

Lil Drake, Genocide

Bitch, I'm smoking gas in my chambers like it's the
We're sorry, your lyric could not be completed because
"Ayy, you Lil Darkie, nigga?"
And we want to suppress your opinion, fascistically
Take away the First Amendment!
All hail censorship!
All hail our feelings!
My God is realer than yours, he said what I do is right
That I should fight if heaven pours
I am very, very, sorry
My apologies, for coming off so harshly
Impart me, second chance
So I can dance the way you want me
You Nazi, got me!
Take alot more than that to top me
Soft ain't what I'm made of
You're the one acting like Adolf
Cocky, wit it, you goose-steppin' wit
You loose lippin', talking 'bout who trippin'
Talking 'bout who to shove under the bus
And all of the things that we shouldn't
This just in, Lil Darkie is racist
Spreading the message of Satan with faces
Blacker than any of us proly are
But I'm still offended 'cause I'm a retard
He tryna be hard, we tryna be safe
By making it hard for you to create
Niggas that heard of me fight and debate
I don't deserve not one word of the hate
Mind control all my thoughts are mine to hold
All down in my spinal cord
Bitch, this ain't my final form
I got no time for you puppets
Take yo opinion and shove it
I keep my spirit above it
I'm taking criticism if it isn't ignorant
I'm not concerned with fitting in, I hit it different
I'm a cartoon
But niggas doing more pretending than me
Bitches act offended, get me banned on IG
You don't gotta be a hater, you don't like me
Why I keep a grin on my face, on my teeth
All these niggas mad, they ain't eating like concentration camps
Cut yourself escaping from, leaving over the nation fence
Most these niggas faking, not working, I'm puttin' them aside
Smoke until there's nothing remaining, I call it genocide
Phoney ass niggas plotting, whoa (I call it genocide)
Fruity niggas acting rotten, so (I call it genocide)
On yo shit nigga you not been, hoe (I call it genocide)
I ain't even think of stopping, though (I call it genocide)
Oh? What's this? (Yuh-uh)
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch
I'ma fuck around, and Timmy Turner to the tippy top (tippy top)
I wonder if these niggas really grip these Glocks
Trippin', acid lipping, flaccid dicking
'Til she gimme top, uh-huh
Skipping to the store, I got a red hood on
Salvia, we ripping out a ten-foot bong
There's a bitch inside my house, she keep on saying she's in pain
Yeah, she's sitting on my couch with burning needles in her brain
Divinorum in her veins, guess she was on Lexapro
The combo made her go insane
She feel calmer on cocaine (True story)
Don't rap for fame (Too whorey)

Bitch whatchu sayin'?
I'm Super Saiyan, you super plain (Root for me)
I take my pay, make the music
Plant a bomb, can't defuse it
I am calm, I am lucid
They betting on that he lose it, never had it to start with
Break you like using guitar pick
Constipated always making that hard shit
Contemplating taking niggas real far, shit
Things happen niggas switch you evolve with
Time moving, rhyme smoothin'
Stay focused you will shine through sin
Street tacos get some dimes Who's in?
Know a nigga threw the lime juice in
I know how to live (I know how to live)
I know how to die too
You could jump off a building
Eat mushroom for healing, put acid in your eyes too
I'ma fuck around and Timmy Turner to the tippy top (tippy top)
I wonder if these niggas really grip these Glock
Trippin', acid lipping, flaccid dicking
'Til she gimme top
Whipping up my visions humans listen to the shit I drop (Shit I drop)
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, huh, yeah, huh
Yeah
Yeah, huh, yeah, huh
Yeah, huh, yeah, huh
Yeah, huh, yeah, huh
What goes around, comes around
Goes around, goes around, goes around, goes around, eh
Goes around, goes around, goes around, goes around, uh
Spider gang shit (Uh, Spider gang shit)
Goes around uh, what you what (Goes around, goes around, goes around)
(Yeah, Karma)
Don't be afraid, step right up, step right up!
Take your turn at the legendary wheel of Karma
But remember, that what goes around
Comes back around, goes back around to you, yeah
What goes around, comes around
Goes around, comes around, goes around, come back to you
My momma told me that was true
People remember like elephants do
People forget all the elements too
Living and breathing, succeeding at music
At leading the crew with a passion
These niggas ain't move
'Cause they crashing and talent they rationing
I'll get a bat I might bash him in
Gripping a blade, and I'm slashing him
Happen to you!
I pull up on 'em no masking
I'm smokin' that dope up in Lassen
With drain the swamp blasting I'm cool
I'm on the beach up in Tahoe
Packin that THC inside a raw cone
I'll be happy when it's all gone
Mary Jane answer, whenever she called on
I had to fall down, I'm smoking too much
Fold up a post-it, I'm chiefting a blue crutch
I do not do Dutch, I don't do backwoods
Grabba leaf, only tobacco that smack good
I fucked that, I fucked that bitch in the Safeway
7:00 am and I'm having a great day
I'm putting on weight like I'm Tay-K

Anime rapper you sound like a Beyblade
Anime rapper you hard or you not though?
Go sip on yo wok and the bars that you pop, oh
You need a Glock on yo lap and it cocked or
You grip yo cock and you fap while you stalk hoes?
Niggas walk around in dark, clothes
Bitch I'm smoking at the park, O's
Asking questions like a narc, no
Why you sitting at the start? Go!
Go, go, go!
Yeah, yeah, get it, get it
Oh my, oh my (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
P-P-Pussy boy g-get out my way!
I'll run up that check before I run any fades
Killing shit for fun but I ain't catching no case
Chillin' in the sun a villain catching some rays
L-I-legalize the fungi nigga, I eat it anyway
It could start with one guy, nigga
The world got plenty fakes
It don't need another
Fire with my brothers in the street
They don't show no love
I sight the others they look industry
Let 'em sleep, goodness me
Tell me what should this be?
Why you in my live talking shit?
I ain't saying shit to you
Keep my pride on my hip, that's a weapon I can't lose
Peep my vibe or keep zip your lips
Why won't you choose to love everybody
Bitch, how many times are you gonna ignore
The signs and people's rhymes
Yo niggas are retarded
He slid and left his nine
Yo mamma must have dropped yo ass upon you spine
I feel like Rikki-Tikki-Tavi
We mobbing through the lobby
That faggot tried to rob me
"No hoe" like d-lo bitch
I feel like Rikki-Tikki-Tavi
I think the copper saw me
But I ain't chain link hopping
'Cause I ain't see no shit
Niggas will believe whatever you tell em
If you tell 'em enough
Helpful when you selling some stuff
Or starting a war
They rotten at the heart at the core
I'm plotting to pour LSD in the reservoir
All over the floor
I'm bringing Psilocybin on tour
I'm hiding the cure for fixing niggas, I'm very sure
Stop being depressed
Step outside and puff out your chest
He made you the best
That's ever gonna jump out the nest
I'm a crushing a pest
You rushing to get up like you next
You failing the test
Impale yourself through one of your breasts
Somewhere on your chest
Your heart departs and leaves you with less
Now look at this mess
Bitch, pull yourself together no rest
I feel like Rikki-Tikki-Tavi

I know that copper saw me
But I ain't chain link hopping, cuz I'm up in his whip
(STOP RESISTING, STOP RESISTING, STOP RESISTING, AHHH)
Let your brain leak out of your ears
Go insane nigga punch all your peers
Ayy, pick the kid up, nigga wipe off your tears
We war-ready, I see you very clear
For the tribe, do it for the tribe nigga
Or 'cause you alive
Free what is inside nigga, I know why you cry
There is something vile, taking people ain't no lie
I know we should smile bigger
Because we will die. Momma why we die?
Tell me, momma, why we die?
I know why they hate me because I will not be shy!
"I just wanna fly Daedalus, I have to try!"
"No, do not be a fool Icarus, you flew too high!"
Son, move, get out of my way
He was just a boy wanna play with the day
See him where he lay, now see him where he lay
Don't succumb to ignorance
Or you will have to pay witch a life
Play with a knife, you could filet what you write with
Stay outta fights
Tryna spit or you tryna gang bang, pick a type
I don't wanna see no talented rappers dying to pipes
I won't front, Nigga whatchu want?
I just wanna see you stunt
On these hating ass sucka nigga cunts
Kick it punt, I don't fuck with runts
One-one-seven killing grunts
They in heaven when I hunt
When I hit him then he
Let his brain leak out of his ears
Go insane, bitch, I'll punch all your peers
Ayy, pick the kid up, nigga wipe off your tears
We war-ready, I see you very clear
Let your brain leak out of your ears
Go insane nigga punch all your peers
Ayy, pick the kid up, nigga wipe off your tears
We war-ready, if you not
Why you here?
(Go, go, go, go, 1, 2, 1, 2, 3)
Bitch, I'm killing everyone
Bitch, I'm causing a genocide
Fuck these rapping niggas they capping
Tap in pretend to slide
Bitch, I'm in the field like a soldier
I'm making fucking moves
Made of paper nigga I'll fold ya
Roll ya and tuck in smooth
Niggas wanna talk
I don't have the time
I be on the block
Meditating making rhymes
Uh, you be hella hating
Ain't got no cock, got no spine (Yuh)
There ain't no debating
Do not talk, make a line
Bitch, I keep it on me
Like Commie or an American
I ain't smoking with you
But money could make me share it then
Sweeter than some honey
And funny 'cause I ain't very tan

Still the darkest rapper
You slapping I'm killing every man
Huh, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
BI-BI-BI-BI Yeah, yeah
BI-BI-BI-BI Yeah, yeah
Are you still offended?
Are you?
Let me know, please do not be
I care so much about how you feel