

Church

Fuck bein' nice it didn't get me nowhere
Except for sittin' in a room pullin' out my own hair
I wonder why I wasn't good enough to be treated fair
Had some knives in my back but now they ain't there
I pulled 'em out, I cleaned 'em off
I carved some names, I bend the blades
Creepin' on who stuck the motherfucker there in the first place
So when I stick it back in your head your rap name can be fuckface (Fuckface
)
I replenished as an evil menace, out to make a killin'
Destroyin' the villains gettin' in my village
Never think that you're motive for a motherfuckin' minute
I'ma end it like I got a new button on my britches
Your future girlfriend already been my bitches
There ain't another me and never will be bitches
Who bitches more than bitches bitchin' 'bout my business
The bitches who hoe around and ain't about business
Redneck kid on the Facebook (Facebook)
Now a redneck boss with the great hook
Everybody mad claimin' they're my old friends
'Cause they can't tag my face on the Facebook (Woo)
And I got anger and this grave for days to lay to rest
The dangerous caucasian mess they wish they left alone
'Cause once I'm woke no bullet hole can stop the flow
They should already know
Time and time again it's like a neverendin' trebuchet
They always throwin' shots but every single one will ricochet
And everyone you meet, half of them will end up bein' fake
The other half will pretend just to have a safe space
Yeah, won't you say it to my face book
Yeah you're funny but not like Dane Cook
Funny like a 30 year old with a Tik Tok
Tryna boost himself off killin' at his fuckin' X-Box
Eye brow pluckin', nasty bitch fuckin'
Dingaling suckin', beta male motherfucker
I wouldn't sweat you in the summertime sunlight
I'm a rapper, you're a cunt with a mic playin' Fortnite (Fortnite)
Yeah, we are not alike (Not alike), why? I got goals in life
You're an Instagram model gettin' 140 likes
On a faggot ass pose only chicks make at night
I'm a Billboard chartin' (Chartin'), hit song writin' (Writin')
No match soakin' wet, still make fire (Fire)
Got plaques on my wall, my crib is gettin' cavities
My teeth fallin' out 'cause my hard analogies
Just click record on a savage beat, I'll deliver that savagery
I'll tear that bitch up like Carol Baskin versus Tiger King in a boxin' ring
(Boxin' ring)
Everything I withheld I'ma seal shut with a thick bale
Smoke a thick bale then tip the scales
With the amount of fucks that I'm about to not give
There's a drought comin' so don't be standin' in my field
I'ma airstrike my own place to make a hater heel
I don't care about the money because my name is made of steel
Look at what I've done sayin' fuck a record deal
I'm the motherfuckin' man, I don't even slip on banana peels

The door's closin' for the old me
Bout of the nice guy, he died tryna help see
He gave and gave until his big heart sank
I ain't even really mad, I just want to say thanks (Thanks)
The new me about to come storm y'all's banks
Got a mouth full of submarines, planes, and tanks
I'ma lock on anybody with the balls to face
The country rap king cobra with the long ass fangs
Church

Creek Squad
Motherfucker
Yeah
Church