

Tractor Soup-Lie #2 (Freestyle)

Upchurch

This guy, he thinks I care about his stance
If this guy stood up right now you prolly wearin' a mini skirt instead of pants
Crossin' your legs, doin' the Tom-Tom dance
'Cause you at the screen tryin' to think of something clever so you pop ninety-nine Vyvanse
Don't lie, you click dislike on every single one of my rants
Is this dude a reactor or a hip-hop tyrant?
He gets really mad, slings his headphones down he's like, "Fuck it, I quit
I'm retired from this shit," turns around and comes out of retirement
What happened? Did I inspire this?
It ain't my fault your homeboy can't come out with a fire diss
Even if he did fire three times, I'm gonna survive, miss
This dude clocked back in to slob on the caucasian dick
But hey, it's okay if you dip out, raised to spit
How am I at fault for your boyfriends laziness?
Old MacDonald don't have a farm, that's a cage he in
My shit's set in stone like I laid the shit
Pellet gun shorty, that's a baby clip
Little guy don't spit, get him a baby bib
They don't ride a wave like I, my blood type be KTM
You blow smoke and flip-flop like that Katie bitch
"Upchurch stop," I can't, like champagne all I do is pop
This guy goes to sleep at night with the song WHITEBOY's on repeat alot
Sticks his foot in his own ass, and his dick in a sock

Plane flying over, let me wait 'til it's gone
What was I sayin'? Something about a dick and a sock

Well, fuck it, he ain't gettin' no pussy 'cause he can't beat the box
Just think, all this shit is just comin' off of the top
My talent skill so high they can't even see my spot
And if they found it, fuck it, front door, I keep it locked
They're like, "You're on drugs," well, if I am, atleast I ain't gotta by the cheapest rock
Hillbilly venom, one bite with these teeth, you deceased and rot
No flow, no heart, anybody can see the clot
I got big balls, drop 'em on your head like Vietnam
My face, my voice, burned in your head like a Lil Wayne CD-ROM
Can't kill me, if you do I repeat spawn
Fuck you diva, you Tom's uncle or an Uncle Tom
You are takin' L's, blah blah blah blah dot com
"I'm a reaction channel," you sir, are not
I got the magic stick, beat your ass with a wand
Go ahead, do what you want, cut it up make a YouTube Short
JK Rowling fixin' to take y'all to court for creatin' a new disease called hog warts
I mean, hey, you'd be a pro if dick ridin' was a sport
Up and down at that chair, I bet them thighs got torque
My initials are R.E. and I be reinforced
And when this shit exports he gonna scream 'til it leave him hoarse
But hey, keep thinkin' you the source
While I gallop and kick you little bitches 'til I'm knee deep in dwarfs

Church, motherfucker

I won, you thought there was a piece of paper somewhere

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An-nan