The Contender

Gifted But Twisted

Well I got the sweet, sweet shit that make you go crazy
Bomb-ass shit got ya feelin' kinda hazy
I stay punk rock, miz it with the hip-hop
Bounce in the low-low, better feel the shit drop
With fifteen minutes to lay down the track
You can't step to this shit cuz all your shit's whack
And if a killer beat is pumpin' through your stereo
Better crank this shit so the whole world can hear it yo
And you can catch me sittin' chillin in a BK
Munchin' on a cheeseburger, sippin' on a milkshake
I do it cuz I love it, I love it when the beat drop
And I love the fact that I never had a real job
You're talkin' shit with critical eyes
But I'll see you in an hour for my burger and fries
Behind the counter with your paper hat
While I get paid to live it up, what you think about thatI'm the contender, I rock the party
Catch me with your girlfriend when she's feelin' naughty
I got the power, I got the skill
Cocky as a motherfucker, dressed to kill
And every single night we gettin' it on
Rock the shit, let it rip and do another one
These kids hang on every single word that we spoke
Man fuck that shit, I'm still just a kid and I'm fuckin' brokeI'm the motherfucker that's layin' down a fat beat
Can't sit still cuz I'm addicted to the caffeine
Still rockin' out for all the kids
Still broke as fuck but I'm lovin' this shit
I don't care if you front and hate
Cuz I'm gettin' pussy while you masturbate
You talk trach too much, you need to shut up
Because you sound like a bitch homie, no one gives a fuck
About your friends, your car, your daddy's cash
What's it like livin' lif suckin' dick and kissin' ass
When you hang around with your preppy friends
Pointin' fingers, talkin' shit and takin' it in the rear end
You think we're a joke but you don't seem to know
We got these kids bouncin' all over the motherfucking globe
Yeah we're gettin' respect, hell yeah for sure
But I'm still white trash and I'm still fuckin' broke

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