

Err' morning baptized with New York tap  
It's been a minute since I've been given a New York dap  
These days it's like slap, pound  
I've been travelin', I've been babblin'  
Rapid rhymes for rapid runs  
Just the Latin runs in my blood  
Pumpin the passing sounds of the cityscape  
How many Wikis does it take to get a chick with a pretty face?  
Yeah, and I send a few dick pics  
Get back to me, I don't give a shit, it's  
Just like a litmus test  
But it's more about the litness  
Rather than it, the kid's acidic  
I don't really know about [?] shit  
All I know about roll an ounce in the kitchen  
And I been sippin' on, sippin' on brew  
Crippin' on like my life depended on  
Bet it ain't slippin' out my palm  
I ain't slippin', I'm sittin' on the corn-er  
Err, say a word of what you heard  
I lay by the bridge, I concur refers to the crib

I'm a rap cat, you a rat act  
You either too industry or you backpack  
Man let's not get into that, get into that  
Damn you got to live with that, live with that

What it do, man? I'm the new man  
Comin' through with a new stance on what you knew, fam'  
How you know what you know  
That's why I don't know shit but licks and some dough  
Some piff, a bitch, and a bowl  
Cat's act like the shit don't go  
Cats better act like, "Shit, it can snow"  
Just a glitch of the globe  
Just a shake of the globe and I'm taking control  
Cats can't take what they know, they faked in a mold  
I rap from scratch, I'm made in a bowl  
Made by moms, made by my pops  
Turned to a don, learned at the stop  
Pastor Pat said it, it's the rapture  
Y'all can't rap with, y'all can't capture  
A picture and play  
Just with shit that you say, spit that I spray  
I can tell you bitchmade by the shit that you say

Lil Ralph, Lil Wik  
Lil Me, Pat

Ralph tryna get in me, ain't tryna let him be, nah  
That represent the hell in me  
I've been tellin' y'all bout how the stress done made a mess of me  
They ain't faking what the measures be  
And interviewers still tryna figure out the recipe  
Even if I gave it, couldn't cook it  
I've been staying out of bookings  
I've been staying in myself

I ain't sayin that he lookin' for the [?] under the shelf  
Half the shit I rap about, man, I should be saying it myself  
And I'm saying it aloud  
I'm a-sayin' that I'm proud  
In the back of my mind  
Got my pride in a pouch  
And I'm tryin' not to pout, I'm tryin' not to pout  
Tryin' not to pout  
But I'm a cry baby on time out on the side of the couch  
And I'm signing me out  
Not  
Can't stop the rhymes in my mouth  
And I said this before  
Pathetic pat, prophetic pat, what I said anymore  
Pat back with the raps that get ya hat mashed  
Hand on your hair when I said the shit you can't catch  
(Dick right now, right quick, huh?)  
Pat's back