

# Fuck Swag

Rittz

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Swag

15's in the back of the Dodge  
Out the garage  
And my homies riding with me and they better recharge  
I talk about the clientele and tell 'em they won't be  
off  
I'm off Atlanta representers and we're given the yonk  
And be better this cars and the swap in the squad  
They think they swaggin but they lame as fuck we laugh  
at these boys  
Uncontrollably like we just hit the gravity bong  
Half of these rappers too wack to be even rappin and  
all  
Tryin' to dress up like a widow hopin that somebody  
notice 'em  
Make me wanna strike and knock em down like they a  
bowling pin  
Maybe I just hold an out of touch attitude fuck that  
kids  
If you don't like me go and watch some Nickelodeon, you  
lil motherfucker  
I'm over and I stick 'em up they say they're yellow go  
and then provoking  
And it's time for me to tell the difference between a  
rapper and a singer  
Of a rock and roll band I don't think this shit is  
appropriate  
Way too many rappers wanna look like Lenny Krevitz  
Personally I think these pussies get too many passes  
Thrift store shopping with the shit your rockin  
Looks lame and your music ain't neat the shit is  
average  
And if that will make you matters even better  
I don't swear and people talking shit about the way I  
look every day  
Long hair don't care, red pair of Air Jordans  
And I wear all black

Fuck swag (10x)

All these rappers wanna bite like they don't know how  
to write  
They constantly freestyle and think its tight  
Every time they say a line with a metaphor in it  
They wanna pause or laugh or ad-lib  
Fake swag they just copy who they like  
Tryin' to sound like Gucci or Future or Tunechi  
These dudes need a lesson before they get behind the  
mic  
Ain't nobody buying your records in the hype  
They was feeling me until they see I'm white  
Now they like "man he raps too fast"

What you slow homie? You handicapped?  
What you need a walker, a hearin' aid, a fanny pack  
What you unhappy the cheddar's back, the many pack  
Or the rap game that can't relax  
I'm bout to raise the bar and they can't adapt the  
cameras flash  
Cause they see a star when I walk in the room  
North side, Atlanta rap I bet you wanna walk in my  
shoes  
It's funny that I'm hot  
Last year i was just cool when you  
You was too official  
Where the shoe that fits you  
You in skinny jeans, take your Louie belt and whip you  
The client try to strip you heavy jewerly would take a  
pic  
Post the shit on Instagram I suck a dick  
You bitch look real dumb  
Still slum, I don't pleasant hear lump  
Bumping Big KRIT and Yelawolf I don't feel punk  
Rappers with no skills come on with me I kill them  
You fuck with me I'm the real one

[Hook]

Fuck swag (x10)