

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
I'm big event so go ahead and vent

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So go on, make a diss song, this is not a diss song
They just wanted this song, tell em play this song
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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