



WELL
DRAFT BEER
WHAFF
RIGHT
PROPER
MUNYSH
QUANTAS PILS
STIC DRUG
CRAT CHARMAINE
A WONTATED
PERLIER-ASSIE
WIBER
SNOT WITHE
COEM-ITTE
NY 54 6

Cut Up
Bourbon
Campar
\$8



EMO

1539 n. Calvert.

[Intro]

One...One
....Fuck postmates
I need all...

[Verse 1]

I need all my bitches same color as drake
If they not
Then they getting rocked
Put that Pyrex in the pot
I don't give a fuck
If you out there in the 6
Suck a dick
Pussy boy u getting hit with the (woo!)
And I'm really with the shits
So u not gon' take my hits
Break my heart while I break your bitch
Two black cards let me cloak wrist
Fuck a diss
Bitch I'm draggin bodies like it's metal gear
I don't care bout your fuck status
Peggy got no fear

[Verse 2]

Jugg and I come with them bands aye
Gun do not come with plan aye
Keep a Kimber at the pad aye
Crackers never get a pass wait
Credit like my name was chad aye
Watch who fucking tag babe
Ok get yo demo out my face
Shawty
Tryna give that dick to Kelly Conway
Pull my case
Boy I beat that shit like Lennon beat his bae
Young o shea

[Verse 3]

I need a bitch with long hair like Myke C Town
You talking shit
I'm talking shit
You catch a beat down
I know u never in the hood or in the streets now
And still I'm hearing that u really want some beef now?
Bruh?
Take your tree out my backwood

Made the beat cuz I'm that good
Got your girl on her hands
Johnny 5 with the cans
Fuck blog, Fuck a fan
Hope my record panned
Least I made u niggas dance
Fuck 12 nigga stamp

Real Nega

[Intro]

Soft as shit, bitch!
Wet... wet!
WET! (x8)

[Verse 1]

Wet, wet, wet
Kill the connect
Repo man when I come to collect
Beat 'em like Rhythm Roulette
You niggas scared of the god
Bitch, keep that shit on the net
I treat your (???) like Rafiki
I raise the K like a kid
AR built like Lena Dunham
When I shoot, I don't miss (Trapaholics!)
Crackers be singing like chorus
Choppa be changing they pitch
Choppa pay a nigga a rent
Choppa write a nigga hits
Heard he wanna be a rapper
Choppa change a nigga niche
Niggas always wanna get buck 'till they meet 50 Cent
Fuck a subtweet, Sub Pop niggas heads off like PEZ
Alt-right want war, well that's fine then
Bitch niggas in the way, well that's common
White boys getting mad cause of my content
Y'all brave on the web, keep it in the comments
Sock it to a nigga like mankind
And motherfuck that flag nigga, we dying
CAC!
Bitch!
Pussy!

[Break]

Where my ladies at?
I love y'all
The real is back!

[Outro / Guitar Solo]

I'm a real nigga (Whoa!)
I'm a real nigga (Whoa!)
I'm a real nigga (Whoa!)
I'm a real nigga (Whoa!)

[Guitar Solo]

Thug Tears

[Intro]

All I need is rest
I am uncontested
How can I confess this
Watch how I finesse

How you so invested
This can't be your best cuz
I am not impressed

Bullets through my body
I'm a different shotty
You my favorite mess
Bitch I'm never pressed

Keep fresh bic
Ride down 86
Hit!
Roll deep like the kettt

Bitch I'm "Smoke"
Too fly in the whip
Hit!
Fake news
We ain't pressed

Is it ain't safe now
Got my trey pound
In case a pig wanna test

YEET! (Work)
I'm bout YEET ON THESE NIGGAS! (Work hard...)

[Verse]

Work hard
Twerk hard
26 no kids, yea
Talk shit back it up
No fades
Throw shade
Whole game
Look a damn mess
Aye Fuck the caping
No stress
I'm vexed
What the fuck my appearance
I keep a ratchet

I like m yes julez moaning
Like a actress

Ain't got no standards
I'm kinda passive
Rich swann
We gon cash-in

[Break]
Dust off the ratchets
We got some action
I'm on the main line
I'm tryna catch em

I wish a nigga I would a nigga test
I wish go against me
Ima thug I dot play with no rap beef
Fuck round end up on backtreet
I don't cried so many times.....
Look...

[Verse 2]
I wish
WOOSHH!!!

I wish a nigga I would a nigga test
I wish go against me
Ima thug I dot play with no rap beef
Fuck round end up on backtreet
I don't cried so many times
I done did so many crimes
No time, y'all gassed for the new line
Ugh
I'll make a nigga cry at his own pad
I'll make. nigga cry for his dead dad
I'll make a. nigga for his fat wife
I'll make a. nigga cry for me
I'll make a nigga cry for himself (THUG TEARS!!)

Dayum

No lyrics

Baby I'm Bleeding

[Verse 1]

"Peggy, where you been at?"
Getting all this promo
When it comes to money, bet these niggas is a no-show
I been out in Bed-Stuy
Chilling with my feet up
Laughing at these SoundCloud niggas trying to be us
When I say "us", bet
I don't mean no fucking crew
Peggy been a solo act since Looney Tunes & Goofy Troop
Catch me out in Barksdale
Counting fettuccine
While you pussy crackers still trying to pass P.T
Ooh, I'm up in Brownsville
Strapped with a Kimber
All you yuppie purses getting swiped like Tinder
Now I'm at the White House
Looking for your President
Hop out the van pointing guns at your residence
Ooh, I'm up in Queens now
Showing y'all a body
Hoping that you pussy ass crackers try and find me
Chains on my body
Looking like a rapper
Acting like a slave when I'm gunning for my masters, nigga

[Break]

Fuck these niggas!
Buck these niggas!

[Verse 2]

It's ironic you pressed for a cooking
It's ironic you talk jail time, but you ain't never seen no central
booking
It's ironic you hang with a nigga that beat women
And have the nerve to call yourself "Girl Pusher"
Wow!
(You ain't real...
I'm gonna show you how I really feel...)
WHITE BOY BETTER PUT HIS HANDS UP!
I'm ready...

[Verse 3]

And I'm getting Wilder
Shoutout to Deontay
Country niggas booming Peggy, I'm the new Beyoncé
Devil on my entrée
Cut like Dante

Promise I will never go blonde like Ka- (hold up!)
Promise I will never go blonde like Kanye?!
Got so many styles, they should call me Peggy A.J
When I hit the stage, niggas know it's a payday
Tell yo bitch, "Come here!"
Like I work for Midway, nigga!
(Fuck!)

[Sample]
...Like fire

Rock N Roll is Dead

[Chorus]

Gone with the sauce
Got the 45 tucked In the bag
Hit Em with the hawk
Naw fuck it dawg
Whip Em wit the strap
Ive been on the fucking road
I just ended rock n roll
We been running up the score
Turnt your house into a home

[Verse 1]

Ugh
I don't fucking Rome
All I do is count the cash
Bitch in coming in your house
Let's get freaky with strap
We don't fuck with alt right
Y'all ain't never been a threat
If y'all come to Baltimore we gonna stick for there racks
We gon' beat them crackers dead
We gon' fuck up on they
Take em for a ride
More.. hits
More..life
Tight grip on the chopper
That kickback light...
Put hands on a blogger
Make em beg for his life

[Chorus]

Gone with the sauce
Got the 45 tucked In the bag
Hit Em with the hawk
Naw fuck it dawg
Whip Em wit the strap
Ive been on the fucking road
I just ended rock n roll
We been running up the score man...

[Beat Switch]

[Verse 2]

I say that pussies off the richter
No shitting
Man fuck that bitch
Man fuck yo baby sitter
I hit her

I took her to a showman what's the issue
I spilt her
This groovy nigga banging on your sister
The kicker
I can't read
How many cars does it take..
To make this shit an easy race..
How many cars does it take
To make this fucking pain go away

DD Form 214

[Bobbi Rush]

Call me

Call me..

When you get lonely

Darlin' you don't have to worry

I'll be there..

Be there in a hurry

Say it!

Say it and I got you

Know need to worry

Oooooo

Oooooo

I get...

Mmmmmm

Mmmmmm

I don't

I get so lonely

I can't let just anybody hold me

[Chorus: Bobbi Rush]

You are the one

That lives in me

My dear

I don't want know one but you

I don'y want know one but you

[Verse 1: JPEGMAFIA]

I'm doing favors 4 pettt pay

Run thru the track like I'm circ o le

All of this pain that I feel inside

Baby's you'd got to be shitting

Sicker than all of your sickest shit

Flipping your heart like I'm flipping bricks

Niggas be talking that triple shit

Like triple six

Don't exist

I am more hades

Than Hercules

Baggin these bitches

Im Birkin b

U think yo pussy is hurting me

Homie come back when u get to my rank

Call me young Peggy the skank

I get the ratchet and clank

I whip yo ass like Sasha banks

I whip dat ass like I'm Bruce Wayne with cape nigga

I can't be sullied

And ain't a damn thing changed on em

I won't be bullied
(Girls you know what I mean)

[Chorus 2: Bobbi Rush]
You know just how it goes so long
Jus so your own you know it
I'm giving u water
Baby im a veteran
Baby I m a veteran
Baby Ima a veteran
There's no need to question
There's no second guessing
Baby Ima veteran
Baby I'm a veteran

[Outro]
Woo Shit
AHHHH
GIRLS
Wait a minute Ma
MMm HMM
Man ooooo shit
Wait a minute mother fuck
Wait!
W0000
Work this
Son of a bitch
YOU!!!!
Ah Girls!
Wait a minute..
GIRLS

I then changed postions
I put one leg on the ceiling
And the other on the closet door
AHHH Fuck me
AHH just

Germs

[Verse 1]

Off top bitch I'm rolling
Can't stay focused
I'm hopeless
I want white like a token
Blunts stay rolling I'm posted
Catch u home alone mcalley culkin
Matt hardy my gun u getting broken
Yo bitch wet and she throating
My girl blonde like Goten

[Bridge]

It's no shade (Not at all baby)
You can't take (Easy money)
You know that I'm grand prize
Ahhhh u know I know

[Beat Switch / Verse 2]

Bitch I got the sauce and It's wopped up
Stocks up
I might slip n shoot cop up
They not us
Ima make em put his guard / god up
Jesus
Hot sauce
With the cross up
(Can't take!)
I finesse em with a better body
Fresh prince no prints on a severed shotty
Kill trump do em like Floyd did gatti
(It's not shade)

[Break]

It's no shade at all
U know the one that got that liberal arts degree

[Outro]

Yahhhhh whoooooooo!
It's no shade! (YOWWWWWW!)
You can't take! (Whooooo! Yea)
You know I give it (Yea!)
I serve it
You know that I'm grand prize
It's no shade
You can't take
You know I give it i serve it you know that I'm grand prize

Libtard Anthem

[Verse]

Word on the street you a libtard
Heart-rate makes you get hard
Word on the street your a rockstar
Heard you beat a bitch with a guitar
Heard u hit bitches for the clout
He got' beat the bitch for some clout
Fuck the bitch up for some clout
Swaggggerrr!
*** the bitch for clout
Beat the bitch for clout
Skirt off with top down
Burn out Finger out
I ain't don't feel bad wow
I ain't got' lose these thousands
I'm a dog wow wow
And I got that pow pow
Word on the street your a libtard
Word on the street you say yee-haw!
Word on the street you got prime on
Word on the street your a libtard
Word on the street your Bill Maher
Word on the street I know my real mom
Word on the street you fucked Tomi Lahren
Word on the street your a libtard
Word on the street your Bill Maher
Word on the street you fucked Tomi Lahren
Word on the street I know my real mom

Panic Emoji / 🤪

[Intro]

Yesterday I thought I was having a heart attack
Panic Attack
Made a wack beat yesterday
I get ideas in my ???
I keep smoking weed
And I masturbate constantly

[Verse 1]

Keep hustling
Keep moving
I'm a nuisance
I'm useless
We fucked..
This hurts

[Chorus]

DOA
To the base
Face wet
Legs shake
Grab my chest
Feeling faint
This symptoms
Cants help them
Where health went
This hurts

[Break]

Crackers keep calling me aces
I put the spade on hook
All of u rappers is puss
U ain't never hit a jugg
Ain't no money on ya books
I push Lemmy in the grave
I push the golden gun up on ya braids

[Verse 2]

And I'm getting cash u ain't never that o yea
O u fucking mad
Cuz I'm counting swag o yea
Niggas you's bitch
You's a fucking hoe ooo yea
I can't tell you...
Pull up on em with the stick talk
Nigga you ain't bout that brick talk
Fuck with me you get shot
Shooo

Shooo

I am a oppp

Fuck it I am a opp

Wrist cut

Wrist cut

Wrist cut

Wrist cut

Grey death on the block

[Outro]

Its really juts a panic attack..

DJ Snitch Bitch Interlude

[Verse]

Hulk hogan known to keep the thang smoking
Steady fucking with a blonde I think I'm frank ocean
(DJ Snitch Bitch)
Be still...
I can't deal with all these sudden motions
Mac high as Sierra
Your updates frozen
Crouching in the bushes
Like I'm jailposing
That 38 special team
I don't need coaching
You are not a man bitch
Your a fucking token
Giuliani suck a dick
That's the fucking slogan
Black market shawty
Keep the thang on me
Blood on my money
But ain't a stain on me
Ridge racer
No games 4 me
New money new habits
Make u disappear with no trace that's tragic
Riding down Calvert in a caddy with the ratchet
Pussy call the cops so much
The cops should give him badges
Hold up let me hear that back?

[Chorus]

Alright!

Whole Foods

[Intro]

Bitch I shop Whole foods I'm bougey!
Pass the blunt mind is missing
Tweet my shit I need the mentions
Stop pretending
Look!

[Verse 1]

Riding round the city
Like a side bitch
Hermit till die
Close the blinds bitch
Momma told me baby yous a prophet
So profit
And treat these fucking labels like a side bi...hold up
Fuck it dog had do it
Reviewers looking stupid
Stick to music
I'm am black god
Fuck a human
Stanley Kubrick
U know the rapping shit be therapeutic
Pitchfork told me to never be abusive
Unless I'm moving units
I see what the truth is
Cuz Niggas preaching bout the Pussy be the biggest douches
Wow

[Beat Switch]

Oooooo Fallllllllingggggggg

[Verse 2]

I'm out the window looking real stupid
Fuck that
It's young skully
How I peep the ruins
Trust that
I whip the whip like the shit been boosted
My bus pass
Ain't been legit
Since I smashed karreuche (not true)
These people thinking that they warriors
They straight kabuki
I Hit yo momma with Conkers bad fur day
Golden eye hit em up
Perfect dark nigga for the job so I zip em up
And Put em in a bag
Like I'm picking up

Don shit

Macaulay Culkin

[Verse]

I got my hands face like McCaluay culkin
Gave her the cig but I left smoking
And it's the same dude
Black pants brown boots Chest open
I traveled down the back again
My girls golden
Black man white fam
I feel like Jason Jordan
I play my albums front to back
It make it feel important
Apply compression when I spit so It don't get distorted
Piper Chap
With the strap
Fuck the talk
Get the warden
I think I'm Rick n morty in the lab I take precaution
Snipe out em out burn the body
Stash the gloc
Buy the coffin
Just for me
Yo style is my custody
Man I should charge a shipping fee
These rappers don't mean shit to me
2 guns molder and skully I'm solving mysteries
Feminist pistol whip your w--- first that's chivalry
Sounding like my minimes
But u ain't got the heart to do these evil deeds
Debra pack
Turn stone cold into simple Steve
Where it at
Slap a nigga up
Then I get the cream
5 buck for 6 cookies
Sounding like a deal to me
Gots to keep it real for me
Yo shit to appeal don't to me
My fans going heel for me
Shouldn't even be on no bills with me
These punk niggas be killing
This wack shit ain't trill me
Fuck yall niggas I take the heat
Don shit

Williamsburg

[Intro]

Selling art to these yuppies
Getting mixed offers
Hold up...

[Verse 1]

Selling art to these yuppies
Getting mixed offers
Im In New York like I'm Peter Parker Wrote a hot 16 then I tossed it
If I wanted bullshit
I'd just read gawker
Young rick murder
I just shoot walkers
I'm a slave to this rap shit I can'tquit
Fresh sig with grip
A yuppie pop shit
Called the gun Britney jean
When the spears come out
I hit you and JT
U yuppies ain't real
Let u live for a fee
We taking Brooklyn back
You can leave the coffee
And you coons dying to
Word to Charles Barkley
My head dreaded up like my name mar...
Naw we don't do that
Simple rhyming ass niggas
Get they wig pushed back
Get your mic snatched
Nicotine patched
Call my white boys up
Get your life hacked
Heard your Stock dropped
Nigga this the blow back
Put the Hawkeyes on him
Heard he like mash
You gon' rust in peace
Heard you like thrash
Put a price on your head
That's a light bag
45 on me like mike back
Whoa

[Chorus]

Hey! Alright!
Baby I'm just heating up
I just wonder is it for you

Feelings stuck
You know how to heat me up
Ice it up
Ice it like a hockey puck
Baby I'm just heating up..
You know how to heat me up..

[Sample]
Deep off in the main..
Hidden hills

[Verse 2]
I walk in the booth like I own
I know that I belong there
These days ain't the same
All ain't built like that
These fuck niggas ain't ____
Like that
Y'all niggas yall built like rats ahhh

I Cannot Fucking Wait Until Morrissey Dies

[Verse]

Tom

Varg

Morrissey

Bunch a timid white ____

Who can't fuck with me

My daddy told me these white ____ can't keep a key

5th in his face

Got him singing C

[Verse 2]

Never---mind

You or me

Fuck a Johnny rotten

I want lil b

Fuck you niggas talking

This a killing spree

Pull up on a cracker

Bumping lil peep

[Verse 3]

God damn

Holy shit

Got my repetitions

Bought some jewelry

I'm a left wing hates

26 with a fresh 380

[Break]

We gon show em how we do it in the south

This Alabama though

Watch make you look cock eyes

Racks make you walk wop sided

And you know I rock real diamond

You ain't even gotta look at them

[Outro]

4chan on my dick cuz I'm edgy

Sit ya pale ass down have a Pepsi

Im way past flexing

Feel the dab in my chest

This is venting

Rainbow Six

[Bridge: Yung Midpack]

Boolin on the block with the glow cocked
And you snow I got the straight drop (X4)

[Verse 1: Yung Midpck]

Pull up on yo block with the pistol
slap you up nigga little boy juts dismiss you
I don't give a fuck right punch its official
I don't give little nigga you need tissue
For your fucking face
Cause it's full of the blood
Blood Bloody Bloody Bloody Bloody Bloody Blood
Smack you fucking up
Nigga I take a stub
Grab you fucking up nigga
Put you in the trunk
Vertically nigga I take you to the dump
Me nigga I --

[Verse 2: JPEGMAFIA]

What you niggas Want!
Got that thang in the trunk!
What you nigga need!
Pills
Crack
Dope
Weed

[Chorus 2]

I don't wanna hit em with the K (Lord forgive me I'm sorry!)
I don't wanna hit em with the K (Hit em all in the body!)
I'ma have to go and be the badman
Baby I'm put him in his place
I'ma have to do it to you baby (I just Caught another body!)
I'ma have to give him something 'mazing (Hit em all in the body!)
Tell it when ya to my baby

[Bridge: JPEGMAFIA]

Coolin on the block with the glow cocked
And you know I got the straight drop (X4)

[Verse: JPEGMAFIA]

It's the you alt-right menace
What a pistol to a penant
Treat a writer like a peasant nigga huh
surface level niggas never get it
fuck a rating and a cynic

always talking never living nigga huh
I don't make no music for these niggas
Say they wanna be a critic but they cannot take no criticism huh
Nigga we the junkies they the dealers
I be rapping
they be triggered
You be writing
I'm a killer
Nigga What!
Fuck is this song?
Fuck is my whip!
Fuck up your streams!
I got the rips!
Skinny and paid!
I'm Taylor Swift!
We at your job
Catch you on shift
Nigga you gone...
I don't like you..
Niggas don't want it..

[Chorus]

Lord forgive me I'm sorry
Hit em all in the body
Lord forgive me I'm sorry
I just caught another body
Hit em all in the body
I had to get some money

[Outro]

I don't wanna be alone
It's so hard for me to trust you baby
I'm around you baby
I got so much on me
40 I'd drown you baby
I don't wanna drown you baby
I just wanna love you baby
I got too much for me
Oh my god so ??
???? I'm lonely

1488

[Intro/ Guitar Solo]

1, 2

[Verse 1]

Oh you ain't got your flag now
Nigga what
No badge no gun you is not tuff
Got the benilli m4 with the big nuts
Tucan SAM whip it like big russ
Pay homage
You are not a guest
Your a hostage
Rap game thirsty
Piss same color as logic
White boys act tough
I don't give. No fucks
Heard he acting like dex
Beat his ass till he russ

[Chorus]

Keep it on the hush
I heard that yo momma, sister, Auntie, getting touched
Gat in my lap
Catch me surfin stormfornt

[Verse 2]

I put the Judge in seat
I send that bitch to the bing
I heard she pray to allah
Nah bitch you praying to me
I do this shit for kalief
These coppers begging for war
U niggas marching for peace
I make they family weep
Kill em or give em the beats
We point the gun at your seed
Nigga

[Chorus 2]

And I'm riding in that Bentley coupe bitch
Fuck a Trump and a fucking coon Bitch yea
This is not for no interviews bitch
Or the evening news bitch

[outro]

Yeee
Yea
Fucking dry

I'm out of weed
I'm irritable
Fuck all my bands
fuck all my friends
I got the weed
Export the stems
Fuck you I'm paid
Baby I'm ____
I got these (Bills!)
I got these (Bills!)
I got these bills!!

Curb Stomp

[Intro]

Niggas probably thinking I'm loud as shit
Soooo
Ask me I give a fuck
Nope
Damn Peggy

[Verse 1]

Hit Hit Hit!
Superman Peggy making hits!
Hit!
Smallvile fucking with the kents
Hit
Kush getting trumped for the pence

[Chorus]

I'm rolling
Fuck that nigga
I'm Rollins
3rd Reich nigga I'm Stallin
Curb stomp all my opponents
Aw baby I'm violent
Kush loud but the gun silent
Fuck rap nigga I'm firing
You alt right pussies keep crying
Why?
Did I tell you

[Break]

Biddy bye bye
Clap your hands
When the gloc
Extend
I'm clap your mans he's a fucking fan
We dont..
Fuck with stans nigga watch you hands

[Verse 2]

Hit Hit Hit!
Peglord charging niggas rent
Pig stay picking up his scent
Niggas what's a god to a trend
Fuck a tora bitch I'm praying for a benz
Rocky horror pick her pocket then I spend
Young Aramark I profit off the pen
And these drafts never got send

[Chorus]

I'm rolling
Fuck that nigga
I'm Rollins
3rd Reich nigga I'm Stallin
Curb stomp all my opponents
Aw baby I'm dying
I'm crying
Awww