

# Thus Far

## Hi-Rez

My boy nick told me get the shit so lets have a funeral roses graves and a coffin black clothing man its so beautiful making music daily never stuck up in the cubical nervous as fuck biting my nails down to the cuticles fuck the game up busting outa semen imma demon a phoenix and get to beating these beats til they fucking screaming in class I was sleepin I was dreamin fantasizing of my penis and size arena and venus but huh pants wet then I wake up mama said to shape up bulllys told me to pay up but I was concerned with music and gettin my take up used to not have friends now when the hoes they say wait up uh but I guess its just what success bring hoes who blew me off now the same hoes Im texting shows every weekend microphone testing everybody google me type in the next best thing ya Im not mac miller believe me champion on the mic find me on a box of wheaties I dare you to compare me to mac ill take a pc and shove it in your ass till your spitting out your feces uh and if that dont stop the comparisons imam take every mc and just embarrass him every fan will stare at him watching me as I carry him to the cemetery ima ma fuckin burry him uh but enough of all this violent shit im kickin back with a joint and Im high the fuck uh I cant spit it again grind till I die or on twitter I trend you wanna learn to spit rewind it back and listen again get a couple note books and like 5 or 6 pens but just know I cant be copied when the mics in my hand I said just know I cant be copied when the mics in my hand so look uh man at this point Im just rambling I got a date with destiny but she dont feel like answering I dont know how much longer I can go with that bitch canceling shes the reason I smoke until I look like I speak mandarin uh and that probably sounded racist but for my future sake let me apologize to Asians I wanna taste the good life cause what Im eatings tasteless and my momas a nurse but unlike her I aint got patients uh so hurry up its an emergency since the days of my nursery I was rippin it verbally personally spitting these metaphors and hyperboles I suggest that you get your ears checked if you aint heard of me cause I do it perfectly the furthest from your average teen maybe that explains why all these sexy ladies added me asking can you rap for me but they just used to laugh at me another rapper better call me an artist painting his master piece.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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