

General Shit Talk

Wax

"Ayo, Derek, hey cus' you got 5 seconds to come out the crib man
Or I'm gonna destroy your shit, alot of motherfuckers
On YouTube don't think you can track their I.P address
I told you I would come to the crib, I told you I would find it"

Old school cat, Saber - tooth Tiger
Soul food rap, hater proof fire
Say I ain't hot, you a down right liar, looking
For your girl I be found right by her
Crowned like sire, sound like a messiah
Clowns are in denial, frowns'll go viral
You about to be a meme, I'm undoubtedly supreme
Fuck around and leave your team suicidal
I don't know what the hook gon' be, all I know
Is your ass is what my foot gon' see
I'm in the lab cooking all the time no sleep
Put your rap book into the compost heap
Where it belongs along with your terrible songs
You an embarrassment, apparently your parents
Went wrong
They really should of been more pro choice, I
Talk shit cause I like my own voice
(Yo, let me hear that back)

Talking shit
Ta - ta - talking shit
Ta - ta - talking shit

Ayo, you talking shit, hocking spit
Tryin' to stop the kid won't work like Stephen Hawking's dick
That's a cold challenge you gon' need an ice bucket
I'm dumped like that powdery uncontrolled white substance
I'm here forever like stretch marks on your wife's stomach
Life's a bitch, I'm like - "fuck it"
Man I don't even need to pull the condom out
Use the baby boy, I'm getting [?] up in your momma's house
Playing Xbox with a whiskey buzz and cotton mouth
Uploading family photos your daddy's gone I cropped him out
What you talking 'bout, you mad? what's it you
Ima upgrade like Sriracha in a cup of noodles
The best rapping with west African voodoo
I see pics of your crew when I type "bitch niggas" in Google
That's a cheap shot man, go figure that I'm frugal
The God of Hell - fire Nocando

Talking shit
Ta - ta - talking shit
Ta - ta - talking shit

The number you have reached is not in service right now
Please hang up as I put my foot directly in yo' ass

Yo, it would be like I won the lotto if I had a dollar for every Instagram follower the last broad that swallow my load had
I got it poppin' push the product squad up in it it all started with retarded thoughts I jot in my notepad
Trick the Civic with the suicide doors, inflict middle digits towards you in

side yours

Crocodile Dundee booie knife swords used to cuttin' off losers when they rui
n Mic chords

Ah, I'm off of Moonrock player, feeling like I'm 'bout to do the moonwalk la
ter

Girlie's swoon dudes, pull their tube socks way up that California Love turn
ed to 2Pac pay stubs

Till we too turnt fucking with your girl 'til her coochie juice squirt

Twist and turn like a Rubix cube word, then pull out and wipe the booty with
a moody blue shirt, yeah