

Rembrandt...Run It Back (feat. Vince Staples)

Dreamville, JID & J. Cole

You don't give a damn, then we don't give a fuck
On God, I been waitin' for one of y'all pussy niggas to buck
Still starving, ribs touching Touch the team and you get touched like homescreen buttons
Hoes scream loud, Jennifer Hudson when them thangs start bustin'
Alright Shit talk and slick talk
Pissed off, stick talk
Diss track, get mad
Rap niggas big trash
Your squad, my squad
Mismatched, pissants
Cheese chase, gym rats
Picture paint, Rembrandts
Tree trunk, thin branch
I leave, come back
This fall, diss all y'all niggas I came up with
My, what a bit of a change up
These niggas lame, we in minimal danger
I got the banger, just give me the next
My nigga put me in the game and I'm ready to flame, I'm anxious
Put the motherfuckin' bank on it Big nuts hangin', big bucks bringin', fuck 'em all
No slut shamin', money in the Cayman, I'm appalled
Niggas swear they bangin', feds got 'em singin' on the squad
Crack rock slangin' on blacktop pavement, tryna ball
Line 'em up on the wall, three deep, final call
Knee-deep, squeeze three, beep beep, Tylenol
Pulled up, one deep, no squad, just me
Just God, no prob', real niggas tend to fuck wit' me
No jewelry, no stunt for me
Just a Bentley truck, and an empty cup of whatever that is
You too concerned 'bout how clever that is
Me, I'm concerned how much bread that it is
Or letters that it is
I been got my mama, I'll get off of this
I'm fucking the game, you niggas is lame
You won't even get a little head out of this
Bet I'ma miss, you niggas is dense, my hits goin' over the fence
How is you niggas so rich?
I'm not so convinced, my wrist costin' more than your whip
And I don't wear that no more, that shit there look tacky
Yeah, I'm the G.O.A.T., no nigga, don't at me
Put on your coat, the world gon' get colder
This is my year, don't say I ain't told you, nigga You don't give a damn, then we don't give a fuck

On God, I been waitin' for one of y'all pussy niggas to buck
Still starving, ribs touching
Touch the team and you get touched like homescreen buttons
Hoes scream loud, Jennifer Hudson when them thangs start bustin'
Ayy, ayy, nigga, ayy,
ayy
Ayy, yo, uh-uh
Ayy, yo
Ayy, ain't this that, um...
Ayy, ain't this the Dreamville shit? This the, um...I had a dream, I had a Glock, I had a beam,
run it back
I had a dream, she in Celine, I'm in Supreme, run it back
Y'all had the dream, I had the guap, I hit the green, run it back
Ready to go, ready to score, ready for war, run it back
I'm finna bring the summer back
I'm finna bring the Hummer back
Snuck my gun in the function
I bust, he not coming back
Dummy racks, hundred stacks
Police killed 'bout a hundred blacks
Don't get killed tryna run a lap
Nigga don't get killed tryna run a...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>