Can You Rap Like Me?

Trippie Redd

Remember, there's always tomorrow P. Soul on the track Uh, ayy, uh, ayy, uh Can you rap like me? huh Uh, ayy, uh, ayy, uh I gotta get my fresh paper boy Optimistic, inflicted the premonition My vision a place I visit while lifted Moolah I get it get it, the life I live my decision They told me to go and get it I got it so now I'm winning Revolution of fury, the lean got my vision blurry Ballin' like Stephen Curry Gold fangs in my mouth so purty Trippie bring demolition and I ain't talking no derbies Absorb your flow like I'm Kirby The lies you tell will not hurt me Try to reach for the stars if people don't get too far They want all of the money, all the expensive cars It's few people that ever make it but yet I still gotta go hard A lot of artists that make it are evil, hearts black as tar, yeah Ok and this for every rapper that had a shot at sending me Your efforts ain't getting you anywhere in this industry Lyrically demonically dominate your flow, endlessly My venomous rhymes wine and dine on you mentally Motivate the motivations, said got too much chemistry Fatality, like Liu Kang told me to finish him Even a hawk couldn't take this much intensity I'm the bullet in the barrel in the gun that shot Kennedy Mind is racing 'bout hating, contemplation with Haitians Jamaicans, sitting on five g pacing Back and forth, waiting and dating You get the picture, don't take this Boy this life is real, you couldn't fake this Throw it up, regurgitation Can't shit on me, you constipated Is you mad 'cause we do this on a daily basis Yeah, or is you mad 'cause we made it Every day faded, we out here paper chasing bitch, ahh Ayy, ahh, ayy, ahh, ayy Can you rap like me? huh Ayy, ahh, ayy, ahh, ayy, ahh Can you rap like me? Lil bitch, 1400 gang, you know what the fuck going on, 1400 boys Can't go high on shit Buh, lil bitch Slap, you know what the fuck going on Hunners a bitch, bad Milo Random thoughts to you bitch On a love letter to you bitch