

# Lizzo, Hot Dish

I got a lot on my chest, so here's my breast reduction  
I hear the sounds of gums bumping, they ain't saying nothing  
I'm sick and tired of being typecast like Lindsay Lohan  
When I'm gonna probably outlast most of these niggas flowing  
A cover girl with the mouth of a tommy gun  
Blow trees and I will blow you away when I'm on the stage  
I guess that's why I got them shivering they're very afraid  
I guess that's why my checks thin cause dem hate  
They steady instigatin' on what they hate on  
I'm the rainbow bridge like a pack of 50 crayons  
Cause I ain't got no beef with no body  
But those bodies need to realize that this is no hobby  
I ain't your hook girl, boo, I'm your feature  
And I don't need your attention because of my features  
I swear to God I feel like a piece of meat every time I'm walking home or even a block from lake street  
Man, give me room the only rapper with a womb that will spit that 16 bars to send you rappers to the ground  
Me and my crew we ain't playin' around  
Cause ever since we landed we just been the talk of the town  
While I talk I remember those who paid the price  
I lost my pops man I wish he was alive  
I can't let go of the past, he never heard me rap  
So I carry his spirit on my back in Minneap  
Lizzo in this thing so great, to complement my shape  
Nicknamed hot dish complements of the state  
I see you hungry niggas  
Here you go, some steak  
I guess you are what you eat  
I guess you're Lizzo taint  
Apologies to my mother she thinks that I'm a saint  
Apologies to the rappers I dusted out the gate  
Yo, I see you munching on my plate  
Rip to any beat I meet, see ya

All these hoes wanna suck my (gasp)  
But I don't got a (gasp) so I tell them "deal with it"  
All these niggas wanna ride my (gasp) but I don't got a (gasp) So I tell them "deal with it"

I peter piper picked a plain pepper and gave it spice  
Paprika, eureka, I see ya pow! pow!  
My mouth is a gun and the bullets that kaow! kaow!  
Are ammo of the knowledge that you don't know  
But know now  
Sick and tired of these hypocrites  
I generations to back me up  
Mama Kirkwood and Daddy Jefferson had to deal with it so I'm done  
They raped and murdered my ancestors  
Hung my great uncle from a tree  
So when I look at that maple branch I look in the mirror and say "could be me"  
All of these niggas don't know where I'm from  
All of these hoes they just wanna have fun  
Acting like junkies  
Looking like bums  
Lower than scum  
What's lower scum  
What's lower than dumb?  
The ignorance displayed by his insolence  
He sprayed all the businesses  
And laid someone's significant other and mother and brother in the streets  
Who said that was OK?  
Who said that was cool?

I said it was cool  
So what's all the blues, bitch

Take a dip the city's swimming in blood pools