here
Adjust to the change up when I switch gears
I done slept on a couch a whole leap year
Now these private jets feeling like a Good Year
Sippin' Ace everyday a celebration
Lame niggas blame it on the age separation

Look
She just wanna fuck wit Bar Juice
Two or more I say she carpool
Her ass fat but what them jaws do?
Titties faker than a cartoon
We sippin' Ace's, money find a new language
We at the point where Balmain's is yo basic
I'm cashin' out on my cravings
Yeah my niggas crashin' Mustangs and Mercedes
Now that's a 40 thou wow fix outta yo savings
I spend em off down at the rits no vacation
I been around rather get rich than be famous
These niggas now make up cliques and think they bangin' (What?)
That don't surprise me no
Sport women and deprive these hoes
That's little Rodney on
I ain't fucking witchu Maricón's
Pull up in that Adiós for my Vatio
A merry pockets think a boy listening
I'm stackin' all these dead guys like a [?]
My shooters got a scope with intuition
He looking out it, looking lazy eye just like he Forest Whitaker
Celeb game, I had my own shit
The talk of the town me and Joe Moses (RJ!)\nI played the sideline coaching
I felt my team needed me
I subbed myself the last 4 minutes yeah
Goyards and gold Rolex's
I get chauffeured lets have road sex

I roll up call it romance
I pull out and keep goin'
They gon love me more when I'm gone
Throwin' racks on the floors, that bitch thong
Treat these stows like I'm home
I know god want me on
Feel like god want me on
On my momma we on [x3]