

A good percentage of these fuckin'... these rappers
You know they call themselves rappers or whatever...
Man, how does that make...
Say you're a rapper, right
You know what I'm sayin'
Say you're a rapper, a mumble rapper or whatever
You've been in the game for a good 10 years, whatever whatever
And then some dude comes in that is naturally a country artist and bosses yo
u up

Put your seatbelt on, you're gonna need it in a minute
I ain't scared to die, I laugh at rappers tryna ride with me
I'ma make you fall off 'cause I pop mad wheelies
You just suck while I'm suckin' on mad titties on bad bitches
Yeah, straight from the countryside
Bum a cig' then I ask can I bum a fuckin' ride
Now it's fuck a record label, Lamborghini lookin' fresh
Army green paint, mud caked on the headrest
I'm the rooster, no need for career boosters
I be blowin' up, the rest are professional skin-fluters
Got a degree in winnin' so I'm unable to be a loser
Hip-hop is my drug, bitch, and I'm an err'day user
Woo, Ric Flair with them nose hairs
And enough coke to kill a hibernatin' grizzly bear
Sleepin' on me, so it's only fair I jump up in your nightmare
Like Freddy Krueger, ain't worked in ten years
I'm in their head now, all they see is a guy in a snow plow
That's me drivin', who the fuck's gold now?
I made the south have a north pole, pal
I can get so dark the sun will be scared to pop... pop out
Discredited for the past three years
I know a lot of motherfuckers that owe me beers
And you're gonna give it to me, I ain't even sayin' cheers
I ain't even sayin' thanks, I ain't even takin' one drink
I'll dump it on the ground and tell the bartender you bought it
And scissor kick you in your non-singin' esophagus
And then invite you to a hick-hop party around 6
At the corner of Second Avenue and suck a dick
If you still sleepin' on me won't you grab a tit
Just make sure it ain't a chick tryna boost her income, kid
Don't fuckin' fire at me unless you wanna get cremated
For makin' me masturbate while you hang with your ex, baby
Les be honest, I'm still a top doggy doggin'
And I'm hungry and I'm hardly tired of harsh walkin'
You ain't got a song that's independently chart-toppin'
You couldn't be a shockin' career if it had a fuckin' dog collar
Hope you like your number 1 hit song
I had to buy a leash and pretty much fuckin' walk you to it
You little bi-- I mean female Labradoodle
My raps are Mona Lisa, yours are like half a doodle
I'm rappin' for the purse, like I bagged a poodle
Country rap, I'ma be the last to do it
I killed five careers with only words and math
We can't chop it up but can you dodge this axe?
I'ma make you a past rap artifact
My cards are secretly razor blades when they look like blackjacks
Ain't no dodgin' me, not even with a Scat Pack

That GT got an engine to wreck anybody on the last lap
Whoops, it was an accidental love tap
I was watchin' this vid' of a guy and he was real mad
You could tell he loved her but she played him, it was real sad
Now my attitude is to wrap heads in Glad bags
"I can not believe you" ("What the fuck?")
Yeah, what the fuck?
Now I'm colder than the songs I wrote
And I'm comin' for you if you got a throat
Who look down on me like I'm shit or somethin'?
Fuck the CMA's, fuck the CMT's, fuck the VH1 and both MTV's
"You're a broken record", at least I'm gold
When these rappers diss me it becomes their biggest songs
It's a shotgun shame, it's been half a decade
They got two dweebs still havin' me make their short change
And I ain't even seen a short change
You still got ass bars and a dork name
You're a Woody doll that ate too much cake
Oh wait, a cartoon, a hundred percent fake
Lookin' Pixar, gettin' picked apart
Like a demolition derby and only one little Smart Car
I like square body Chevy's
Nah, you like ballsacks and daddies
And that's why you and Chris tickle each other on a futon
In your faggot Snapchat stream
I give an evil grin, you think that you're real men
Real men don't bitch like a diva on Instagram
Any hard worker really can come see this shit
Your last video was a knockoff of Scarface, bitch (Haha)
Can you even start a chainsaw?
'Cause Lord knows you ain't got any bar oil
Hick-hop party? More like flipped over barstool
With you and Hosier sittin' on it like "Dude, this is cool"
Beavis you can't butt heads with me
Shane's last video was only sittin' on three
And on my way home I'll quadruple your stats
'Cause your square body Chevy be sittin' on flats
With your boy in the back screamin' "I ain't got gas"
You're so non-sharp you couldn't cut dead grass
And you suck more than the best blowjob, facts
Every real skin knows you're blowin' smoke out your ass
Y'all should be like gay redneck porn stars
Travel together dressed like queer ass cowboys
Throw glitter at each other, make small cat noises
'Cause both y'all some pussies with some fuzzy rat toys
Fuckin' weirdos