

Self-loathing narcissist
Spittin' crowbars out the back window of cars and shit
And acting like a klonopin binge-hardening
And switching up the moniker of artists into arsonists

Knock-knock, it's that prodigal pen-throttle, bitch
Popping like the top of a bottle of hot JavaScript
Rhyme harder than nine joggers with
Shin splints dodging an ornery rhinoceros

Order me my waffles and bother me not, blogger
The option of being modest just walked to where my father went
Ponder how we can holler then spit darker
Than Gotham at six bars in the genre then lick shots

At imposters and miss nada, Volatile pig brawler
Is hotter than lit parliament, send in your fucking army
In the parking lot of a Target, I'm targeted, piss-harboring
Heart dark as that thick parka I slip markers in

Holla if you've never been a starter
Spartan kicking jocks and tossing salt at their Ed Hardy shit
Burning chops, talking shit, rocking 28's on a rocket ship
So I could give a fuck about the car you in, nigga

Drooling chew aluminum
Blue 'Preme overalls, jump when them blues come
Some of you should run from where the shooter's come
Out for cheese with a studio, it's like a gudda run, it glues t
o us

Shouts to pigeons that I flew amongst
Mouth deliver poop, it's spouting mucus from its stupid tongue
Alpha male, got the chicken losing in his cruising trunks
Losers get a Kuma Punch, I'm moving like a puma's lunch

And I'm back... bye