

Break Up

Tyga

Motherfuck a spirit of Hitler
Scared hicka, you rap niggas
I turtle-shell niggas
In Harold and Bell, niggas
Eat you like lunch, before the bell
Welcome to hell, niggas
Tyga IROC like Camaro 87 engines
Black bat, your car's vision
Snapbacks, no fucking fitteds
My last dinner in a rapper's kitchen
Need a dentist after niggas leave you dental dinning
They call me hall pussy, I'm porky the pig with it
Leave a poker-face face even if a fan can get it
Okay I really got anger
Kids should never talk to strangers
Might get you flat-out hanged on a barb-wire hanger
I'm happy that I'm famous
Not a A-list
Fresh out gorilla cages
When a train crush your fucking face, bitch
Poppy bangin', no rags just bloody statements
This music segment can help you nigga's times wasting
White faces, see me and say my charms racist
The ice layers remind 'em of a lemon cake, mm
It's Young Money Hades
Home of the mic rabies
Tyga man, I'm part Asian
G.E.D-ing on the daily

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