

Goulish (pusha T Diss)

Lil' Wayne

Fuck Pusha T and anybody that love 'em
His head up his ass, I'ma have to headbutt him
Gut 'em, Lil Tunechi shit, weak stomach
It's me LT like when you heat butter
Ol' pussy in the pan, red is the flag
Fuck wit' me wrong, I put your head in your hands
There'll be blood everywhere, I got bloods everywhere
I'ma alien, I hope you aint the Prince of Bel-air
That's real nigga talk, these niggas speechless
Cut off his arm and leg like I charge for my features
Hammer on my side like I work in construction
Your bitch hit that head so hard we get concussions

Niggas can't see me, not even a glimpse
Too many banana clips, I feel like chimps
South Beach bitch and her tan line stupid
You can find me on Collin's like Bootsy
I aint on no fuck shit, I be on that Trukfit
Your girl do tongue tricks and you sweeter than 16
All I ever see is Ben Franklin face
I chase the bank I don't bank with Chase
You fuckin' with some niggas that'll murk y'all
Nigga you softer than a muthafuckin' nerf ball
Birdcall, brrrr, what happened to that boy?
He was talkin' shit and we put a clap into that boy
Tunechi!yo kr

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