

Hey, hey
What up, Term?
Uh-huh, uh-huh
And it go like
I'ma let the beat ride out for a little bit, you know what I mean?
Just so y'all can feel what I'm feelin'
Aight, now that we on the same page
Aight, look

Hey, hey
We be makin' that classic shit, rappin' on some Statik hits
Immaculate Mac a spaz and laughin' at all these average kids
Be with the baddest bitch, style so miraculous
Think you heard me spit, but you don't even know the half of it
Keep it funky hungry like I need some money
Cheeky so my speech is funny, own it like it's bees and honey
Tweedle-dee and dummy, tryna take some G's up from me
Yeah, they hate me but they love me, I be sillier than putty
Motherfucker, y'all be shapeshiftin'
Hate spittin', but with them wack bars
Take pictures with eight bitches, boy, we some rap stars
Used to fuck around and just kick it in my backyard
Now I'm on the road, hittin' shows with some bad broads
Me and Term be on that hip-hop shit
Surprised this youngin here know what real hip-hop is
Everybody here be like, "Oh, this my ish"
Hey yo, Term, go and kick that shit

Listen my mellow, the metal will turn you into jello
Claimin' that you peddle with mettle but never in the ghetto
Kill a fellow rapper, immaculate, never will I settle
With a middle class budget 'cause, buddy, I get the cheddar
Scrape up you amateurs, babble on when I batter ya
Bakin' brownies with hash in 'em, bachelor who be smashin' them
Gucci wallet attractin' 'em, hoochies always be flashin' them
Loosies yo, I be stackin' 'em, so really I'm imaginin'
The wax killer, with Mac Miller, my rap's iller
Just ask Spitta for Curren\$y, I'm a cash-getter
I smash Twitter and Facebook, you straight shook
I do a song with you, homie, and it's a great look
My shotty handle is Armani, they all on me
Call mami and twist her back out like origami
I pour Johnny Walker in my cup
Ever since a little pup, I knew me and Stat was gon' live it up

Sicker than your average, average
Who's really the shit?
1-9-8-2. 1-9-9-2
Si-si-si-sicker than your average, average
Who's really the shit?
1-9-8-2. 1-9-9-2

I'm better than good, it sounds so now they mad, they hatin' on him
Girllies be waitin', I'm skatin' a figure eight up on 'em
Bitches be makin' me lemonade and cupcakes
Now you on my dick, bitch, tell me how my nuts taste
And we like, "Fuck Jake," tryna get this puff cake

We bad boys for real, homie, you trunk space
I'll put a body in a Maserati from the lottie (Hey)
I'm packin' y'all in a Rottie mixed with the Dalai Lami (Hey, hey, hey)
Hey, you mad I ain't as lame as you, eatin' beats like some Asian food
Flowin' that's uncontainable, rooftop, amazin' view
A million rappers in the game, but I'ma make it soon
They spendin' money for me, now I'ma pay for you (Yo, yo, ayo)
Squash you like a tomato do, burners while high will blaze at you
My mami take the pillow and bite it when I be lacin' it
It's undebateable, roll around with a hater crew
Mac was born in '92 but he rhyme like he from '82

Bars sicker than your average, average
Who's really the shit?
1-9-8-2. 1-9-9-2
Si-, si-, si-, sicker than your average, average
Who's really the shit?
1-9-8-2. 1-9-9-2

1982, the album comin' soon
Bitch