

# Diss Song

## Tyga

I aint tryna diss you  
I just wanna know the issue Yea  
I got shit on my mind [Verse]  
First off, this song, missedly took it wrong  
Bad intentions and all, dont 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 its head off  
Picked up a notepad, bet you gon do the same  
Looked down the shit I saw now, I dont 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, thats embarrassing  
Your comments was hilarious, not even congratulations  
Told niggas were related, even when I made it  
Had nothing but good things to say about you even though you still hate it  
I know you think cause this fame Im probably jaded  
Aint get a chance to see yo daughter, tell her happy belated  
For me, I dont care if that car lease, you in it you own it  
And thats all me, being smart dont mean cheap  
You could take a life sitting in the drivers seat  
Take your shades off, Im like  
(Remember me?)(Hook)  
I aint tryna diss you  
I just wanna know the issue  
If you know what you say then say who you are  
We aint 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 aint tryna diss you  
I just wanna know the issue  
Listen to this song (Verse)  
Lookin at my story, breakin down my glory  
Judging my highlights when its shots like Horry  
Always tryin to take from me, criticize, hate on me

Wanna call me fake cuz you really cant relate to me  
Your remarks, playin league out of character  
Your social past couldnt make a dollar in America  
On your keyboard cuz 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  
Youre a fan nigga? Its cool, I was once too  
All that feedback, really dont need that  
You like it? Buy it,  
You dont? dont cop it  
Catid, it be great but my eyes lit  
Ignorance is bliss so I cant blame yo ignorance  
Its irrelevant, Im relevant  
Im big event so go ahead and vent  
Im big event so go ahead and vent(Hook)  
I aint tryna diss you  
I just wanna know the issue  
If you know what you say then say who you are  
We aint 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 aint tryna diss you  
I just wanna know the issue Listen to this song  
Listen to this song  
This song  
If you know what you say then say who you are  
We aint gotta take it this far  
I aint tryna diss you  
I aint tryna diss you  
Tell em play this song  
I aint tryna diss you  
Make a diss song  
Tell em play this song  
This song  
This song(Verse)  
Bill ring, let the birds sing  
Had to sacrifice, never knew what pain will bring  
This moment of clarity  
I do it for my aunties nephew, never had a niece  
They call it spoken word, dont want it to speak  
Dont mix the colors with whites as if it was bleach

Back of the bus, niggas fightin over window seats  
Tryna compete, T-Rawws  
Make this idea complete  
Ryan just got killed, who is there to blame?  
God rest his soul, tryna protect his gold chain  
Its rules to the shit, but just it aint a game  
Give or take, niggas still gon violate  
Not up for discussion, nobody cockin and bussin  
You tough? Its 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, thats a real diss songMotherfucker

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