

Young killing, raps over the ceiling  
Stacks over the building, hah, I'm just kidding  
f\*\*k these other dudes who claiming to stack millions  
Looking to catch feelings, lyricism concealing  
Young depressed, call it chess, making movies, never stress  
Bowflex, got a tight ass that I'm finna stretch  
Purp blazed and I'm thirstay  
So I never ever ever let it hurt me  
Bitch, you always say we never talk about shit  
I see you texting all the time side chick  
But you the iPhone, she a sidekick  
Got a ride home, now she all up on my dick  
We used to talk but we don't talk no more  
Don't even walk around the pond no more  
I saw moms in the grocery store  
She said I'd love me a cleanup on aisle 4

I put my heart in this shit like organ donors  
Flow retarded and shit but you supposed to know this  
You talk about your swag at the mall and that  
I still murder this shit on a practice track  
I go, keep killing, no publicist  
And I keep my own publishing so who the toughest is  
Joints fat, Newt Gingrich, I run this shit  
I want cheese like Republicans, I go  
Dumber than anybody you ever heard of  
I switch it up when I'm drinking and suburbans wind up swerving  
And uh, Anybody who think this is  
Suck my f\*\*king dick til I finish  
Skinny kid with the game on smash  
This slow rhyme never came up fast  
I'm a remain the man and stay true to fans and shit  
f\*\*k frat rap, Bitch it's Lamp City and that's it

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