

## Bishop Lamont

### "T.W.S.S"

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Featuring Sneakas

I'm kinda the reason the people still believe in rappers  
medium  
Even if you need em to consider this evening was  
teasin easin  
These pills mind your peace, accusing abusing  
Dope lines, I got resolve in using  
This is leaky fosset rap  
Once I start spittin I'm feelin  
My little New York studio, apartment to the ceiling  
You can't stop me from pinning everything I touch  
Not exactly Midas but I might just start to care enough  
Ladies and gentlemen, everything's fine  
Everything's fine, everything's fine  
The kids are alright, they had dinner on time  
Dinner on time, dinner on time  
This ain't the bullshit that we feed em  
Is where did racker bringin it back to packin  
Mackin back in the act, smackin a rapper to back in the  
facts  
It's a little favor just for you sup on  
And give you a taste of the things we grew up on

I spit the hardest, your favorite artist  
I come the hardest, that's what you say  
Said I'm good looking, foreign from Brooklyn  
Cause I'm so big, that's what she said  
Uh you so deep, your lyrics are crazy  
I really feel it, that's what she said  
That's what she said, that's what she said  
That's what she said, that's what she said

Take me where I ain't never been and there ain't very  
hard to find  
Like where the wild things are, my style is so bizarre  
Yea I know I got you open like a door is a jar  
And in the jar was sticky pain from the dispensary  
Pristine, my jeans are clean, I mean neatly  
And the roof is future blew in the face just like the  
beast

And my Timberlands were stomping like my niggas on  
the east  
We all codies to the god, peace to the queen  
But my tux is fully laced, that later place where I'll be  
doing my thing  
I say my grace for eat apples like an appetizer  
Bitch they off my naked here, take somewhere the  
sanitizer  
So analyze the vandalizer that'll brutalize ya  
Rank is an abused rapper like I was your supervisor  
I smoke my BD's like blowin CD's about my window  
Can see these rappers fuckin up my yellows  
I need a Q tip, fuck on Alicia Noby  
So I can find a way so I can finish up my story  
On the world tour, with Sneakas my man  
Fuckin each and every bitch with my dick in my hand

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Yo I mean I'm tryna tell ya man, that's what she said  
She fuckin lyin  
She did not lie  
She promised!  
That bitch is a crackhead  
That bitch is not exactly that's my best friend you're  
talkin about  
You know what? That's not even a bitch, that's a shim,  
that's a tranny bitch  
That is not a shim  
Her Adam's apple was so small  
That's what she said  
That is what she said  
Whatever, I'm just telling you  
I'm your friend  
I'm your friend, I'm not gonna lie to you  
I'm your friend, you paid for her  
I didn't know the bitch was a tranny  
I didn't know she's a shim  
You could've said  
But what did he tell you?  
I mean what did he say?  
She said her name was Joy  
No, that's what he said  
That uh, that's the agreement

(That's what she said, that's what she said)  
We're good  
That's what she said  
Yea  
Uh uh and the best album of forever.. ever  
An Oscar goes to Oscar the chef

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