

What's up with this faggot?
Fuck is with this nigga?
Why is he still rapping?
He even wears the fashion
Shut us up to make him pop commercials smashes
Seriously
That's why people don't take you seriously
That's why we don't wanna hear nothin' you say
'Cause you ain't the man that you appear to be
No, nigga, seriously
We don't wanna hear your conspiracies
And we don't wanna hear your political views 'bout extraterrestrial activities
Look, nigga, make up your mind
How much longer you gon' wait to decide?
You was kickin' some dangerous lines
Now buyin' your shit a waste of my time
Nigga, what's up with you?
That's why all my niggas don't fuck with you
And that's why we don't come to your after parties
'Cause we don't wanna hang in the club with you
It's only two types of niggas
A street nigga and a you type of nigga
A coon type of nigga
Prolly born with a noose, and a silver spoon type of nigga
A new type of nigga
A sell out surrounded by wealth
You should have been one of the greats
Now you just sound like everyone else

Hello?
Ah, what are you doin'? What are you doin'?
You losin' your cool, fan basin' your viewers
Let me show you how to flow, show you how to make music
Obviously you clueless, how I know? 'Cause I'm Jewish
Oh, is that unruly? If I'ma say so, ruly
What if I stand on trial? What if I stand on jury?
What are we on TV? Who's the judge? Judge Judy?
What am I supposed to return all these cars and jewelry?
Like I ain't even know how the flow supposed to go
Like I ain't even know how the show supposed to flow
Like I ain't even know how the beat supposed to sound
Like I ain't even know where the notes supposed to go
Like I ain't even know how my soul's supposed to feel
Like I ain't supposed to win, like I ain't supposed to glow
But you'll never understand the way that I think
If you ain't grow up with it, sold dope before
Oh, number one draft pick, number one draft pick
Oh, he's nice for a black guy, oh, he's smart for a rapper
Oh, that's who he's with? Oh, she's cute for a black chick
Oh, he's actually cool, I went to school with him actually
Actually, he could have has a masterpiece
Now it's just a fuckin' catastrophe
Anyway, get fists on a fire
Tell him send it over to Mastra