Fetch

Moes the Poet

I ain't have shit for the intro no way so, might as well hit the weed.

now all these old hoes from my old phone on my Instagram and in my inbox trynna apologize like "I ain't mean to hurt you" but I don't reply I'm like "bitch stop" cuz ain't shit changed I'm just paid up, I stop and pop I'm not layin up and, the niggas that's with me they won't hesitate they quick to shoot and like golden state they, won't miss I wouldn't lie about it. Its 900 hoe cry about, the beef shit we gone ride about it don't talk slick, you might die behind it that's real talk we don't fuckin play like lebron James with a broken leg but niggas round here don't fuckin listen, they only care about what these hoes say and that's cool cuz a nigga like me'll get paid anyway everyday all day, and you can get ya head split open over a hoe but a nigga like me, nigga I'll be dammned! COME GET THIS BITCH
Aw yea, I'm just tellin the truth

Hook
I've lived what y'all be rappin its rap, but it really happened y'all wack, can't fuckin scrap so you strapped, better get the fuck back talking all that smack my get you clapped, don't ask me shit cuz nigga I don't know. I been down and out for so fuckin long I aint suckastrokin for no hoe COME GET THIS BITCH
chorus
I do whatever I want
I say whatever I want
I don't give a fuck about your opinion I'm winnin bitch and I'm on
I know you hate to hear a nigga spit but imma spit til I break my jaw, I'm young and black and I'm smart as fuck I'll be God dammned if I fall
COME GET THIS BITCH!
I play double dutch with my heartstrings got a, slpiknot in my vocal cords, trynna make a dollar out of two cents, is trynna buy love at a grocery store they be like, clean up on aisle six, and what the fuck is y'all fightin for, I'm cold when I'm hot got a broom and a mop and its still a lot of blood on the floor I slipped and fell, my neck and my back, imma need a dollar or comin back strapped, I feel like atlas I know how to rap and when I brought the flames they put the city on my back what you know about that my lyrics is mythological, they swear that they real but I got a pill for you pathological liars oh you down earth? You simple, I been on mount Olympus trynna fuck Venus like baby what it do you know I'm cool with zeus, I got lightning, double cup the water mick Jenkins with the trident you could hide but I'd rather not, just when you forgot I got to peepin everything like ra and Allah is not who I be praying to, if you went through what I been through you'd be crazy too, tell ya nigga if he, come to the d lookin for me, he won't make it back to the rap bitch I promise that blow the strap off of ya snap, in all black with a skull cap you can't rap, ya lyrics is whack and you sound illiterate. You can't read, write, jump, skip, or whistle get a pistol cuz you don't know what yo do with a pencil pussy I'm better than you. I'm just telling the truth.

Lyrics Submitted by Jomo

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