Badass

Troy Ave

Some people throw shots and it don't matter
Cause when I throw shots, bones shatter
Shout to all the real independents
Labels and women, BSB

You sold a couple records but nobody cares
You never on the radio cause nobody cares
You don't matter so you mad bruh, nobody cares
You just a Internet rapper, nobody cares
You a worker, I'm a boss yo, nobody cares
What's your record? Man I don't know, nobody cares
I asked the bad bitches, and nobody cares
I asked the real niggas, and nobody cares

I wake and talk shit, spit the raw shit, stop
Yous a flithy backpack rapper out a thrift shop
Drug addict face, what's on your junkie head?
You ain't no badmon cause you ain't grew dreads
Who you kill? Who you rob? Who you extort?
Pussyhole and beat your ass pon the city bus
I know real niggas, and none of em bump you
I know plenty bad bitches, and none of em fucked you!
Stupid lil fool, here go ya intervention
When they talk about the time, ya name is never mentioned
Nobody cares, I ain't dissing, this is true
You a bullshit, Jordan crying face, boo hoo
I never hear ya songs when I bug in the club
I never hear ya songs in the hood, you a dubb
You'll never be the guy, never could, never was
If you ever had a hater, tell em get off ya nuts

They gon play this hit on the radio dawg
And you gon be like Damn, why they playin this for?
You ain't hot so you give the blame to the DJs
I be making fire, giving flame to the DJs!
You tryna do music for Coachella
I make shit for foreign whips and drug sellers
You more Digable Planets, I'm more Roc-A-fella
I'm more shoebox money, you more go to the teller
This fella got a identity crisis, I know me
Oh, you a real MC? Then you in P-O-P
Let me teach you how to dance, that was B-A-D
You keep hitting my name ho, get off my D-I-C
Cause I'm a savage, this gon leave you sad bitch
Don't get suicidal like ya friend, here's a casket
Steez burning in Hell, my burner's in my belt
I'm really killing shit, you niggas killing yourself
Fucking weirdos, off the roof, Steer clear yo!
This niggas tryna fly, he think he a superhero
Splat man! fuck you and that man
And all three labels you signed to, they wack man
Here's the facts man
I'm a self made nigga, got it off the curb
You a finger snapping, poet rapper, spoken word
If it really was the 90s, you'll be titled as a herb
If ya movie was biography, Revenge of the Nerds!

Try to start a beef with me, boy you got some
Nerve, nerve, nerve, nerve
You know what I do to beef? Man I cook and I
Serve, serve, serve, cook and
Serve, cook and, serve, cook and
Serve, cook and, serve, cook and
Serve, cook and, serve, cook and
You know what I do to beef?
Cook and serve

You sold 60K, it's funny, nobody cares
Miss Ninety Percent is taking 20, nobody cares
That's $480 worth of money, nobody cares
50 percent go to Johnny, nobody cares
That's $240 worth of loot dawg, nobody cares
Tell Cinematic come recoup dawg, nobody cares
$150 budget down in $90, ooh Lord, nobody cares
I made $114, that's more than you dawg, fuck outta here!

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