

# Rambo

Bryson Tiller

This is not, this is not  
This is not, this is not a motherfuck  
A motherfucking game, motherfucker, this is not  
This is not, a motherfucking game, why you playin' boy?  
I'm just saying boy  
Yeah

Rambo, they begging for mercy, like the lambo'  
No they told me kill them all, goddamn though  
I know they want to see me fall, look where I am though  
On two feet, that's where I stand though  
I'm a true fucking killer, like Rambo  
No ammo, they send me on the sand yo  
Nigga I just kill em because I can though

I'm as humble as they come, but you're fucking with the wrong one  
Boy you're fucking with the wrong one  
This that new Pen Griffey watch that nigga get a home run  
Watch him hit it, it's a home run  
I ain't playin' wit' you nigga's  
I'm a true louis Villain  
I'm the realest, they acrylic  
Fuck them niggas if they doubt it  
Say I'm flippin' up, but so is a money counter  
I've been getting up, gotta pay my self allowance  
And I save it like the bail, I can't take no more L's  
The day I sell my soul, that's the day I go to hell  
Been putting on a show, just like Dave Chappelle  
They ain't make it in the credits, imma tell them oh well  
Tell Steve, don't let no more bitches in the hotel  
Niggas gotta get the work, girl unless you gon twerk something  
Lotta ladies, verse on em'  
Damn this lifestyle got a lot of perks on it, I'm just saying nigga (Young T  
iller)

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This ain't temporary, I've been out here, letting them know  
New cat, years later, best as Sylvester Stallone  
I've been working hard, I've been doing better, ya know  
Beat the freeloaders, we won't be breaking bread with them though  
She chose me over him, cause he's was so regular, oh  
He was so regular, I'm like a butler, getting this dough  
I'm like a monster, or a motherfucking predator  
Oh-na-na-na, Soldier like Contra  
I don't fuck with thotties, I pass them to my partner  
All gold everything, bitch I'm Fort Knoxin'  
New sports car man  
I'm new Porsche coppin', Two door hop in  
Girl you know how I've been  
And I've been trying to budge in my checks with the rest with the money, mon

ey

Rubber bands getting stretched with the hundreds, hundreds

M.V.P upper deck with the money, money

Don't I make the haters upset with the money

Bitch I'm coming

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Tiller!