Day of the Dead

Rittz

This rap shit ain't a movie
Online gettin' turned on by a bunch of male groupies
That said they gonna shoot me or do something to me
When they see me them imaginary bullets go through me
Ask anyone who know me in the rap game say that I'm cool but you should watch how you pursue me
I find it confusing these dudes click on my dick so hard
Its like they grew a coochie homie you canoeing
Up shit creek, a thick beef stew was brewing
You talk about it so much I wish that you would use your toolie
On yourself blow your brains out, plus you suck at rappin'
If I was you I would do tattooing you stupid
Thinkin' I'ma argue with you online
So you could try to get views boo-hooing
Talking shit about me and all I do is keep it cool with motherfuckers
(Now I'm starting to feel the) hugest mood swing
[?] Why would you include me
Cause it takes a while to text you back
So many rappers sittin' there trashing
They expect I'm gonna let them have
A feature for free and get so mad because I'm busy and can't do it
Really that's what all this 'bout?
I feel like I got so many enemies I cannot keep count
Even homies I grew up with are mad I blew up and wanna knock me down
But I'm like Rocky Balboa can't count me out
And I ain't dumb I've been around tommy guns before
But I'm not the one to be gunnin' for
And this is karma you started it shut the fuck up country boy
You disrespected me
I ain't tryna' say I've been a G
I'm just me I hate their negative energy
Somebody should of told 'em let me be
This shit is stress relief, the haters rest in peace, causeIt's the day of the dead
Better watch where you're making your bed
Watch where you're layin' your head
Why the fuck would you say what you said about me
Don't try to come around me, nah
It's the day of the dead
Better watch where you're making your bed
Watch where you're layin' your head

Why the fuck would you say what you said about me
Don't bring them dudes around me, nah
Cause I ain't with that bullshitI cannot relate or understand
A man that goes online to hate another man
Pussy boy they just type away
I'm tryin' hard not to write them a reply, but can't
And all the lames that all rhyme the same
On every record I'm guessing that they ain't musically inclined
They made the kind of statements
Oh, you saying Switch Lanes sound the same
As Heaven and Living the Dream and I could name
A bunch more Crown Royal, call 911
You can tell the difference between the flow on blow and wishin'
My Interview didn't you listen? I always switch it up
I'm thinking that these drones are slow
And they can't break down rhyme schemes
Heated cause they can't out rhyme me
And I ain't ever changing to try to get signed
And I ain't animating like say I'm Tech N9ne
But If you get me on a feature it's a straight up crime scene
It seems like every year that pass I gotta' remind you
I came through on my debut like make room
Its still the total opposite of shit from my sophomore
And still ain't got a sponsor from Monster
Jumping off the stage to hit a guy that flipped me off at my concert
They call me every name in the book
From white Tech to fat Yelawolf, see a friend jealous look
When they shaking my hand like I can't tell what's good
Cause I can't go and put people on just because
Man I wish that I was rich as you was thinking I was
Homies catching feelings acting like a bitch with a grudge
They liked it better when I was broke and depressed with a job
I tour three times a year if you mean what you said
And when you see me in your city tell me face to face
Cause you ain't real just another screen naming lame
Get out your black face paint and pray causeIt's the day of the dead
Better watch where you're making your bed
Watch where you're layin' your head
Why the fuck would you say what you said about me
Don't try to come around me, nah
It's the day of the dead
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Don't bring them dudes around me, nah

Cause I ain't with that bullshit

Songwriters
JONATHAN MATTHEW MCCOLLUM, JONAH LEE APPLEBYPublished by
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