

These motherfuckers make me laugh
They L-A-F, they Lame As Fuck
Look at how they dress
They L-A-F, they Lame As Fuck
Listen how they rap
They L-A-F, they Lame As Fuck
Trying to say they fresh, trying to say they tough
You ain't ever been nobody, you just make shit up
You lame as fuck

You ain't spittin' and ya music don't jam
Try to study me like I'm a student exam
Hard for me to take a lyricist serious
Especially a dude in sweatpants wearing unisex Vans
What would you expect then, made a song 'Fuck Swag'
Ain't nobody say shit, I guess they afraid if
They get outta line I'm bout to have to grave
Dig a great big hole, kill em even when you late bitch
A.K.A Mr. Make-Them-Wanna-Rewrite
I guess I'm the one they wanna be like
These guys get a feature from me study me on every record
Then they switch they whole style up
Homie I can see right, through you
You ain't ever used to chop like that
Now you talk about your girl and your struggle
Trying to get it, how you did a lot of soft
And you pissed off at your boss
You ain't used to have the same 9 to 5 I had
Need to find ya own lane, you and I might crash
Get in mine, hope you had a good time, (I'm back)
Rap game looking like Revenge of the Nerds
And ya pants and ya shirt too tight, is that plaid?
We ain't seeing eye to eye like I have an eye patch
No class, havin' a motherfucker you can die
You gon' wish you had a life raft
My style is hijacked, did I kill him, my bad

With ya lame ass sock showin', stop trollin'
Goin' online posin' with ya Glock showin'
You ain't ever shot no one, stop lyin' you are not blowin'
Trying to copy me, you thinking I would not notice
Cockroaches couldn't see me like they got some glaucoma
Comment onto my photos by the way that I look
I bet that I could get ya lady to fuck and suck dick, quicker than you
You said the two of you was in love
You lame as fuck and I bet that you the type of dude to come up
And tell me that I look familiar, knowin' damn well ya
Seen my videos and know my name and it will kill ya
Not a B-Lane so instead I gotta tell ya
Washed up rappers acting like I owe em something
When I needed them before I made it, they would never help ya
Lame ass homies wanna party at my crib
So they can drink up all my liquor they don't ever buy they-self none
They say they recording, you ain't got songs
Tryna say you preforming, you ain't got fans
But it's hard to ignore 'em, lame motherfucker
Probably like, foamposites, always rockin' team Jordans

Lame ass bitches insecure and destorted
She tried shave her head on some Cassie shit
Now she thinkin' she gorgeous
Never kiss her boyfriend, she fucking everybody, lil nasty bitch
A lot of people in my city try to say that they relate to me
But still so many in Atlanta don't appreciate a thing
I did or even heard of me
Its almost like they trained to be a slave to what they playin' on the radio
They proceed to put me in a cage because my record label Strange
They need to listen, if they did they probably end up devastated
We don't play, we put the music business in a Strangeulation
Other record labels lame to me, these motherfuckers L-A-F
Actin' hard, never take a day off (they L-A-F)
Still rappin', shit'll never pay off (they L-A-F)
Still trappin' acting like a straight boss (they L-A-F)
Get arrested, they confess, and they decide to play ball (they L-A-F)
They be actin' like we cooler than we are
If I'm at you doin' music, don't be stupid, it's a job
You are not a friend of mine, just a dude I never call
Bombing on 'em, Shock & Awe