

Anti-Social

Futuristic

Please, get your cameras out my face when I'm tryna eat, I might have
to chop your fuckin' hand off
Everybody wanna ball with Zach, huh? I ain't talkin' Zach Randolph
I be stayin' in the crib, I be eatin' good, watchin' TV like a grandp
a
Everybody wanna battle, I don't feel like rappers, swear that I'm too
grown for a motherfuckin' standoff
Yo, leave me alone, boy, I'm in my zone, give me the throne, nigga, w
atch your tone
And everything I got I made it happen on my own, from the corner stor
e to a rolling stone, now I'm makin' Lisa moan
And I don't like to conversate with anybody, tryna make it through th
e lobby to the whip, I got shit to do
I'm by myself or I'm with the crew, do a show, take a ho then hit the
room, boom

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Sorry if I'm anti-social, I'm anti-social
Forgive me if I'm anti-social, I'm anti-social

Price on my head like a Bible in the game, honestly, I just been tryi
ng to refrain
From killing all of these niggas that's been drivin' in my lane
Tellin' stories on my name like the novel is gonna change
Obsessing over me is driving you insane and the lies that you have cl
aimed will arise on a different day
And when the truth hits the lens, I'm already flying away
Just to get a call to hear someone apologize for the fake, ugh
I keep it real like my first name B, they tryna take shots at me like
my first name G
That's a Hardball reference, I was only ten, snuck in to the theaters
like, "This shit PG-13?"
In the road by myself, nobody close to the kid, I'm like a soda, I'm
exploding when you open the lid
You wanna beef? This is close as it gets, I don't mention phony nigga
s, homie, you already know what it is, I'm gone

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I been through a lot, when you make money you do a lot, ten years cli
mbing to the top
Everybody steady hating, tryna drag you down to lose your spot, I got
a record from them stupid cops
A mixed kid but my pigment is strictly nigga, when they see me they d
on't think that our mamas is prolly friends
Racism is still alive and it's breathing but we keep it in the closet
like the child called it, uh
Loose lips is bigger than Jigga's, a secret never sacred when you're

making figures

Them same homies that was banging with you, would trade your friendship to the press to have you framed and leave you hanging up just like a picture

And women thirsty need a pitcher full of water, if I hit it and her niggas tripping, it's gon' be a problem

If you step up to me, I might have to throw like Randy Johnson 'til he's unresponsive, I prolly shouldn't be out this often, I'm gone

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