

# DJ Premier, REMY RAP (feat. Remy Ma & Rapsoc)

With the def female

Let's rap

Remy Ma

No lie, it's only like five females in the game that can really rap  
Got followers and fame and a name so they thinking that  
They can now be listed with the spitters, bitch, imagine that  
They talking 'bout your lace front when I say your shit is wiggity-wack  
They know what's gon' happen to they ass if Remy on the track  
And no, I ain't tryna be catty, they know they really lack  
You assed out without your ass out, and that's really facts  
But if I say it, I'm a hater, I hear the chitter chat  
They know that my pen is crazy but they don't wanna give me that  
Every time I spit some shit, they saying that it's really Pap'  
Claim I can't make a song but actually that's really cap  
Had 'em, Conceited, All The Way Up, and Leanin' Back  
I know they be popping shit, she only hot when Remy crack  
In my presence, they be on my dick like little jimmy hats  
Acting like I ain't the reason that these bitches can even rap  
I'm also the reason y'all know these bitches can't even rap  
Tried to spread a rumor that I'm ugly, bitch, I'm pretty black  
Then try to lie and paint an image that I'm really fat  
Ho, whenever I want, I can thirst trap  
Only thing fat is these pockets and this motherfuckin' kitty-kat  
Y'all be on some, "She hit me", so I'ma hit her back  
I be on some, "She hit me", so now she gettin' clapped  
Birds of a feather flock together, y'all be in a pack  
And'll do anything for the cheese, yeah, you been a rat  
I rap when I wanna, I stopped to have my daughter  
Was flying PJs while y'all was wearing pajamas  
And I'm joined to myself so they can't jerk her  
Done caught more suits and cases than a TSA worker  
Motherfucker  
Daughter of a gun (ah), I spit it like a bullet (yeah)  
That's literary caution, I should win me a Pulitzer (facts)  
I don't show cards, I show face without the hoodie up (fact)  
Change my perspective, think like L. Boogie does (uh)  
I was never late (no) mh, y'all was just early (for real)  
Never fall short unless the shorts come with jersey (ball)  
Life never straight, that bitch hella curvy (uh)  
I'm my biggest fan, I wear my shit out like Kirby (Moss)  
Pi'erre, Pi'erre, yeah I'm bubblin' baby  
Never fill pockets, only refill 'em like DaBaby  
Wah-wah (wah), y'all cry, I'm on a different tier (yeah)  
We ain't the same, me and you, we got some different fears (talk)  
Jerry Lorenzo, this G-O-D flow (talk)  
Word to the North Star, I rep East Coast (East Coast)  
Road to success come with a bridge like E-Foh (E-Foh)  
Today they want a pill, but back then it was kilos  
Why Preemo hit me? 'Cause he know I'm dopest (he know)  
Rap like I got a big dick and niggas chokin'  
Never had an urge to be the wave, I'm the fucking ocean (real shit)  
If you can't see that, then you just a blind turtle (ha)  
Huh, shell shocked when I hit block-block  
Niggas know when I rhyme, it sound like a Glock-Glock  
Ask me where I'm headed, motherfucker, to the top-top  
Can't rain on my parade, ain't no raindrop, drop

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