

Cam Meekins "Obedear"

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Young killing, raps over the ceiling
Stacks over the building, hah, I'm just kidding
Fuck these other dudes who claiming to stack millions
Looking to catch feelings, lyricism concealing
Young depressed, call it chess, making movies, never
stress
Bowflex, got a tight ass that I'm finna stretch
Purp blazed and I'm thirstay
So I never ever ever let it hurt me
Bitch, you always say we never talk about shit
I see you texting all the time side chick
But you the iPhone, she a sidekick
Got a ride home, now she all up on my dick
We used to talk but we don't talk no more
Don't even walk around the pond no more
I saw moms in the grocery store
She said I'd love me a cleanup on aisle 4

I put my heart in this shit like organ donors
Flow retarded and shit but you supposed to know this
You talk about your swag at the mall and that
I still murder this shit on a practice track
I go, keep killing, no publicist
And I keep my own publishing so who the toughest is
Joints fat, Newt Gingrich, I run this shit
I want cheese like Republicans, I go
Dumber than anybody you ever heard of
I switch it up when I'm drinking and suburbans wind up
swerving
And uh, Anybody who think this is
Suck my fucking dick til I finish
Skinny kid with the game on smash
This slow rhyme never came up fast
I'm a remain the man and stay true to fans and shit
Fuck frat rap, Bitch it's Lamp City and that's it

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