

Jay Rock "Anti-social"

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Intro: Uh...yeah..I like this right here..(woo woo)...see shit like this ...you just speak what you feel like... I mean you just say what the fuck is just on your mind like you know...see when I say shit I just want y'all niggas to feel me..you feel me? Yeah..

Verse 1: Dwelling with my killers, smoking good, blowin' on that killa, word on the streets niggas wanna kill us, we got choppers, they dont wanna feel it Say they want problems? mutha fuck they feelings niggas and guarders we natural born fuckin' killas, bustin' down burbs', tryin' to get a million, boy we gotta eat, feedin all our children, gettin paper, stack it to the ceiling, straight gutta, hard, colder than a blizzard, leanin off the sizzurp, twistin up the hizzerb, Rock be the name, game, sharper than some scissors. Baby what it is? Tell me what the wizzord, you got ass, ima whistle while you twizzirl, keep it live 365, got my chest out and my head to the sky but...

Hook: i'm so anti social cuz fake as niggas I cant stand close to, some of these niggas actin like they know you but as the world turn only time will show you that's right (x2)

Verse 2: Lookin' good in my Chevy, wish my granny could see me, rest in peace mimi, wish my daddy could see me but the lord took him away, all I have now is memories to play me, can somebody tell me why the ones you love most always be the ones that go? Got my gun on my shoulders and my heart on my sleeve, make every moment count never know when your soul gotta leave. Just to escape from stress I smoke some weed, gettin' high to the point when i'm not able to speak, fuck friends, all I have is me, keep you enemies close cuz fam-ily en-vy that's cold blooded, that's my life in this rough, gat in my palm runnin' yo mouth then ima bust. I ain't a hater my nigga, I dont cuff, jealousy is the root of evil and bitches I dont trust...

hook x2

Verse 3: That's right i'm so antisocial cuz fake ass niggas I cant stand close to, I just mind my business and do what im supposed to, represent the gutta keep it real on these pro tools. Why every year I lose someone im close to? That's why I stay strapped in every club that I walk through, never know, bitch ass niggas might hawk you, stalk you, spark you, shell put a part through, gat in my car when I ride in the dark too, when I let it off it's a light now say goodnight (goodnight) it's that simple homeboy, shoot your fingers throwin' up the wrong symbol homeboy, and we can crash like a thimble homeboy, raise the bar, duck shots if you can limbo homeboy (homeboy?) you not a limber homeboy, you can get stressed out runnin' the motor in your mouth, that's why..

hook x2

That's right (that's right), that's right (that's right) yeah (yeah) i'm so antisocial (yeah) fake ass niggas I can't stand close to, as the world turn only time will show you that's right. (thats right) YEEE

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