

## J Lethal

### "I Luv Dis Shit"

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I step through the door and set the building on fire  
I'm a kamikaze rider, you can tell by my attire  
And I'm still spitting verses like a semi-automatic  
And my swag is so electric all these pussies catching static  
Fuck ya'll niggas, I'm way too strong  
Fuck ya'll niggas, I'm in my zone  
Fuck ya'll niggas if you ain't talking about money  
I don't care if you think I'm right or wrong  
I spit so hard, you would think I got halitosis  
And I split a blunt down the middle like the red sea with Moses  
December twenty first, yeah I was born on doomsday  
And these rappers still be the main course on my fucking food tray  
I serve these rappers up just like creme brulee  
And when it comes to the bullshit, I'm like a linebacker so just don't bring it my way  
Fuck you mean, I'm killing ya'll  
I'm the shit motherfucker, better check ya drawls  
This my show and you casting off  
I'm the man getting head like a Tylenol  
Fuck you mean, I ain't falling off  
If I was with Nicki then I'd be falling in  
Take my friend, slap it on her butt  
Beat it up, and then take it out and do it again  
So versatile, I swear I kill anybody song  
You love strippers and I love money, that's why I am on the throne  
No, that's not a diss, just read between the lines  
Ain't nobody fucking with me, bitch I'm in prime  
We are not the same, I'm a martian, yeah a motherfucking alien  
My gun is darker than the night, and it's quick to spray you thin  
They said rap was dead, well I guess it need some saving then  
I get so deep up in that pussy 'til I feel it caving in  
Two guns on my waist, just like Two-Face  
One black, one white, but neither ever leave a trace  
And it's all too clear, I'm the best at this rapping

And this is not a movie so why you niggas acting  
I come through with them twin guns  
And kill you and the nigga you was born with  
That chopper on my lap will have ya head in the air like  
a coin flip  
And if they ask me what I'm doing, I'm Tony Stark  
swagging  
On my Hugh Hef. shit, I keep more bitches than a  
pageant  
Bitch, I'm still the best, I spit flames like a dragon  
Hip-Hop is my hoe, and right now I'm set to cash in  
A couple thou. for a verse ain't shit to a boss  
I pay the cost, and then I floss  
I'm the man in the front, you're in the man in the back  
In other words, I won, you loss  
Just go and check the scoreboard  
I wipe 'em with the floor, sure  
Explosive like some nitrogen, I might lose my  
composure  
Fresher than a motherfucker, catch me rocking TrukFit  
Got yo bitch on her knees giving me them duck lips

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