

Peter

Token

Hold the fuck up

Peter picked a peck of pickled peppers
How the fuck I pick a ho?
It's like tic-tac-toe, I keep my exes in a row
How'd we become enemies? I really don't know
I would say I'm sorry, but I'm not a sorry ass-

Good morning ho, can I get you a water?
I like a degenerate who can regenerate
Liquor be wakin' me up with the scaries
I gotta go hibernate to get that threat away
People are drivin' around with their friend
I'ma knock on each window and tell 'em their friend is fake
I find it funny you talkin' shit, 'bout all your homies
And don't think they doing the very same
All of your boyfriends are cheating and
All of your girlfriends know who gon' be fuckin' them after you
Dick got a mind of its own, I be hitting the bathroom to get him to simmer his attitude
I used to live on a cul-de-sac, but I don't like being cornered, I'd rather an avenue
I lay a puss on a puss like a platypus
Platter the puss, look what I put my palette through
Scary day when they call a killer rapper through
You go then like Carrie they're gonna laugh at you
Crack a few, like the comedians have to do
Rap a new, then I got a platinum plaque to view
You got jack to do, then you a sack of poo
Abracadabra from me got the smackaroo
Half of you capping, no stacking is wack of you
Yappin', your crap is a fat "Yabba Dabba Doo"
Penny-pushing a percentage they pay to
Us missing more money, machinery may fool you
Don't let the dominant Devil delay you, bruh (Bruh)
I'm convincin' ya (Bruh)
I convey to you, in the face to bust
Think you standing on business, you lay to dust
All because you made no moment to make mula
So superior, slip and I slay you, bruh
Bomb begets big Beirut blood

I just told that chubby rapper, "Hit the gym, you weigh too much" (Chyeah)
I just told that Christian rapper, "Shut up, bitch, you pray too much" (Chye ah)
I just told that syllable rapper, "Dork, you sayin' way too much"
I just told his model girlfriend, "Throw it up", she ate too much (Hold the fuck up)

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Tic-tac-toe, I keep my exes all in line
Talk about me but I can hear it from behind

Did a number on her, but I still gave her her prime
I just made a ten do a split, is she now a five?

Ayy, you get the murder from Nina
All over the planet, I'm pushin' it right at the satellite
Thinkin' 'bout pushin', I'm off in the cushion
And me and my lady, we usin' a rag a night
Not the mineral, genitals had a fight
I'm in the middle, not little my appetite
Then I'm bustin' on through like a maga might
I got a friend like a good Abba Zabba bite
All of my homies are fake
And we truly got nothing in common
Except that I'm also fake
I put my kids on her face
Then I leave just to let them discuss what to get me for Father's Day
She used to love me and now she might want me to die, but
She always know that I'm a call away
Every time I wanna kill myself
I try distracting myself in the mall with a shoppin' day
Body so sensitive, she like a hair trigger
Plus a party in her back like a mullet
If I do crash the car, I might just build me a cabin with it, the interior's
wooden
I'm tryin' to find me an older woman, but today I'm in the twenty-
two like a bullet
I tried becomin' the friend of a rapper, he ended up hitting his girlfriend,
I couldn't

I make 'em move when I'm playin' the groove
I get them in the mood and the people, they love it
I got a new one that's coming your way in the summer
I really just gave you a nugget
Fuck it, it'll be so good to hear it
I know all the people are sick of the rubbish
I bet all the women that hear it
Are gonna be begging for the Tecca Nina to plug it
Pissed the punks are pairing me with peons
I pee on 'em, predict a flow
Speaking of flow, I got the type that really rake in the dough (Dough)
Raimi like as in Sam
I get the evil dead with my four
Five Ninas live back with Token, go

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(Hold the fuck up)

I just told that loser rapper, "Make a friend, you have no bros"
I just told that ho Canadian rapper, "Pussy, go back home"
I just told that 35-yr-old rapper, "Don't lie about your age"
I just told that label head to let that rapper out his cage
Lisin' respect for the people I used to look up to
Bro, don't meet your heroes, they're cornballs
I'm tryna become a girl, 'cause when you catch a girl in a lie

She convince you it's your fault
Token left both of her legs shakin' so much
They gave out at work, and she left with the floor crawl
People love tellin' a joke about me
Like I won't be a legend the day that the Lord call

You get it? You not supposed to be here
If you keep actin' like it, like the shit you blow right now
You never gon' be here again, man
Figure it out, you fuckin' weirdo