

## Angel Haze

### "On The Edge"

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[Verse 1]

Rose up from the bottom of the pump like a fleshlight  
And all you weazy bumb bitches got your chest tight  
Weak bitch you couldn't beat me with your best might  
Im burning rubbers on hoers with the condom over least  
Hold up, I'm busy killing these bitches if not that,  
Then Im giving them stitches  
I'm burning them down  
Them I'm cutting these bitches,  
If they talk shit then I'm kicking they lips in,  
If you talk shit then I'm kicking your lips in,  
They trippin' with blunts, they literally spittin'  
I'm all in your face: I've got something to spit in  
Hold up, wait  
Time for recollection  
If rap is crucified, bitch I'm the resurrection  
The best kept secret  
You is in discretion  
I'm here to fucking teach em', you the fucking lesson  
You and me a wild fire to a matchstick  
I'm a fucking problem, you don't wanna add this  
Hold up  
You don't wanna add this  
Better yet go run your suns and your bag bitch

[Interlude]

Every time I hear that part I'm gonna die of laughter  
Oh wait, wait, I was the first person to hear "Succubi"  
Oh whatever the fuck you called that weak ass diss to  
Jim Jones  
You know when you had bitches up in your hood trying  
find dirt on you?  
Or like the time you were the studio with Missy Eliot  
And she was scared to be in the studio with you,  
remember?

[Verse 2]

Bitch I'm from the 313  
Whip the fuckin' meat cleaver out like who want beef  
What the fuck you gonna do with this Diplo flow?  
Diss you on own your shit

You should dip low ho  
I bet you won't leap  
You frog ass bitch  
Pussy ass Courage the Cowardly Dog ass bitch  
Hold up

[Interlude]

Or like when you were texting me about Kreayshawn,  
remember?  
"Let's steal her fans, we're not really friends with this  
bitch"  
And I was like "Oh ok, we're all good."  
Bitch, I got ammo on you  
Bitch, you don't want war  
But we're just gonna tell what happened when we were  
together

[Verse 3]

I was in the City,  
Chillin' with a bum bitch  
Who was on Twitter,  
Talkin' like she run shit  
You was in my text  
Looking for some pity, bitch  
"I'm at the bar alone  
On some Sex in the City shit,  
My boyfriend left me  
My heart finna' break"  
Bitch, you be fucking niggas on they oxygen tank  
Shit, I be making moves, bitch  
Plotting my fate  
Looking at you wack hoes like who's spot should I take  
Wait: Rocawear, Rainbow  
Now you're on your Wayne shit  
Rapunzel goin' be missing like her edges and her  
bangs is  
Really, I was hoping you would clap first  
But either way I'mma goin' give you that work  
I'm the one everybody say you can't be  
You know it too, cause I'm the only one ain't tweet  
Nappy-headed Chia pet  
Ghetto fucking Easter Bunny  
Eat up every track  
That's an OJ: munchie

[Outro]

I'm like genuinely laughing on this shit  
That's why she doesn't really talk much  
Cause like I just want you to have the balls to respond  
to me, bitch  
Don't tell me when you're going to London for a month

Don't say "Oh, your so..."  
Wait, wait, wait, wait, I see you hung out with Paul  
Epworth  
Did he play you the track that I ripped?  
Did he play your style that I stole, bitch?  
Give me the beat  
Let me work that bass  
He played that for me, I didn't like it  
Bitch put an album out  
I think my album's more done than yours  
And I just started a week ago  
You out here sleeping on studio floors  
Wasting money on Digi-videos and Photoshop  
Stop it, bitch

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