Dat Ass

Gutter Brothers

Juicebox, tank top, tube socks
Dude stop, forehead shiny like a new Glock
Two shots fired at the Excursion we were swervin' in
All purpose verses with a passion for servin' kids
Empty out your purses on an immature crime spree
Eyin' up the nurses with some gloves that read I squeeze
Who the fuck said to speak, Mr. Me-Is-Siamese?
Even Christ said "Christ, he flows quite nicely"
Hypebeast's highly likely to bite me
And try to high five me, but I just give them high threes
Cause y'all don't get two, touch me, I'm the shit
Sue me, if you got an issue, grab a tissue
Mediocrity is odd to me
Ass as far as ya eyes can see. Who the best? They holla me
Nombre, Ho-lay shit, I don't spit crack, I spit cocaine crisp
I ain't fuckin' with it if it's no payment (Why?)
Cause everyone knows payed dues don't pay rent
I'm dope like the coke that I'm laced with
Dreams what I'm chasin', flow hot it's chafin'
This is why I'm hot? No, that is why I'm blazin'
Dilla jacked Nick, I am shinin' like the diamond that I'm draped in
But I don't wear jewelery, it's HUF over Louis V
Excuse the endurance miss, this critic thing is new to me

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