

# Zero L's

Tom MacDonald

I ain't takin' zero L's, dawg  
And it's fuck everybody else, yah  
Y'all better hope I kill myself, dawg  
'Long as I'm alive with zero L's, yah

I ain't takin' zero L's  
You don't like it, oh well  
You are not my competition  
You ain't doin' no sales  
Listen  
Let's be genuine, the dopest since Eminem, but a little more relevant  
Brackets are excellent, wreckin' the evidence  
I could flex and get elected as president  
Bend yo' neck until it flexes like some blended up gelatin  
(Let's be honest)  
I'm a motherfuckin' maniac  
Adam is a goon  
Zero L's like MacDonald, Calhoun  
Zero L's, I am undefeated  
Deleted the people who were leechin' that I never needed  
Never signed a deal or sent a beat to get a feature  
And like every single one of my releases has succeeded  
Should be drinkin' margaritas in the heat on a beach in Tahiti  
No, these ain't Adidas, these are Nike, original Yeezys  
Never been a diva but these rappers secretly wanna be me  
I leave 'em bleeding, paint "RIP" on they street in graffiti  
Bitch, suck my dick  
You ain't claimin' number one until the day I walk away and I am done  
So suck my dick  
You can have it all when I've had enough and I stop giving a fuck  
Beat every rapper competing  
They getting madder, they beefing  
It doesn't matter, I'm leading in single sales and CDs  
I'll take a crap on their feelings  
Got all my people stampeding  
A million fish in the ocean but I'm a shark and you're bleeding

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I don't take an L, I don't even lose weight  
Try to motivate, when I make a move got a motorcade  
Better get the fuck out the way like odelay  
You could catch a heater to your chest like OBJ  
Or behave, no we ain't  
No, I never been a saint like a runaway train, I'm a tank  
You gon' faint with the pace like a runner in the race  
Got money in the bank  
Bunch of guns in the safe  
Boy, I'm only takin' dubs, fuck the other letter, hell no  
Arm fucked up, I ain't even got an elbow  
Always outside, rain, sleet, hail, snow  
Got stripes in the rap game, peep my Shelltoes  
Shelltoes like the old days  
Kill 'em like I'm OJ

Runnin' from the cops in a Bronco with road rage  
Try to lock me up, jump the border like I'm Jose  
Fuck a hater, run 'em over both ways  
Who the fuck said me and Tom can't rap?  
You mad because we started a pact and tried to match  
But you can't do half cause the math don't add  
Try to talk alotta shit but they ran so fast  
Y'all bent, so ass  
Ain't a drill rapper left  
Please, if you disagree then say it with your chest  
Better keep a piece, big dog in a vest  
Ain't you heard this verse?  
I just barred you to death

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