

Pest Control

The Game

All rats gotta die though
In New York, Quad Studios, gettin' high tho
Off that sour diesel and that hydro
This nigga take an L every time he go viral
Welcome to the West, and this ain't The Life of Pablo
Stay on that bullshit it's gon' start to feel like Chicago
Keep it one hunnid, you Nicki Minaj sideshow
Still chasin' dreams, I made "Dreams" in '05 though
Ridin' 'round, 10 Cam Newtons in the Tahoe
And when we touch down everybody catchin' spirals
Dressed in all black like the Panthers
We seen your Sway freestyle, Omelly ain't the answer

You ain't got the answers, man! You ain't got the answers! (Kanye...) You ain't got the answers! You ain't got the answers, Sway! I've been doin' this more than you! Niggas ain't got the answers for me, you shoulda went and got A.I., left Beans in rehab

Yeah, take Beans back to rehab
On Instagram lookin' like a mothafuckin' bean bag
Flyin' through Philly on them Wocky sticks
Punk-ass nigga, I'll beat you with a hockey stick
The nigga Hov gave you the game, you ain't soak it
You was s'posed to throw up the Roc, not smoke it
Talkin' you gon' be in L.A. in three hours
It's a 5 hour flight, put this bum in the shower
Pussy, I'm not a rookie, Akhi, don't push me
Strapped, Ninja Turtles, nigga's runnin' with a rat
Now Tak tell 'em how you coppin' pleas on the jack
Fuck runnin' in the game, you gon' be runnin' into Wack
You jumped Quentin Miller and now you don't scrap
It was time to go at Drizzy and now you don't rap
Ask your bitch, she know I beez in the trap
You gotta move out of L.A., I'll put them Bs on your back
And Barbie keep her thumb in your butt
That Ken doll love gettin' fucked
Hide behind your niggas, you ain't got the guts
Ridin' dirt bikes with your ass on some nuts
Now you can pop a wheelie to that
I went from BMore to New York to Philly and back
It's a lot of cheese at stake, this nigga really a rat
I fuck with Philly but this nigga make y'all city look wack
And that's on Piru, yeah I put the P on that hat
You get hit with the Eagle, roll a Philly to that
Now tell the world how you got your bitch
You FaceTime Nicki while Safaree was fuckin' a chick
You ain't shit but a rat to me, a snake that don't rattle me
Lil homie won't scrap with me, time to body his faculty
I'm in traffic, B, bumpin' this old Cassidy
Meesha's another casualty, fuckin' with me's a tragedy
The louder your scream, the wacker the verse
I put that dick chaser logo on the back of your hearse
They say the meek shall inherit the earth
So I went and dug your ass up 'cause Drizzy buried you first
And why you tryna pick on Wale?
You told me that you don't fuck with Rozay
And YG can't give you a pass

I add 20 to your 40s, put the 60s on your ass
And don't try to whine to the Grapes
You not the Rams, don't come back to L.A
I fuck around and catch an Uber to Slay
I'm a drama king, and a street sweeper with a K
Nigga this is 2Pac mixed with the old Guwop
15 years, 30 mil', nigga, who flopped?
One good song, but you ain't got a classic yet
Bought your first album, ain't took it out the plastic yet
Move from Philly to L.A. and think he Fresh Prince
Sean Kingston got robbed and now you niggas best friends
Fat sloppy Twinkie eatin' ass nigga
You ain't got no pass, nigga, I'm a beat your ass, nigga
Jelly bean smugglin' fuck ass nigga
I'll get some clippers and cut your mama's mustache, nigga
Fuck your sister while you watch 'cause she's kinda thick
And make that bitch take a knee like Colin Kaepernick
Now back to Squeak Milly, Meeky Mouse
You gon' fuck around, get tied up inside Nicki house
I got esés on Beaumont, posted like Cousins
Waiting for the word to pump it up like Joe Buddens
Thou shall not fuck with Chuck, pawns are stuck
Fold you up in boxes, Armani tux
Louie sweats, armor tucked, night night
Use that pillow like a silencer, from dawn to dusk
Get at me, you niggas gon' see me in gloves
Or see me in clubs with "Summer Sixteen" in the snub
Lying on the Internet like you ain't talking to twelve
Got the cops at my door like they dropping off mail
I seen that fake paperwork on XXL
Rat niggas chew through walls and leave you in cells
Before you see me in jail, you will see me in hell
You went and got the whole Philly, it's just me by myself
I could have went and got Kendrick, went and got Snoop
Went and got Nipsey, Jay Rock, ScHoolboy Q
Could have went and got E-40, brought Ice Cube back
And have Dr. Dre screaming "Meek Mill is a rat"
It's a wrap, red khakis, red Cincinnati
I'm a see you in the streets, don't @ me
You like a boat with a hole you can't sail
Meek Mill, me and Drake gave you them two LLs

(Ooouuu, Ooouuu, Ooouuu)
When these rats start snitching break'em off
(Ooouuu, Ooouuu)
When these rats start snitching break'em off

Pussy nigga
(Mumbles)
I got on gold headphones, gold chain, gold on my wrist, aim
(Mumbles)
If you ain't getting money, boy you lame

You rat bastard