

Yonkers Freestyle Base

The Game

I'm a motherfucking father of faggots
Plus I'm a motherfucking bag it father
Plus I'm a fucking faggot that fucks your maths off till I'm fucking your asthma proper
And that's a drastic motherfucker karma so pop an acid tap
Cause that's exactly let's hope that you fucking faggot, you punk
To the fucking state on this cover by these fucking magazines
All perked in our basements, the conscious thing that nothing matters
And you're wasted and smack the fuck out Rihanna
Guess that's what you get for your slap persona
That's what the world wants, a girl cut the talks about how much she wants to [moans]

I'm about to blow my motherfucking brains out
Because it's cool, cause it's true, plus I want someone to fucking listen
And this is pretty much the only way you'll pay attention
Which is retarded if you think about it. But why think about it?
Why just knock it off your rock and fuckin' drink and shout out
What's wrong with the world so you can learn some shit you think is outlet
Slit your wrist to it, listen to Chris' music
Keep pumpin' your fuckin' fist to this bullshit
Piss on the flag that has nurtured you
Offend your rights, persecute, do some dumb shit
Loose on the run from the fuckin' law that shoot your guns at
Cause you're the fuckin' gangster you planned to be aren't you?
It's fuckin' dangerous and harmful for just one statement of lawsuit
This money in Bakers paint at a cross sheet
But that's not gonna make us remorse