

# Sike! (Subp Yao Remix)

## Astronautalis

I've been on some burn it down, leave this town, never look back shit  
Passing out on your couch, sneaking out the back tip  
Ripping credit cards out your mail box, snatch shit  
Charge it to the gameplay boy, it's practice  
(What are we talking about, practice? We're talking 'bout practice, man.)  
They be on some got this, squat this, reroute the power grid  
Cops can't stop this, over our dead body, bitch  
Heat this, drop this, turn it up louder kid  
Put it down in our path, million ways around this shit  
We backstage, sterilising tattoos with beer  
Your cats stay paralysed from bad news and fear  
You're underage, they'n't fucking let you in here  
Fake ID, G, you'll buy us all a beer  
I'm sick of kids who sit and bitch about they can't get into shit  
Your 'woe is me' steez is just getting bit ridiculous;  
Fucking ay you're underage, that means they just slap your wrist  
If not you're young and fit, yeah bitch I'm running pits  
Hah! And give them all trophies  
Hah, and some orange slices  
Yeah y'all already know me  
One of the only that's really grinding  
Lazy motherfuckers want to call it luck  
But real motherfuckers know there ain't no such  
Thing 'cos I mean there ain't no free lunch  
You better fix your own plate or serve one to us  
Stay waiting for your dad to come save the day, dog  
Voted for Obama and expect the change  
Is just one big party all giving the same gifts  
Sike  
Like a P.O.S. t-shirt  
Yikes  
It's only gonna be worse  
Right  
But this beat is kinda beserk  
Turn it up loud until my fucking teeth hurt Yeah girl, I own some gold teeth  
I'm Southern, I was taught to hold heat  
Ain't no gangster, tell that true  
Rick Ross just a cop with some bad tattoos  
Hey, front up baby and my neck stay real red

Why you make-believe pushing that white shit?  
You dressed-up gangsters can play pretend  
I stay slinging them white girls 'round my bed  
Young Steve McQueen spit that dick game  
You tweet real posse for a bitch with a tin chain  
I don't need no Maybach just to sharpen my pimp game  
Pull girls on my bike, ride my handlebars home man  
Ooh, I put my word on that chief  
Rihanna gonna holla way I murdered that beat  
I cut them like an umbrella, King Kong in the bed sheets  
Just try a better fella when you're done with that deadbeat

Sike

Like a P.O.S. t-shirt

Yikes

It only gonna be worse

Right

Beat is kinda beserk

Turn it up loud until my fucking teeth hurtSee? I can write your dumb raps

Pay me and go buy some hubcaps

Fake G's still talking 'bout gun claps

It ain't gonna happen, like A-Rod's comeback

Talent is cheap, money's all made up

Gallons of Beam and the speakers stay bassed up

Fuck it, I got nothing left to say, son

Y'all Get Cryphy, thank you Based GodSike

Like a P.O.S. t-shirt

Yikes

But it only gonna be worse

Right

But this beat is kinda beserk

Turn it up loud until my fucking teeth hurt

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

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