

Dj Paul

"I Can't Take It"

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I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired
What the fuck's going on all this bullshit around here
man?
Y'all fucking the game up, been fucking it up for years
I don't care what you do, do what you do
But for all my niggas that want that real shit
Here you go, I'm fucking fed up with that all shit nigga
I'm fed up!

[Hook]

I can't take it no fucking more, no fucking more
Pussy shit, no fucking more, no fucking more
Pussy nigga, no fucking more, no fucking more
Pussy shit, no fucking more, no fucking more
I bring them g's back in this hoe, back in this hoe
I bring them killers, back in this hoe, back in this hoe
I bring them g's back in this hoe, back in this hoe
Pussy niggas grinding for the dough, grinding for the
dough

I said I'm done defending rap, every of these niggas
can't even rap
Every these niggas done killed the game so bad, I just
went back to trap
And I ain't doing no features, for you motherfucking
leeches
Where the fuck was your parents, who the fuck is your
teacher?
Who the hell is your preacher, cause you nigga is
sitting shame
I used to love rap, but thanks to you shit ain't the same
Who want the rasters, fucking beast me
If y'all niggas hard, the the fuck that makes me
All these dealers faking, I'm just wondering how they
made it
If you think that shit is quaking, you think it's
hallucinating
These rappers so overrated, I'm the cold go 18
Greatest of our times nigga, god has made me for it

[Hook]

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Y'all niggas talk a lot, fucking call that rapping
Bitch you with a tree branch, call me long cabin
You got the guards spazzing, fuck all of y'all
I ain't let niggas shine, I let them off the ball
Lord show no mercy, I beg you all mighty
Disintegrate these trash niggas word to Chris mighty
You wanna fist fight me, yeah I know you like me
Study my old raps, pause bitch, biteme
Little niggas don't make me load the cartridge
Fuck around and eat your food and rob your
lunchboxes
All that money talk where your money went
Paul put they ass on punishment

[Hook]

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