

Mad at It

The Dirty Heads

Damn this beat has got me talkin' with a Southern drawl
If you ain't happy, I don't really wanna fuck with y'all
Fanatics who finangle foreshadow the fame and fortune
Get to fuck with fate
Doesn't matter to flippin' tables
Cain and Abel, Cain and Abel, Cain and Abel bruh
I put the pussy perpendicular to amateur
You can't contest the cash and grass in my curriculum
I'm down and dirty man, you can call my ass Caligula

Now I ain't even mad at it
Keepin' up with all your bad habits
I ain't even mad at it
Everybody talking like it's so tragic
I ain't even mad at it
I ain't even mad at it
Keepin' up with all your bad habits
I ain't even mad at it
Everybody talking so tragic I ain't fucking mad at it

Man let me break it down now
God this is my hypothesis
This beat is just so heavy, maybe that's why I be droppin' it
My fanbase just keeps growin' at my shows like a metropolis
And girls get so horny, they chargin' me: rhinoceros
Gentlemen, gentlemen, come and take and buy your medicine
This sedative settin' in, feelin' better in your element
I'm about to lose it, Gary Busey on this rodeo
Cause y'all just trying to pull these treasures out of my fishing hole

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Aye Dr. Watson, Sherlock Holmes is on the phone
He said he needs some help, too much cocaine inside his dome
He said he needs it out
He said he needs a clout
He said he needs a better route
His bad habits are going south
School bus of [?]
Fat pockets of bills
I call 'em Roseanne Barr
I like my drugs like my women
Free, fancy, and large
Then I grab a guitar
Panty discharge

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