

DJ Premier, REMY RAP (feat. Remy Ma & Rapsoc)

With the def female

Let's rap

Remy Ma

No lie, it's only like five females in the game that can really rap
Got followers and fame and a name so they thinking that
They can now be listed with the spitters, bitch, imagine that
They talking 'bout your lace front when I say your shit is wiggity-wack
They know what's gon' happen to they ass if Remy on the track
And no, I ain't tryna be catty, they know they really lack
You assed out without your ass out, and that's really facts
But if I say it, I'm a hater, I hear the chitter chat
They know that my pen is crazy but they don't wanna give me that
Every time I spit some shit, they saying that it's really Pap'
Claim I can't make a song but actually that's really cap
Had 'em, Conceited, All The Way Up, and Leanin' Back
I know they be popping shit, she only hot when Remy crack
In my presence, they be on my dick like little jimmy hats
Acting like I ain't the reason that these bitches can even rap
I'm also the reason y'all know these bitches can't even rap
Tried to spread a rumor that I'm ugly, bitch, I'm pretty black
Then try to lie and paint an image that I'm really fat
Ho, whenever I want, I can thirst trap
Only thing fat is these pockets and this motherfuckin' kitty-kat
Y'all be on some, "She hit me", so I'ma hit her back
I be on some, "She hit me", so now she gettin' clapped
Birds of a feather flock together, y'all be in a pack
And'll do anything for the cheese, yeah, you been a rat
I rap when I wanna, I stopped to have my daughter
Was flying PJs while y'all was wearing pajamas
And I'm joined to myself so they can't jerk her
Done caught more suits and cases than a TSA worker
Motherfucker
Daughter of a gun (ah), I spit it like a bullet (yeah)
That's literary caution, I should win me a Pulitzer (facts)
I don't show cards, I show face without the hoodie up (fact)
Change my perspective, think like L. Boogie does (uh)
I was never late (no) mh, y'all was just early (for real)
Never fall short unless the shorts come with jersey (ball)
Life never straight, that bitch hella curvy (uh)
I'm my biggest fan, I wear my shit out like Kirby (Moss)
Pi'erre, Pi'erre, yeah I'm bubblin' baby
Never fill pockets, only refill 'em like DaBaby
Wah-wah (wah), y'all cry, I'm on a different tier (yeah)
We ain't the same, me and you, we got some different fears (talk)
Jerry Lorenzo, this G-O-D flow (talk)
Word to the North Star, I rep East Coast (East Coast)
Road to success come with a bridge like E-Foh (E-Foh)
Today they want a pill, but back then it was kilos
Why Preemo hit me? 'Cause he know I'm dopest (he know)
Rap like I got a big dick and niggas chokin'
Never had an urge to be the wave, I'm the fucking ocean (real shit)
If you can't see that, then you just a blind turtle (ha)
Huh, shell shocked when I hit block-block
Niggas know when I rhyme, it sound like a Glock-Glock
Ask me where I'm headed, motherfucker, to the top-top
Can't rain on my parade, ain't no raindrop, drop

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