

48 Bars

sKitz Kraven

These rappers ain't on shit
I'm paying them no mind

I could end their life
With each and every rhyme

If they had a card
It'd prolly get declined

All they talk is bullshit
So I'm a flush em out

Someone let them know
I'm at their neck shawty

I might just invite em
To my next party

Rappers on the table
Call it a la carte

What a perfect timing
Bitch I'm fucking starving

I'm going way back
Kraven's on playback
These new rappers outta control
They tryna promote that new gay rap
Snitching I hate that
Pussy I ate that
All of this ink on my body
My haters be thinking they fake tats

I just wanna look my mother
Straight into the eye
And say momma we made it
But really I am not complaining
I am just thankful
That you taught me patience

But I am almost out of patients
Dodging this bullshit like I'm in the matrix
Cameras on me got me anxious
When I get anxious
I'm known to get dangerous

No boy you don't wanna battle me
When on the microphone
I'm spittin greatness
All of your rhymes are straight tasteless
You cannot rap boy
Get back to the basics
Pussy I rake in
She's screaming so loud
Neighbors think that I'm rape-ing
Ahhh
If they only they knew

How much pussy ass rappers
I've went out and taken

They might just be nervous
Cause they know I'm nuts

They know I won't stop
Until I see their guts

These rappers far behind
I tell em eat my dust

I've never met a rapper
That I'd even trust

Cause all of these rappers
Be walking and talking that bullshit
Claiming they token a full clip
When in reality they never pulled it
Homie you don't pull shit
The only time you pull is
When you're on your toilet
While you're holding onto your whole dick
Pussy rapper
Rocking nail polish while holding a glizzock
Screaming out bitch stop
Catch me in traffic
But you at the pit stop
What is your wrist locked
Hurry up pony boy clocks going tick tock
This razor blade will make you
Lose more weight than Wizop

I'm out here
Pukin off that motha fuckin vicodine
Poppin one each morning
Like that shit my daily vitamin
My haters at the door
Ok that's right
Invite em in
I'm smokin on that gas
And I ain't talkin liquid nitrogen

I'm scratching on my body
While I'm rolling off a Molly
My bitch feel in control
She hypnotize me with her body
My least favorite rapper
Flew to London for a hobby
I threw a hand grenade
Into the middle of his trolley

After that I'm chillen
Sippin syrup like it's coffee
I don't give a damn
I'm going ham
While looking flossy
I'm drapped in too much sauce
A perfect shower couldn't wash me
My eyes are looking glossy
Off a pill my heart is pounding
I laugh at all these rappers
Put my feet up

Now I'm lounging
My dick is like a fun house
Yeah your bitch is always bouncing
These rappers ain't on shit
The best is sKitz
I'm now announcing
My music everywhere
My name is what your kids pronouncing
SKitz Kraven