Anti-Social

Futuristic

[Verse 1]
Please, get your cameras out my face when I'm tryna eat, I might have to chop your fuckin' hand offI be stayin' in the crib, I be eatin' good,
Everybody wanna battle, I don't feel like rappers, swear that I'm too grown for a motherfuckin' standoff
Yo, leave me alone, boy, I'm in my zone, give me the throne, nigga, watch your tone
And everything I got I made it happen on my own, from the corner store to a rolling stone,I'm by myself or I'm with the crew, do a show, take a ho then hit the room, boom[Hook]
I don't fuck with you, I don't fuck with you
I don't fuck with you, I don't fuck with you
Sorry if I'm anti-social, I'm anti-social
Forgive me if I'm anti-social, I'm anti-social[Verse 2]
Price on my head like a Bible in the game, honestly, I just been trying to refrain
From killing all of these niggas that's been drivin' in my lane
Tellin' stories on my name like the novel is gonna change
Obsessing over me is driving you insane and the lies that you have claimed will arise on a different day
And when the truth hits the lens, I'm already flying away
Just to get a call to hear someone apologize for the fake, ugh
they tryna take shots at me like my first name G
That's a Hardball reference, I was only ten, snuck in to the theaters like, "This shit PG-13?"
In the road by myself, nobody close to the kid, I'm like a soda, I'm exploding when you open the lid
You wanna beef? This is close as it gets, I don't mention phony niggas, homie, you already know what it is, I'm gone[Hook]
I don't fuck with you, I don't fuck with you
I don't fuck with you, I don't fuck with you
Sorry if I'm anti-social, I'm anti-social
Forgive me if I'm anti-social, I'm anti-social[Verse 3]
I been through a lot, when you make money you do a lot, ten years climbing to the top
Everybody steady hating, tryna drag you down to lose your spot, I got a record from them stupid cops
A mixed kid but my pigment is strictly nigga, when they see me they don't think that our mamas is prolly friends
Racism is still alive and it's breathing but we keep it in the closet like the child called it, uh
Loose lips is bigger than Jigga's, a secret never sacred when you're making figures
Them same homies that was banging with you, would trade your friendship to the press to have you framed and leave you hanging up just like a picture
And women thirsty need a pitcher full of water, if I hit it and her nigga tripping, it's gon' be a problem
If you step up to me, I might have to throw like Randy Johnson 'til he's unresponsive, I prolly shouldn't be out this often, I'm gone[Hook]
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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