

# Bruh (Professional Rapper)

## Lil Dicky

Bruh

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LD

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A.K.A. stem cellsErrybody know the cat like a dope meme

I got em' buzzing off the crack like a dope fiend

They saw em' come up with a Mac yeah I'm so Steve

Nowadays bitches tryna crack got 'em ODing

Like how them hoes want to get it with L

They know it's cold enough to charge like a letterman sale

If they gon' stand behind the bars I'm in federal jail

I'm going far like a general mailOn that note I got the fellas saying what up, the tape what up

The same mothafucker playing with his steak cut up

I'm great, shut up, the flowing no debate just us

I'm out of shape but I'm straight to fuck

Yeah you know I got a chicken in the condo

I was sick of getting off beat she a bongo

Now she playing with the hard D being Rondo

Drunk and go inside her all sweet like a Strongbow

How I'm'a do?I got your ex coming next like a W do

I gotta flex, I'm the best, now I'm being direct

I'm unimpressed by these bitches that I see in the press

I'm kinda vexed by the trash like I'm cleaning a mess

'Cause they as real when they rap as a Chias a pet

They old news stocks plummet! Men's leg hair they ain't cut it!

Forget about your era, Pat Summitt

Finesse writtens

I wanna get a hundred bitches and fuck with the spitting

Religious like a couple of post-marital Christians

I've been official, Dick Bevetta a living

You better dig it like you bitches got a mill in the ditch

I'm killing this shit I been kicking like a villainous ninjaMy shit is gripping when I run it how the fuck I be  
slippin

I be intimate with them hoes, she never flummoxed

I take chick p and smash, I call it hummus

And I be funny with this shit, I'm just playing

But still nobody fucking with the kid I'm just sayingAh! Got a chicken parm on the date it seem

But I don't even know the broad, she just grating the cheese

I don't even got a job I just blaze and free

But still they give a boy bands, 98 degrees  
 So come fuck with me  
 I got a couple hundred bitches doing drugs with me  
 And I got a couple dozen bitches tryna hug Dicky  
 And I got a couple bitches who be steady fucking meHey, that's a good ass life  
 Only thing I got left find a good ass wife  
 But yo I gotta hit these hoes first, don't tell Mom  
 But in a year I'm'a bend over Michelle Obama  
 Bruh you know I gotta do it while I'm hot  
 I'm tryna get blue in most states like Barack  
 I'm tryna show a boo the last name of the Rock  
 And put her on D till we O, J WattI never hit the scene when I do I'm high and wasted  
 I'm fucking with them jeans love them bitches high waisted  
 I run around your team, you a player but I'm Naismith  
 And I Command V, while you copy I just paste it, face itHotel got 'em puffing on the L, going harder than some  
 hell  
 You ain't knew it  
 If everybody had to tell the truth and you had to pick a dude  
 Spitting better than your dude: can't do it  
 Telling me damn you got bitches, damn you got hoes  
 Damn you got money, but damn I got flow  
 Damn you got riches, damn you clothes  
 Damn you got honeys but damn I got soulHold up. This shit I'm making's always tight it's like a yoga store  
 They all up in the other boat it's why I'm overboard  
 I'm taking time to do it right it's like a soda pour  
 'Cause we ain't loving all you bitches like we spoken for  
 Damn packing the van, wagging the man, cracking the ma'am  
 Packing the stands, had them clapping they hands  
 Tagging they 'grams, Manhattan was ham  
 Slapping the fans, playing havin' the plan  
 Fans rapping the jams, sagging my pantsYou see the type of shit I do on the track?  
 Hot shit like I poop in the jacket  
 Won't mack your bitch but yo I'm bout to come and mack your clique  
 Your whole friend group fucking with Dick (no hetero)  
 I yawn when I hear these motherfuckers on the radio  
 They ball all retarded Cuba Gooding up in radio  
 I long for the moment I can say that's not debatable  
 I'm past that, I wonder who appreciate it like a snapchat  
 Affleck, dunk the dude, I'm going hard for the grind but I tuck this moveI made war with the rhymes,  
 motherfuck your crew  
 These bitches going Adolf, tryna fuck this Jew  
 I'm too nice like a motherfucker that fell in love with a boo  
 Twice as in double as fuckable as he was  
 And dude tries to be subtle and get a cuddle  
 Venting the troubles and getting the truffles and ending up

Befuddled when she don't fuck him and someone tell him listen  
You bugging she never fucking a pedestrian mother like you  
So why all the trouble but he rebuttal with  
I think I just love her so I would shudder at the thought  
Of being anything other than nicePeeping like a Port-A-Potty  
It wasn't even deep dang shit is still a hobby  
It's too bad bitches sleeping on me threesome  
'Cause now these bitches want to help but he don't need none  
I'm all time like the Wall at the Bank  
You've no shot like you drawing a blank  
Honestly you probably couldn't hang man  
I've been drawing a blank  
Giving you lines while you sitting there and drawing a blank  
So go in the rink, chilling like stoning and banging  
And I'm flowing danker than a grower in Napa  
Growing the stankist cannabis  
Going rapping flowing smacking all these rappers  
And showing the total package like my flaccid is growing fatter  
Samoan cracker dapper rapper had to keep goin  
Yeah that rap is a rap I know you rappers napping don't know it  
There's a dagger pita pappa-tapping on the window  
It's a real accurate metaphor of what you having in store  
And I be snapping I mean I be splashing on the  
Pay me your rain, fallin  
Quicker than Aladdin's first name  
Are you better than me?  
Bruh

Songwriters

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