

Shut The Fuck Up

Angel Haze

I guess I expected this, partially detected this
You boutta get cut up, frog bitches get dissected bitch.
First off, I respect your diss...you did all your digging first
And tried your hardest and still failed when that didn't work
See you the type of bitch to try to son a bitch who know u barren
Type of bitch to lie about the type of shit that's so apparent.
Type of bitch to say she good when all her flows be incoherent
Type of bitch to make me push her to an edge that she know is hairless
Talking loud on twitter, claiming that you that bitch.
Flaw as fuck in public, a world wide catfish.
This ain't beef nor a match bitch.
Not a fucking finger laid, just a fucking track ripped
And don't confuse yourself, you not in my lane
My whole style is really fucking out of your range, bitch.
I could rap circles round your entire set list
Body your life and leave that shit unaffected.
You thought that twitter shit was just for the blogs
Thought you wouldn't get your whole head cut the fuck off
Thought I'd have second thoughts about hitting you off
And When I see you, all I wanna do is stomp on your jaw.
You're an Internet goon, a twitter personality.
A bitch who's eggplant weaves and pussy are catastrophes.
In the industry they talking bout you, ask Trevor Jeradeau
When he tried to sign me he said Interscope was scared for you
"they about to catch a brick, Azealia ain't making shit.."
How much twitter beef does it take to wanna make you get
Into the studio and come up with a different flow
Stop tryna recreate 212 cause its the only hot shit you know
Listen, you ain't fucking with me lyrically
I just rule your bitch ass like this motherfucking tyranny
I guess I should've thought before I wrote a twenty minute roast
And put my head into the flow, like yours in studio.
Weak bitch, interscope be paying you to sleep
Meanwhile I'm the one bitch they praying you could beat.
And to be honest, well, I really wanted to like you.
But you ugly and you lame and your flows all recycled
And your broke ass was a broke bitch since a broke bitch was a broke bitch
And I know some girls who knew you in like 06
And they all say you was wild gay and wild lame and considering
You fucked anything, bitch you fucking anything,
I don't have time for bitches who be fucking anything
And they said you was never liked, and tryna buy love
And to my surprise, well... that didn't surprise us
Remember at the spotted pig? You was tryna stunt and floss
And I was like, this bitch tryna pay me to get broken off
Tell me why you really mad, sent a text the next day
What kinda pussy shit is that?
Bitches wish they could beat me, look at me, I just drop a ho
And if I'm feeling froggy, I jump em like they Geronimo
Bitch I'm on my level you looking like you just dropped a flow
My flow so consistent you in and out like a stop and go
Tell her she ain't fucking with me, bitch you ain't fucking with me
I got that fire flow, my tonsils probably fucking crispy
You weak and you done and were previously sonned
By a bitch that's too young and who got what you want
And normally, I'm anti suicide
But you can't beat me, it's your choice.

Do or die.
You weak Bitch