

# Ether

Young M.A

The best has awoken, these niggas provoked me  
The way these dykes hate me you would swear that they know me  
It's crazy, but so am I so keep an open eye  
Fuck the mic, cause I would kill a dyke and call it homo-cide, fucked her  
You'll get punk'd like Rucker  
That four-five spark like lightning but bark like thunder  
Y'all rap niggas full of shit and I'm that plumber  
Told your bitch come and eat this dick up like supper  
I got a couple of drummers that'll pop that trunk up  
And serve you hatin' ass niggas like lunch trucks  
I'm a king, this crown fit me perfect  
I earned that title, I worked hard, that's why I deserve it  
For 12 years tryna get behind those curtains  
I was gay for a reason, I believe this was my purpose  
These niggas is nervous, toughen up, get out your purses  
I'm angry, they tryna tell me I should limit my curses, nah  
I spit that ether, I sip that demon, yo tweety  
Roll that reefer and spark that weed up  
My haters increasing, my money increasing  
I'm that tatted motherfucker that be humping your nieces  
We, party all week and work on the weekend  
Obey laws, man we runnin' lights, dipping and speeding  
I'm 23, I'm living life, no longer dreaming  
I was depressed, popping pills, now I no longer need 'em  
You know my style, four braids, gold grill, and a beater  
I fuck with your soul like ether, snapback and some sneakers  
5K for a feature, call Jason to reach us  
Fuck this bitch in the bleachers, she the twin of Aaliyah  
Hair long like Selena, but her name is Katrina  
Ass fat like Serena, set it off like Latifah  
Shit the bitches you be fucking, they look like Felicia  
I bring that raw shit, I'm a problem  
You put the love in hip hop like Stevie and Jocelyn  
My niggas is banging them hammers like sorry your honor  
Serving that ganja, cooking Madonna like Benihanas  
If they ain't beside us then they behind us  
We ahead, and I can get that from your mama  
I fuck with your soul like ether, throw it back like a beeper  
Go deeper and deeper, bust a nut then I leave her  
They been sleeping on the kid for a while  
It's crazy, it's more people reaching out out of town  
Don't get me wrong, I know the Brook forever holding me down  
But where's promoters from my city? I don't see them around  
Where they at? the people saying I'm bringing hip hop back  
They fiending, arms itching cause I spit that crack  
They need it, like an alcoholic needing his Jack  
I think these niggas is afraid to see a dyke on the map  
I'm disrespectful, yeah I might have your wife on my lap  
Or on her knees, now my Tommy boxers covered in mac  
Lipstick, her ass feel like a big ass biscuit  
I like 'em thim slick, when I hug her I grip it  
This her ain't nothing new, I been lit like incense  
A pretty ass dyke, got more hoes than Christmas  
But don't get it confused, naw homie don't twist it  
Cause this 32 will have 'em shook up like Bisquick  
I don't always want to bring it to violence  
So I'ma spit that real shit, you know, kick 'em some knowledge

RIP to all my niggas gone, moment of silence  
Live every day like it's your last cause tomorrow ain't promised  
Free all my niggas locked down, serving time in them boxes  
To single mothers out working, putting checks in they pockets  
To all the youth that graduated, now headed to college  
To all the rappers out grinding, keep going, you got it  
To all my gays struggling, still stuck in the closet  
Just come out, be you, never try to disguise it  
To all my trap niggas trapping, cooking and chopping  
Watch for them snitch niggas ratting, giving names to the coppers  
Do anything you want to do, you got plenty of options  
I'm sending rappers to god, make 'em die from these bars  
Tell 'em step to the kid, give a fuck who you are