

ROUGH 7 (feat. Tommy Genesis)

JPEGMAFIA

Check, check, check
Check, check
Check, will you turn the beat up?
Brr
Oh, mmm, check, check, could you turn my vocals up?
Yeah, mmm, mmm
Brr
How could you not know?
What you meant to me
You and me are gonna be a bit
Know you laughin' away with friends
I'll be up in a minute
Brr, brr, brr (Thank you, thank you)
Thank you, fuck you (Brr)
Fuck you (Brr), fuck you
Fuck you, fuck you
Fuck you, thank you (Brrat, brrat, brr)
I think I'm insane, do you love me?
I think I just came, do you trust me?
When I stare hard, you get ugly
I just look away at the money
I don't come from money but they say I look expensive
He lay me on the table with a bag 'cause I'm his pension
If you with me, won't go hungry (Uh-uh)
If you ain't me, call me mommy
Fuckin' with the ghost in my body
Pray to the pussy like, Haunt me
Stretch marks on my skull, I wasn't made for me at all
Cut me open with your jaw, lick the writing on the wall
I got a fat mouth, no collagen
I got a fat cat (Brrt) and my throat infinite (Brrt)
(Hey) He want a picture with Tommy
Save that shit like JPEG
She wanna know who's Mommy?
Blood pact, wolf pack, hashtag
She put a gun to my halo
I talk to God and He calls me emo
He put a tongue to my halo
I talk to God and she calls me emo
You know, you know (Woah-ho-ho-ho, ha, ha)
Get up, get up
Stay up, get up, get back, we know

Got it, then I say no, say no
You think you know me
Look (Yeah)Some of my friends got big dreams (Yeah)
Some of my friends tote big beams (Beams)
None of your friends get no cream (Brr)
These niggas look blank, got no theme (Brr)
Just got a new MAC, that's fifteen (Yeah)
Young bald head nigga, I'm Mr. Clean
Caught a nigga off guard like Pistol Pete (Wow)
Line a square nigga up like Billie Jean (Damn, Peggy)
Just got a new grill, but I can't eat (Huh)
But I gotta feed my motherfuckin' family
Gotta make it to the top and get a GRAMMY (Gotta get it)
But I be playin' with the drums like a band geek (Nasty)
Bitch nigga, don't make me aggy
Dome shot, now you look like Cassie (Brrt)
Skinny nigga, but I'm built like a athlete (Wow)
AR same colors as khakis
You my sons but I don't be the pappy
Stop wastin' my time (Uh)
These niggas done ran outta line (Yeah)
I'm strapped but I'm ready to die (Okay)
I feel like a thot when I cry (Huh)
I feel like a God when I rhyme (Huh)
I can't believe that he ain't signed (God)
Why?No, the other
And if it doesn't fit me I'll give it back to you

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>