

"This kid never comes around here no more  
He wears the same shit every fucking day  
Breath stinks  
He lost it  
Always bitching and crying  
This fool is washed up  
Every time I seen him he's drunk  
Wiki's a scumbag  
I give the album like a six out of ten"

Hate, it's in they heads, it's in they hearts  
Can't take seein' another fucker taking off  
They wait for you to slip, trying to take your place  
Can't make nothing that's hot, they gotta play they part  
They scrape up what we left here, while we paper chasing  
We straight making that raw, while you say your cause  
It just ain't really your taste, man, you must be fake  
How you hate on something great? You a fucking fraud  
Man you gone, up all that bullshit up inside your jaw  
Keep it closed, started with them hatin' hoes inside the yard  
Tell me shave my uni-brow, I'd rather shave my balls  
Nah, fuckers always talkin', never takin' charge  
I wanted this shit since like seventh grade, and that's on God  
You couldn't do it then so ratin' me became your job  
Everyday I go in, every single day I go in  
Just today, woke in the rain, and came the latest song