Bruh

Lil Dicky

Bruh
Bruh
LD
Bruh
A.K.A. stem cellsErrybody know the cat like a dope meme
I got em' buzzing off the crack like a dope fiend
They saw em' come up with a Mac yeah I'm so Steve
Nowadays bitches tryna crack got 'em ODing
Like how them hoes want to get it with L
They know it's cold enough to charge like a letterman sale
If they gon' stand behind the bars I'm in federal jail
I'm going far like a general mailOn that note I got the fellas saying what up, the tape what up
The same mothafucker playing with his steak cut up
I'm great, shut up, the flowing no debate just us
I'm out of shape but I'm straight to fuck
Yeah you know I got a chicken in the condo
I was sick of getting off beat she a bongo
Now she playing with the hard D being Rondo
Drunk and go inside her all sweet like a Strongbow
How I'm'a do?I got your ex coming next like a W do
I gotta flex, I'm the best, now I'm being direct
I'm unimpressed by these bitches that I see in the press
I'm kinda vexed by the trash like I'm cleaning a mess
'Cause they as real when they rap as a Chias a pet
They old news stocks plummet! Men's leg hair they ain't cut it!
Forget about your era, Pat Summitt
Finesse writtens
I wanna get a hundred bitches and fuck with the spitting
Religous like a couple of post-marital Christians
I've been official, Dick Bevetta a living
You better dig it like you bitches got a mill in the ditch
I'm killing this shit I been kicking like a villainous ninjaMy shit is gripping when I run it how the fuck I be slippin
I be intimate with them hoes, she never flummoxed
I take chick p and smash, I call it hummus
And I be funny with this shit, I'm just playing
But still nobody fucking with the kid I'm just sayingAh! Got a chicken parm on the date it seem
But I don't even know the broad, she just grating the cheese
I don't even got a job I just blaze and free

But still they give a boy bands, 98 degrees
So come fuck with me
I got a couple hundred bitches doing drugs with me
And I got a couple dozen bitches tryna hug Dicky
And I got a couple bitches who be steady fucking meHey, that's a good ass life
Only thing I got left find a good ass wife
But yo I gotta hit these hoes first, don't tell Mom
But in a year I'm'a bend over Michelle Obama
Bruh you know I gotta do it while I'm hot
I'm tryna get blue in most states like Barack
I'm tryna show a boo the last name of the Rock
And put her on D till we O, J WattI never hit the scene when I do I'm high and wasted
I'm fucking with them jeans love them bitches high waisted
I run around your team, you a player but I'm Naismith
And I Command V, while you copy I just paste it, face itHotel got 'em puffing on the L, going harder than some hell
You ain't knew it
If everybody had to tell the truth and you had to pick a dude
Spitting better than your dude: can't do it
Telling me damn you got bitches, damn you got hoes
Damn you got money, but damn I got flow
Damn you got riches, damn you clothes
Damn you got honeys but damn I got soulHold up. This shit I'm making's always tight it's like a yoga store
They all up in the other boat it's why I'm overboard
I'm taking time to do it right it's like a soda pour
'Cause we ain't loving all you bitches like we spoken for
Damn packing the van, wagging the man, cracking the ma'am
Packing the stands, had them clapping they hands
Tagging they 'grams, Manhattan was ham
Slapping the fans, playing havin' the plan
Fans rapping the jams, sagging my pantsYou see the type of shit I do on the track?
Hot shit like I poop in the jacket
Won't mack your bitch but yo I'm bout to come and mack your clique
Your whole friend group fucking with Dick (no hetero)
I yawn when I hear these motherfuckers on the radio
They ball all retarded Cuba Gooding up in radio
I long for the moment I can say that's not debatable
I'm past that, I wonder who appreciate it like a snapchat
Affleck, dunk the dude, I'm going hard for the grind but I tuck this moveI made war with the rhymes, motherfuck your crew
These bitches going Adolf, tryna fuck this Jew
I'm too nice like a motherfucker that fell in love with a boo
Twice as in double as fuckable as he was
And dude tries to be subtle and get a cuddle
Venting the troubles and getting the truffles and ending up

Befuddled when she don't fuck him and someone tell him listen
You bugging she never fucking a pedestrian mother like you
So why all the trouble but he rebuttal with
I think I just love her so I would shudder at the thought
Of being anything other than nicePeeping like a Port-A-Potty
It wasn't even deep dang shit is still a hobby
It's too bad bitches sleeping on me threesome
'Cause now these bitches want to help but he don't need none
I'm all time like the Wall at the Bank
You've no shot like you drawing a blank
Honestly you probably couldn't hang man
I've been drawing a blank
Giving you lines while you sitting there and drawing a blank
So go in the rink, chilling like stoning and banging
And I'm flowing danker than a grower in Napa
Growing the stankist cannabis
Going rapping flowing smacking all these rappers
And showing the total package like my flaccid is growing fatter
Samoan cracker dapper rapper had to keep goin
Yeah that rap is a rap I know you rappers napping don't know it
There's a dagger pita pappa-tapping on the window
It's a real accurate metaphor of what you having in store
And I be snapping I mean I be splashing on the
Pay me your rain, fallin
Quicker than Aladdin's first name
Are you better than me?
Bruh

Songwriters
DAVID ANDREW BURDPublished by
Lyrics Â© OLE MM Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/