

# Jung Phil

## "Pyro"

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### HOOK

Fake ass rappers claimin that they on fire,  
Imma bring the heat,  
No Lebron,  
Call me Pyro.

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### BRIDGE

Bring it back for my team,  
One time,  
Bring it back for my team,  
Two times.

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Check it boy,  
I got the ploy,  
How to be a G,  
A boss, and crush that noise  
Heard you boys was talkin reckless off ya lips,  
So you sobbin like a certified bitch,  
You youngin's jealous from the money, and  
The things I'm doin, and  
How my team ain't rockin local, and  
We makin moves and,  
Shut ya shop down,  
We put you out of business,  
So what's up now,  
You stay burnin bridges,  
I didn't forget about that rookie,  
Claimin he a rapper,  
How he be a trapper,  
All i hear is laughter,

This is real life,  
So watch what you say,  
If it wasn't for my team,  
I would of had you sprayed.

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One shop,  
Two shop,  
Three shop,  
Four,  
Damn ya track record man is looking real sore,  
Spent too much time auto-tunin on that Barbie bitch,  
Twenty grand in debt,  
Claimin that you on some ballin shit,  
Bitch I'm real hood, and  
I'm livin real good,  
Told you niggaz that "I'm Bout This", and  
I thought you understood,  
How you talk shit,  
Then do a feature,  
Homie you a bitch,  
You lucky I didn't beat' cha,  
Droppin mixtapes cause you can't get no deals,  
Do ya self a favor,  
Overdose on some pills, and  
For that fake dread nigga,  
Sayin that you hot,  
Heard you was a cop (Snitch),  
Heard you smoke them rocks (Snap),  
Yall some little boyz wit big ego's,  
That's that shit I don't like,  
I call that little peoplez,

You rookies fell off,  
Bitch I got a sequel,  
In case you wanna try me,  
got them Desert Eagles.

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Imma bout to get stupid,  
You don't even know,  
I got some true facts, and  
This is how it goes,  
First you had a lab,  
Then that shit closed,  
Why ya boy taken pictures,  
Strippin off his clothes,  
Bustin out naked,  
Spread wit a eagle pose,  
Sent the text 3am,  
Try to keep it on the low,

Yeah,  
You exposed,  
Lookin like a Hoe,  
All you boys frontin,  
Actin like some Pro's,  
Why you callin mommy up,  
When life gets rough,  
Runnin home feastin on that blonde Barbie muff.

Fake ass rappers,  
Claimin that they on fire,  
Imma bring the heat,  
Make you boys go retire.

Yall some little boyz wit big ego's,  
That's that shit I don't like,  
I call that little peoplez,  
You rookies fell off,  
Bitch I got a sequel,  
In case you wanna try me,  
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