

The World

Phora

And I'm not talkin bout street rumors
Fuck all that, fuck your money
Fuck your jewelry, fuck all your bitches that you got
That just don't make you cool no more
That's obsolete now
I'm establishing that, in hip hop
That doesn't determine if you're a real man or not
You can have all those things and still be a fucking chump Yeah,

It's crazy how cats are trading their respect for some likes
Talking their shit on twitter but speak less in real life
All these rapper with their egos always talking their shit
And can never swallow their pride, so they can swallow a dick
Well how these rappers wearing red claiming LA and Compton,
I got no comment I'm from a place where they kill over comments
These goons will roll up to your window with the beef like its Sonics
So save your YouTube comments we got nothing in common
It's nothing, no problem You the fucking son I'm the father
We tryna turn up on these cats in the back seat of our Honda
Rolling through Santa Ana bumping Pac just me and my partners
And some pissed off Mexicans screaming "VIVA LA RAZA!!"
Like mother FUCK Donald trump that bitch can go and suck a dick off
And if I seen em I probably knock his fake ass wig off
Aw, y'all really must've got me fucked up
Like really y'all boys done fucked up They switching sides, they telling stories and lies
But it's me and eskupe and anthro we Yours Truly it's just us
So who the fuck can you trust in a world of snakes huh?
And what's it take to get to them pearly gates huh?
These niggas fake see I can never relate
So I'm hollerin "fuck the world"
I know I'm the one they hate huh?!

R-I-P Tupac, Biggie Smalls, Martin Luther
Seems like you aint nobody until somebody shoot ya
These motherfuckers don't want to see you do good,
They want you broke dirty and stressed still living in the hood
Well I say fuck em homie let's get this money
Never trust em homie Tryna feed my family and put food up in they stomachs homie
Cause this cold just wants to see us lose
They couldn't walk ten feet in my dirty ass shoes my nigga

I keep it real, fuck how they feel
Fuck a mil fuck trynna get a deal
I'm trynna make you feel
So I'm in the studio 24/7 like everyday
And I'm running my city, I'm reppin' my team till I'm dead in my grave
All my niggas is gridding in so many ways I aint never had nobody show me the way
I've been trying to get rid of my demons but yo I got devilish ways
I'm never afraid of no man like, get with the program
Heard these new rappers albums dawg and I aint no fan
But for the record, Only cats that I fuck with is Cole, Hopsin, and Logic these other cats gotta stop it
What's poppin I dropped this album out just to tell them I'm a prophet
These cats only drop albums just to sell and make a profit
See the difference nigga I'm different nigga quit your bitchin' nigga
20-20 vision so vivid I see the bitch in niggas
Holdup I aint done we on a mission to take over the world and y'all can't come
See I've been coming and ripping these tracks, spit facts (?) I'm back
I've got 99 problems spitting bars aint one
Yeah, it's Yours Truly to my grave
I rather die a free man than live life as a slave
Look, it's Yours Truly to my grave
I rather die a free man than live life as a slave
Motherfucker THE WORLD
I'm like, the whole world
Like fuck the, the world
Like fuck the, the whole world
Like fuck the world nigga, fuck the whole world
Fuck, like fuck the whole world nigga
Like fuck the world nigga, fuck the whole world
Fuck em, like, fuck the whole world nigga
Fuck the whole world

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