

# Tyga "Break Up"

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Motherfuck a spirit of Hitler  
Scared hicka, you rap niggas  
I turtle-shell niggas  
In Harold and Bell, niggas  
Eat you like lunch, before the bell  
Welcome to hell, niggas  
Tyga IROC like Camaro 87 engines  
Black bat, your car's vision  
Snapbacks, no fucking fitteds  
My last dinner in a rapper's kitchen  
Need a dentist after niggas leave you dental dinning  
They call me hall pussy, I'm porky the pig with it  
Leave a poker-face face even if a fan can get it  
Okay I really got anger  
Kids should never talk to strangers  
Might get you flat-out hangered on a barb-wire hanger  
I'm happy that I'm famous  
Not a A-list  
Fresh out gorilla cages  
When a train crush your fucking face, bitch  
Poppy bangin', no rags just bloody statements  
This music segment can help you nigga's times  
wasting  
White faces, see me and say my charms racist  
The ice layers remind 'em of a lemon cake, mm  
It's Young Money Hades  
Home of the mic rabies  
Tyga man, I'm part Asian  
G.E.D-ing on the daily

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