

Extended Famm**"FYIRB"**

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[Chorus]

I don't waste time kickin rhymes about cheddar
All I gotta say is fuck you I rhyme better
I ain't got no gators and I can't afford a leather
All I gotta say is fuck you I rhyme better
I bet you think those little raps you kickin is clever
All I gotta say is fuck you I rhyme better
While you're pushin a lex, we roll in escorts and jettas
All I gotta say is fuck you I rhyme better

[V1 - SESSION]

The flows you all say shows you are gay
I put holes in ya body, and play flute when I blow you
away
you know you are played, dude still think he king
but ya chic wrapped around my finger like pinky rings
doin kinky things, turnin her inside out
I doubt you can't last long enough to try out
thats how im layin chics, ya lady'll get it
cause ya rhymes are like radio edits, you ain't sayin
shit!
you playin wit a dude, rhymin hot, thumpin on you fools
only time I flop, is jumpin in a pool wit my arms open
trom smokin, the hash blaza
you dudes be all on my sax like Jazz players
but fuck you, I rhyme better, best design sweaters
and ya dime? get her as soon as I met her
Session align letters to cause damages
turn were you from into city of angels like Los Angeles

[Chorus]

[V2 - TONEDEFF]

Tone turns caked nig|gas to professional pie catchers
High Action, I'm apt to put in more legwork than a thigh
master
I finally figured how you could die faster
I'd number your days, but rather letter them instead
and then alphabetize backwards
Flabbergasted at how I send these rhymes past ya
You're the MVP of the National Fuck-up League

and everyone in your squad's a linebacker
I'm trapped behind a padded fence, I'm that intense
When all I see is skillless rappers fucking models with
no fashion sense
Braggarts get caught out there with popped fly's
Say you getting pussy.then your cat's ass whistles
when it walks by
You're looking to spot an embarrassing weakness?
Well, you inherited sweetness, yo
They called your cross-dressing father a tootsie-pop
^ Son, I'm, son-ing you, son, and what not
Hot as the sun's son, son - avoiding all baby mama
drama with Son block
You stood at the bus stop with your Barbie lunchbox
And now, you invented the remix? Well, I invented the
cumshot

[Chorus]

[V3 - PACK FM]

Yeah yeah, I got cheddar, But I ain't gotta rap about it
I just knock a nigga out with, Rhymes thats shockin like
an open outlet
Fuck who got the doper outfit, Snatch you out of your
surroundings
We could battle for a thousand, What the fuck you
know about this?
Rhyme better, gooder, bestest greatest, With the
newest, freshest latest
Who can you impress with gators? Timbs are used for
stomping craters
In the chest of haters, Lexus, Benz and Escalad-ers
Got you thinkin you're a player, Like the Giants, Jets
and Raiders
You're a spectator! I got nothing left to say to cats
Who're gassed about the latest fashion trends,
They'll be the first to lose and last to win
And if you didnt know, the name is PackFM
Dont cross the line, if you expect to shine
You can't come close to mine

[V3B - SUBSTANTIAL]

I came here to whip ass and chew bubble gum
And I'm all out of bubblicious so yall in trouble snitches
For yall a bunch of stitches til yall get dumped in
ditches
Now there's no tomorrow cock smoker sanunara
So hot make hell flames feel lukewarm
Burning alive the silly bastard that put you on
That's like asking a virgin to do porn
You should be shot, stabbed, pissed and boo-booed on

Yo I write hooks better than your last 3 songs
Rhymes ghetto ass fat you got a baggy thong
Loud mouths I shut'em up wanna ride buckle up
Bitch smack your shit raps back to West Bubble Fuck
I'd write you an ill verse and you'd still fuck it up
Sun I've heard asthmatics with more breath control
Could care less if you're plat or if your record's gold
In a battle better pray God protect your soul
'Cause when I bust your shit best believe it's
undeniable
This rap's impact will leave a tank undriveable
Substantial aka the widowmaker
Lady middle breaker faithfully you haters better take a
knee
If your crew was in the house there soon will be a
vacancy
Sent your men packing in hiding like Bin Laden
You been lacking fuck yall we been dooper
You were born ass you came out the womb bent over!

[Chorus]

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