

Burn The Hoods

Ski Mask The Slump God

Yeah, yuh
Bitch
Kio, Kio
Uh, uh

If you fuck with me, he pushin' pedals
Somewhere in a meadow, six feet under is his new level
I am considered a rebel 'cause I never settle
Ah, pshht, 'cause I'm hot like a kettle
Your bitch is a rental, I had to pay incidentals
And they act funny, Jay Leno
Twisted my metal, now they actin' shaky like treble
These niggas food like kibble (Um)

It's up like ice in a cup (Yeah-yeah, yeah, woo-ah)
Said, "Fuck, my president, Donald Trump" (Yeah-yeah, yeah, woo-ah)
Life Alert, I'm stuck off the Perc', I can't get up (Yeah-yeah, yeah, woo-ah)
I call them underwear 'cause they can't seem to get off my nuts (Get, get, get, get)

America sucks, U.S.A. for me mean us and don't touch (Uh-huh)
Like Big Time Rush, we four deep in the Jeep seats made out of crocodile nuts
In God we trust, Starsky, Hutch (Hutch)
Seein' police, then a nigga gotta duck (Duck)
Said, "I'm skatin' on thin ice with no puck" (Yeah, yeah)
Ain't that funny? 'Cause a nigga don't give no fucks
(Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah)
Okay, this ain't even verse two but they still tryna figure me out
Scooby Doo, uh-huh
But I'm a mystery, I left a Blue's Clue, uh-huh
She kissin' on me like I got a boo boo, uh-huh (Boo boo)
With a thick bitch at a picnic (Haha)
I ain't pack no food, just a bottle of the goop
My weed has the stench of platypus poop
Or better yet, Captain Sparrow black boots (Ayy, ayy)
Know your nigga got a sweet tooth, Augustus Gloop (Ayy, ayy)
Givin' his bitch wood, no Groot, uh-huh (Ayy, ayy)
Inspector Gadget-style trench coat with Burberry print on the rope, ah, ah
(With the Burberry print)
Ratatouille how I'm cookin' with the sauce, they want
Hit the motherfucker with the rope-a-dope
(Hit the motherfucker with the rope-a-dope)
My wrist on ice-atope (Wrist on ice-atope)
I need a minute, let me light my Pope (Um)

It's up like ice in a cup (Yeah-yeah, yeah, woo-ah)
Said, "Fuck, my president, Donald Trump" (Yeah-yeah, yeah, woo-ah)
Life Alert, I'm stuck off the Perc', I can't get up (Yeah-yeah, yeah, woo-ah)
I call them underwear 'cause they can't seem to get off my nuts

I left my home (I left my home)
To join the Army (To join the Army)
I left my home (I left my home)
To join the Army (To join the Army)

Arms

Uh, Attila the Hun
I think that that boy about to kill with a gun
Lyrical redrum in that bit' like a lung
Fifty percentage, I'm not even in my final form
I'm in an oasis and I been on my Osmosis Jones
I was countin' bluefaces and also keep away all you germs
Hood nigga basis, a friendly face turns stern
Cancel trip on 'em, I whip 'em more than kids in a dorm, huh
(Lucky Charms come with the damn gold belt buckle, and it made me chuckle)