

## 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