Aitch, FTA Freestyle

Never lost a fight but lost my head a couple times Should've let 'em fuck me up to knock some sense into my mind All the women that I've fucked, with no rubber on the bus If they're ever up the duffs, some are definitely mine Wait, I'm just kidding, I just writ it, I'm just spittin' In your girls mouth, got the puss hissing', I love kittens I was in town with my fun stick on a fuck mission Then I woke up in my mums crib with my cum dripping

I'm paranoid so get prepared to grab me Looked in the mirror then punched a cunt for staring at me I don't bust, I just leave with my nut 'Cause I scream when I fuck, now the [?] they're all scared to track me

Today I woke up I ain't mentally there Like, I might go and shave the chest off my hair I know some thoughts that we got ain't meant to be shared But I'm tired of being quiet and pretending I care

So, most rappers are cunts 'Bout as bad as their mums Talking burning a pack Boy I'm packing your lunch Call me daddy my son Play the match and you won Give you a pat on the back Little slap on the bum All these gyal on the net Put your pants on a sec Sat in a car park, ass out, hands on the deck Tryna hand from one rich man to the next Well if you don't have bread bitch, have some respect

Man are pissed about the Brit speech They know shits peak, bitch please, listen when the king speak Brothers bummy like some shit cheeks Sending bitch tweets acting like some pussy that I didn't beat Imagine we could just say what we thought I'll say it anyway fuck it play it in court Since I broke the fucking bank, I ain't breaking the law But if the police take my drugs, then I'm breaking his jaw

You got tress in the crop let me see what you got Leave your cheddar looking like Swiss cheese when it's robbed Fuck your bro, fuck your sis, fuck your team, fuck your squad And if I catch a man streaming the opps, I hope your drop your phone on your head When you're alone in bed I hope you die and wake up, with a hole in a chest Then head back to the hole where you rose from the dead Then I'll bury you alive, while you're holding your breath bitch

So, most rappers are cunts 'Bout as bad as their mums Talking burning a pack Boy I'm packing your lunch Call me daddy my son Play the match and you won Give you a pat on the back Little slap on the bum All these gyal on the net Put your pants on a sec Sat in a car park, ass out, hands on the deck Tryna hand from one rich man to the next Well if you don't have bread bitch, have some respect

If you don't have bread bitch, have some respect