

# The Antagonist

## Lil Dicky

Yeah

Ay, can y'all turn my headphones down? Significantly?

Cool, that's good

It was super loud First of all, this shit about me

I ain't made this shit for y'all, that's the damn thing

I've been waiting pretty long to get on some shit and rip it for Dicky

So just consider this my damn theme song, baby

I've been working hella hard, though

There's people telling me I'm 'bout to be a star, bro

But when I play 'em some of this, they like nobody want the piss, Lil Dicky

You the funny kid, that's where your card go

That metaphor about my lane, if your retardo

I'm bubbling like I'm in a soda, word to Fargo

I'm tryna get the fucking fame and it's a tricky little game you gotta play

Sometimes you gotta tell your heart "No"

Here's the problem I've been having

I wanna make my favorite type of music

And the shit I like to bump is not the type I'm brewing

I be on that "Fuck the world, you motherfuckers losing" type of shit

Like all you haters, look at what the fuck I'm doing

All my favorite rappers not amusing

And I love my funny stuff, I hope it's not confusing

I'm just saying, when you doing something time consuming

Every now and then you wanna spaz

Why I didn't go with jazz, muhfucka

Get up in yo ass, muhfucka

Y'all are trash, ye ain't even know the half

I could rattle off a lot of opposition to rap game

But honestly I'm not in the position for that plane

To carry any weight, I just gotta carry on and wait

'Til a motherfucker carry all the weight

Hypothetically, though, I prolly tell you that I'm better than your every bro

I prolly tell you it's subjective, I'm more impressive

You pressing play, a form of respective

I'm guessing more or less it won't be competitive

Y'all adorable, seditive kind of rappers, so deplorably editive

Nothing's worse than when a moron's repetitive

I don't get it, how is everyone the same dude?

The rookie walking on the court like "Man, I can't lose"

They playing Dicky, everybody in the room be like "That's some shit"  
Playing yo bum ass, they be like "That's some shit"  
Y'all are bubbles with the rapping  
Lil Dicky get it popping, you could say bubble rapping  
The irony in all of this is I've been funny rapping  
Yet the youngin's snapping to the point where all of y'all are funny rapping  
Congratulations, y'all can write a hook  
At my graduation, they was saying I could write a book  
If a Rotten Tomatoes site existed for us rappers  
I would be a 97, y'all would hover 'round a 64  
Little Dicky spit that Pixar  
Hope you seeing why I really like to spit hard  
Only problem is I'm rapping at rappers  
To the people that be listening, that world doesn't matter  
Wanna know what the advantage of the rapper who black is?  
The N-word isn't antagonist  
Before you get all huff and puff about, think about it, be analyst  
The fact they always use it's no accident  
For example, I could be like "Go figure  
I don't think I'm one to fuck with all you ho [?]"  
Y'all can fill in the blank  
That don't make it so you don't gotta rap it a rapper  
That applies to every detractor  
But even if I had a word like [?] disturbed  
It's absurd but I'm looking 'round and ain't nobody verse me  
I don't think a motherfucker's ever tried to hurt me  
Every one I see has been supportive on this journey  
Like where my haters at? I'm thirsty  
I just really wanna talk my shit, be like "Y'all ain't shit"  
But y'all ain't shit, like, y'all don't exist  
I could talk about the people that are dicks but I feel like that's whack  
That'll get old quick, Robin Williams in "Jack"  
Who the fuck is my antagonist?  
Is it you? Is it you? If it's you, let me tell you something  
You ain't even got a clue 'bout the shit that's coming  
You don't wanna be the dude in five years like  
"The fuck, I dissed that  
Shit was pretty clear, how the fuck I missed that?"  
You know that I ain't fucking light, bruh  
I just fucked round and did this overnight, bruh  
I just fucked around and quit a fucking job  
where I was making triple digits then the comma got involved, dawg  
This wasn't rapping or trapping  
This was rapping over a big ol' fucking house with a family  
Who the fuck is listening [?] but making Dicky so angry?

Is it you? Is it you?  
I'm just waiting on some nonbelievers  
The writing isn't on the wall, it's coming out your speakers  
Anybody disagree, I'm being so facetious, homie I mean it  
Forget the website, I'm the only motherfucking rap genius  
Where you doubters at, I'm tryna hear it  
Maybe it's the motherfuckers never paying mind to lyrics  
I would dumb it down for y'all to try make it more appealing  
But the ones who hang on every word think I'm kinda fearless  
But even with no attention, you can kinda tell this motherfucker killing this section  
You can kinda tell this motherfucker still an erection  
But getting harder by the minute, just admit it, it's sexy  
The funny fact about this shit, I gotta rap  
about the fact I wanna rap about this shit to even rap about this shit  
Nobody been sleeping on Dicky  
It's only been a year and bitches been sleeping on Dicky  
Nobody took over the tape with they first tape  
This motherfucker hasn't struggled since the first grade  
Add it up, there's no excuse to berserk, Dave  
Can't debate this shit, you got to skip, you not on first tape  
So what the fuck am I mad for?  
What's some other shit that I could actually spaz for?  
Maybe it's the fact that I've been stuck in this lab for  
A hundred fucking days straight cooking up raps or  
The fact this shit been taking over every thing in life  
I gotta make it so I made the call to leave it all behind  
That's my girl, that's my world, that's beyond being busy  
Now the only one that gets to David Burd is Lil DickySee, I told you this about me  
Go on and look up in the mirror, see with LD  
Who you hate, boy?  
Only care about me, said I'm straight, boy  
Maybe I'm the one that gotta hit when I wanna murder shit  
Y'all probably thinking "Who is David Burd?" and shit  
Y'all just wanna hear some LD  
But I ain't made this shit for y'all, that's the damn thing

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