

# Diss Song

Tyga

I ain't tryna diss you  
I just wanna know the issue

Yea  
I got shit on my mind

First off, this song, missedly took it wrong  
Bad intentions and all, don't want the problem resolved  
Heard it was you out making out with my dawg  
Went to school together  
Took the bus and all, back of flashin cars, tryna be a boss  
Tryna fit in with the hustlers, they told us run along  
Tryna learn to shoot dice, got my bike stolen dawg  
You still wanna gang bang, ride deep in cars  
Til I see the nigga wrong hat, now it's head off  
Picked up a notepad, bet you gon do the same  
Looked down the shit I saw now, I don't look at shit the same  
Now how am I to blame for you choosin a life in made?  
Nigga you a man too, why you mad at me?  
Same gravity hold you down, that's embarrassing  
Your comments was hilarious, not even congratulations  
Told niggas we're related, even when I made it  
Had nothing but good things to say about you even though you still hated  
I know you think 'cause this fame I'm probably jaded  
Ain't get a chance to see yo daughter, tell er have it but lady  
For me, I don't care if that car lease, you in it you own it  
And that's all me, being smart don't mean cheap  
You could take a life sitting in the driver's seat  
Take your shades off, I'm like  
(Remember me?)

I ain't tryna diss you  
I just wanna know the issue  
If you know what you say then say who you are  
We ain't gotta take it this far  
So go on, make a diss song, this is not a diss song  
They just wanted this song, tell em play this song  
I ain't tryna diss you  
I just wanna know the issue  
Listen to this song

Lookin at my story, breakin down my glory  
Judging my highlights when it's shots like Ory  
Always tryin to take from me, criticize, hate on me  
Wanna call me fake cause you really can't relate to me  
Your remarks, playin league out of character  
Your social past couldn't make a dollar in America  
On your keyboard cause I blew up like a keloid  
Me boy, why you niggas gotta be a kill joy?  
I gave you niggas something to ride to  
Gave you niggas something to get fly to  
Gave you niggas something to die to  
Niggas want the fast life, barely in the drive through  
I advise you, do what yo life allow you to  
You're a fan nigga? It's cool, I was once too  
All that feedback, really don't need that  
You like it? Buy it,

You don't? don't cop it  
Catid, it be great but my eyes lit  
Ignorance is bliss so I can't blame yo ignorance  
It's irrelevant, I'm relevant  
I'm big event so go ahead and vent  
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Listen to this song  
Listen to this song  
This song  
If you know what you say then say who you are  
We ain't gotta take it this far  
I ain't tryna diss you  
I ain't tryna diss you  
Tell em play this song  
I ain't tryna diss you  
Make a diss song  
Tell em play this song  
This song  
This song

Birds ring, let the birds sing  
Had to sacrifice, never knew what pain will bring  
This moment of clarity  
I do it for my auntie's nephew, never had a niece  
They call it spoken word, don't want it to speak  
Don't mix the colors with whites as if it was bleach  
Back of the bus, niggas fightin over window seats  
Tryna compete, T-Raww's  
Make this idea complete  
Ryan just got killed, who is there to blame?  
God rest his soul, tryna protect his gold chain  
It's rules to the shit, but just it ain't a game  
Give or take, niggas still gon violate  
Not up for discussion, nobody cockin and bussin  
You tough? It's always someone tougher sayin fuck me some public law  
Bussin, I kept it 1000 to be exact  
Went from hood racks to Maybachs, how hood is that?  
Blacks on the wall, wall, my stick on gap  
Backpack backpack backpack, rap whenever was that  
Niggas fire arms like they fuckin fist gone  
These simple heartbeats, that's a real diss song

Motherfucker