

Shayla G

"Underdog"

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[Shayla G]

Hair and nails tight, yeah I got a makeover
Game over, oh-five takeover
I'm sick and tired of bein sick and tired like a hangover
No more scraps any more I'm gonna fork over
I'm ready to eat, enough here for leftovers
It ain't speech, ain't nuttin here to talk over
This is heat that I spit it's all flamethrowers
Talk shit then you're quick, to get changed over
Have 'em at your crib at night and not for sleepovers
Shit, showed you I'm nice, though I ain't a pushover
I done told ya, over and over
Roll with me or get rolled over
In the wrong Rover you may flip over
Off the cliffs of Dover
Make 'em think it was the doja that made 'em {?} over
I'm takin me a spot, I'm sorry, somebody's career's
over

[Chorus 2X: Shayla G]

No longer the underdog I'm for the cause
Sorry y'all wasn't involved, I evolved
And now - I'm in the booth with my cape on
And now - I'm in the booth with my cape on

[Shayla G]

Nope, no longer I'm a chicken like a capon
I'm in and out the booth easy with my cape on
So hot, that many calm me napalm
Hold me, like I was in the center of they palm
They warned all the haters and naysayers
Now invasive, in the end they all like "Hey Shayla"
Out to give, but never, pull out to get
How they used to ride me for my fits and my kicks
Now I'm S.T.O, four-four, four-six-fourth
And you couldn't pick these, with a forklift
You ain't got a shot dog, don't force it
I'm sorry you couldn't pull these, with forceps
Move on, I was past lukewarm
I don't stop, get it get it, like Luke song
Ju thought, my flow was nitro

Whatever you might know to me is micro

[Chorus]

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