

Pie

Rittz

Ooh, they been hating on me lately and I know why
Cause I'm so, I'm so fly
And they so pie
These rappers say they hate me, then I know why
Cause I'm so, I'm so fire
And they so pie
Homie, the only thing you're killing's my high

(I'm on) Anthrax Xanax and red bull, I'm fly I'm fresh from head to
Foot, looking like someone you want to be next to
People hear my music and they're sayin' the next dude
Well excuse me, let me get through please
They don't want to see my next move
Tounge-flippin when I'm spitting like I drank a tank of jet fuel
Flow go stupid like a student in a special ed group
Let's move, Rittz to the rescue
Fresh new Ecru shirt, let me get my cape on
Drinking on some aged rum with a blonde bitch in my bed
I'm the rap game's James Bond
Everybody want to hate on me (why?)
I just want to drink and have fun, bitch Wayne John
Maybe cause your girl been eyein' me since day one
Now she with the crew, but she bout to get her train run on her
Put the snake tongue on her
Thats when I guess she want to see how good the lizard is
She lick my dick like it's a stick of licorice
And when I busted it she said it was delicious, Rittz
That's when I, dismissed the bitch
And man it's funny when I was young I predicted this
Everybody that was down would eventually switch, and start jumping ship
Now they see me with Slumerican and wanna get their membership
But I'm high, I'm so high like I'm working on a scissor lift
And I don't give a shit bout who my critics is
Ears burning every time they try to mention Rittz
I guess I b-b-
been infamous, at killing rappers and you wishing you was sick as this
And it's senseless, hating is a sickness bitch
This whole lane complaining cause I'm the shit, I guess

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What's up man, this big ball
Doctor sticky, I'm on call
Left the club with my dogs, I keep the pistol in my drawers
Will I change, you never know
I say no, Imma be me
Imma be ball, Imma be G
You can't break me down to my knees
And I'm so pimping and I've been told
When I write it comes from my soul
When I rap it gets in your soul

It help me like I was some dro
Rapping loyalty and loyalty percentages are low
These niggas touch a couple of dollars and start acting like some hoes
What I think, let them be
Who they want to be cause it don't hurt me
See this belly didn't get fed on what the next motherfucker had to eat
See I'm hustling while you sleep
And I'm gon shine like my teeth
And I got 45 reasons why you bitches don't want no beef
Let them hoes pump you up, reality is what I'm speaking
I got purple in my cup, in the pulpit preaching
Heaven or hell, freedom or jail
Them niggas be hating and I know why
Cause big ball so fly, and you niggas cherry pie
Pussy

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You pie you man you tired as fuck
I can spot a duck from a mile away
Homie you can't hide it bruh
You acting like you got a vagina tucked
Between your legs, jealousy a female trait
You a guy or what?
If someone told me homie buy the four
You mad at me? You should be happy and applauding bro
What, you tried to rhyme and you kinda suck?
What, you mad cause you run around with strug and signed with wolf huh
You standing in the line and they already let us up inside the club
You can't afford a bag of mid and we be smoking on exotic buds
You got some old retro J's on, and my Prada, so god is gruff
Is that a motherfucker's problem cuz?
Well I'll tell you what the problem is
You a lame ass pussy motherfucker, you a follower
It's getting hard for me to walk when everybody hanging on my dick
Well Imma keep on pushing, thinking Imma fall off
Hater better keep on wishing
You bought a crib on the internet, that's it
Meanwhile I'm making history in a treesound session
One time for crew chain, buzz, and molly too
Slumerican dammit, and we came to win
I'm at the range with the ATL twin [?]
Let the player hate then begin
Because

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