

Break Up

Tyga

[Freestyle: Tyga]
T-Killer
Motherfuck a spirit of Hitler
Scared hicka, you rap niggas
I'm master splinter
I turtle-shell niggas
In Harold and Bell, niggas
Eat you like lunch, before the bell
Welcome to hell, niggas
I rock bad bitches
I bed-rock bitches
Tyga IROC like Camaro 87 engines
The back lif' up
Black bat, your car's vision
The roof missing
Snapbacks, no fucking fitteds
My last dinner in a rapper's kitchen
Need a dentist after niggas leave you dental dinning
They call me hall pussy, I'm porky the pig with it
Leave a poker-face face even if a fan can get it
Okay I really got anger
Kids should never talk to strangers
Might get you flat-out hangered on a barb-wire hanger
I'm happy that I'm famous
Not a A-list
I'm ageless
Fresh out gorilla cages
When a train crush your fucking face, bitch
Poppy bangin', no rags just bloody statements
This music segment can help you nigga's times wasting
White faces, see me and say my charms racist
The ice layers remind 'em of a lemon cake, mm
Get in line, baby
Limited I'm baby
It's Young Money Hades
Home of the mic rabies
Mic crazy
Tyga man, I'm part Asian
Eyes never lazy
G.E.D-ing on the daily