

Uncut Cypher

Tity Boi

Aye yo weak minded bitches fall victim because my charm's strong
jazzy pair of lous on my feet Chewy Armstrong
Ma couldn't be my cheerleader with platinum pom-
poms she the type to misrepresent a king like Lebron's mom
Beating on my chest with a crown King Kong Don Langston Hughes
I write a poem that do the Bible psalms harm
These other rappers want problems then bring it on umm this rap
ping beef is nothing my studio's in it's long form and all cowards'
ll become victims of man
Keep a 5th of Remy and a stick of piff in my hand yeh they fly
but I'm a pilot that no one can understand plus the way I go ha
m'll make a Muslim say damn
Hustle hard trips to Miami for three days so I can meet with the
e connects and get the D Wade run up in the Gucci store and drop
3k you bum I could get your whole outfit out of BJ's
Lyrical scientist leaving mics with psoriasis so it's {bleeped}
as Michael Myer's psychiatrist pyrics supliacist who being lying
stiff when the iron spits I come alone just me and one 9 John
hunny {Unitis}
And let my bitch serenade through these slums and blow so much
loud I need a hearing aid for my lungs
And as far as metaphors rate this I was a snail 'til haters threw
salt on me and I dissolved into greatness

What goes around comes around like a hula hoop. Hair weave kill
a I'll show up to your funeral
All this work I need a cubicle. Clear coat cuticle. Different color
diamonds like a rubrics cube
If this was New Edition, I'll be Bobby Brown. Put the check over
your head and call it Nike Town
How could I be down? Free Boosie, wipe me down. My credit card
is black and proud
I've been trapping since roxies had the ankles out. I'm going to
the money and I took the paper route
Uh Yeh, I'm hood approved and I'm street tested. You a nobody;
anorexic
If you stay next to me you're close to a blessing. So, I'm guessin'
I could get arrested for aggravated flexin' with all this ice on.
My mic on, I apply pressure like a python. And everybody know
this that body flow; bench press, cardio. They try to cram a
nigga style like a Charlie horse
Yeh, they plot on you, and they drop on ya. I put a Glock to
your eye and call it glaucoma
Bow! From 30 nights of sipping dirty Sprite. I call this shit Bluetooth
because I don't need a mic. 2Chainz

I said please Steven hill don't even put me in the cypher
Cause only when I'll come when I get a lil hyper

You gon start seeing niggas get nervous with they're shook ass
Ya! Ya! Ya! Cause I'm merciless with the whoop ass
Don't get shook now what you sliding for so when u slide u'll g
et stuck like a nigga with slider doors b
I'm fuckin parking my coupe so I can run circles around you nig
gas like I'm stiring a soup
Betta move out my way before you niggas get pushed down
When these whack niggas spit you'll be hearing a shush sound
Not shush! Cause we wanna hear you lil niggas on the come up
But shush! Lil homie sshhhhut the fuck up!
I see you niggas getting a lil more than transluseve
You know I come for blood like a nigga need a transfusion