

PackFM

"Spell it with a K"

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[Scratches]

"Hey little soldier you ain't ready for war" (Uh uh)

"I show how to do this"

"AMATEUR!"

[Hook]

Y'all don't know who the fuck I be

I be the P to the A can't forget the C

And if you spell it with a K then you got it right

PackFM and I'm here to rock the house tonight

[Verse 1]

Welcome to the rap world (NIGGA!) population me

Been in the building since back to when it was in the
place to be

Stopped doing shit for love so you can start the hating
please

Once I leave these fucking agencies they drop their
rates and fees

'Cause the game just ain't the same if I ain't playing it

If it's hot I've done said it so don't bother saying it

And if it ain't nice don't say nothing at all

I'm looking forward to some instrumental albums from
y'all

This is a message to all, this shit could end in a brawl

I got a strong arm I slam dunk a medicine ball

You can carry on, but don't get carried away

I ring your bell like somebody's getting married today

It's BK, that's the land where the savages stay

You want beef, we Burger Kings nigga, have it your way

Cat's be like "Fuck you we ain't going your way"

The four finger ring, brass knuckles, have a nice day

[Hook]

People are you with me, better pay attention

Or we gonna hit you like (Huh!) like

Now tell me are you ready (Yeah)

Bring it back it

It's time to get it started, is you fucking with that?

A lot of niggas be like (Yeah-yeah-yeah) before they
even hear me

Then they like (Uh-huh) Once they (listen to me)
And in the end they say (Ahhh) or maybe (Good god!)
And before I finish rocking they be begging me to (say
it again!)

[Verse 2]

Now everywhere we go we smash a new ego
I hear no or see no evil or equals
So lay low and behold when FM's in freak mode
I'm so next level niggas think I had a cheat code
Straight from ground zero, banging like it's Baghdad
Been a bad man since you was in your Dad's bag
Rapper's can act, but we all know the deal though
Pop a cap? You wouldn't pop a tag off a pillow
Absurdity dial nine-eleven and prep 'em for surgery
When I'm in the house I'll leave you broken in to like a
burglary
Now certainly you heard of me, each verse of mine
been the
Fuck you I rhyme better, habitual line stepper kind
Till the break of dawn with the charm of a leprechaun
Lucky if I slap you five and it don't break your fuckin'
arm
Foes is frontin' but don't want it and we know this
When I'm coming they dip back like scoliosis

[Bridge]

I be the P (P)-A (A)-C (C)-K (K)-F (What?)-M (Who)?-F
(What?)-M (Who?)
I be the P (P)-A (A)-C (C)-K (K)-F (What?)-M (Who)?-F
(What?)-M (Who?)

[Hook]

Y'all know who the fuck I be
I be the P to the A can't forget the C
And if you spell it with a K then you got it right
PackFM and I'm here to rock the house tonight
(I said) Now, y'all know who the fuck I be (Aight)
I be the P (Yo!) to the A can't (Yo, stop man) forget the
C
And if you spell it with a K then (Jesus, yo) you got it
right
PackFM (I'm comin' to get you man) and I'm here to
rock

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