

Diss Song

Tyga

I ain't tryna diss you

I just wanna know the issue Yea, got some shit on my mind Uh first off, this song, meant to be taken wrong

Bad intentions and all, don't want the problem resolved

Heard it was you, I'm like "no not 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

Used to wanna gang bang, ride deep in cars

'Til I see the nigga wrong hat, now his head off

Picked up a notepad, thought you gon' do the same

Wrote 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 you 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 her happy belated

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 that 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 Horry

Always tryin' to take from me, criticize, hate on me

Wanna call me fake cuz you really can't relate to me

Your remarks, playin league out of character

You social past couldn't 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-thru
I advise you, do what yo life allow you to
You're a fare 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
Continue to be great but my eyes lit
Ignorance is bliss so I can't blame your 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)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
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, tell em play this song
I ain't tryna diss you
Make a diss song
Tell em play this song
This song
This songBells 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 them 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 he 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, load and cockin' and bussin'

You tough? It's always someone tougher sayin' fuck we's in public motherfucker

I kept it 1000 to be exact

Went from hood racks to Maybach's, how real is that?

Plaques on the wall, wall match the chrome gat

Got pack backpack backpack, rap whenever was that

Niggas fire arms like they fuckin' fist gone

These simple heartbeats, that's a real diss songMotherfucker

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