

Orions Belt

Riff Raff

Rap game Taylor Swift, 45 on my hip
And I'll lift off, a switch up hip hop with Riff
Datpiff, no downloads cause I am not gifted
I sift in through the shit on Twitter, I wanna quit it
But I spit it on the Beautiful Lou
And to the Kitty lovers, baby you are beautiful too
Blonde haired girls that put the youth in the crew
And if you bring me around, I'll put some youth in you too, boo
I am the rap game tease and the trapper
I bes with the adderall fiends and the assholes
Wee!, I can rap, I'm not mean, but you're whack
In the backseat cypher's hyper on the track, wee

Wee, I can rap, wee-wee, I can rap
I'm not mean, but you're whack, mean-mean, but you're whack
Wee, I can rap, wee-wee, I can rap
I'm not mean, but you're whack, mean-mean, but you're whack

When it comes to hateful words, I got skin like a rhinoceros
Diamonds on my binder, fourth grade I was immaculate
Reading and writing, arithmetic, my favorite mathematics
Marked my paper more than average, you bastard rappers you could
play in traffic
The way I ball, I could've played for Toronto Raptors
Olympic swimmers from Nigeria, emeralds in my ears
So far from clear cause they resemble frozen lettuce
91 degrees out in Belgium, you ever seen melted lime jello?
Did I confuse you losers? I pull up in the candy relish
Rap game peppermint patty and the lavender bumble bee jackets
Your girlfriend's vagina Smells like bumble bee tuna
She duct taped me to the dumpster, otherwise I would've left so
oner
Riff

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