The Antagonist

Lil Dicky

Yeah
Ay, can y'all turn my headphones down? Significantly?
Cool, that's good
It was super loudFirst 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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