

## HOOK

You you you you  
 you don't really know me  
 you you you you  
 you did not just bro me  
 you are not my homie  
 you gon' meet the old me  
 you you you you  
 you don't really know me

## VERSE ONE

Scandalous  
 How I handle this,  
 You're damaged,  
 It can't be managed,  
 Outlandish, I'm famished,  
 Shit, hit me with all you  
 Can-dish, can't stand it,  
 You scan the gram  
 Don't make  
 Me take your hand, bitch!  
 Pissed when you resist,  
 I grab your wrist  
 You throw a fist  
 I take a hit,  
 damn bitch!  
 It feels like I got hit  
 With a wet sandwich  
 Take and break the phone  
 Bitch, I'm out of bandwidth  
 And with a new phone  
 Like who-dis,  
 A brute, I do this  
 Like Brutus  
 The rudest Judas scariot  
 Wouldn't put money

On you horse (whores)  
 If you was Secretariat!  
 It's true I'm too self assured,  
 And sure, I am mature  
 What, would you prefer  
 Some amateur?  
 Shit,  
 You can't even land a hit,  
 What, and mess up  
 Your manicure?!  
 You should get your  
 Hand insured!  
 You're a lot to endure,  
 Got me hooked and lured,  
 Can 'ah worms?!  
 This shit's a canister,  
 We got used to the stares  
 Like a banister

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## VERSE TWO

I'm done being calm and patient  
 You ain't shit, ok I'm ancient,  
 But I'm insidious, too fastidious,  
 Just too fast for these idiots  
 And we're erratic,  
 Just starting static,

I get mad it, becomes  
 This bad habit,  
 You act batshit,  
 I get distracted,  
 Get on the beat  
 And just diss-track-it!  
 Ain't doin' that no more,  
 Cuz history shows,  
 It makes shit come to blows,  
 So I'm adverse  
 To putting you in-verses,  
 You make me  
 Wanna spit slurs and curses!  
 Of course it makes  
 All this worse,  
 When I take "verses"  
 And add "u" to it...  
 It becomes "me versus"  
 But on the surface this,  
 Title-track might  
 Be 'You' - why?  
 "B-u-y?!"  
 Naw bitch, bye!  
 My purpose is,  
 Just purchases,  
 Misinterpret it  
 This is bye  
 You hear "acquire" (a choir)  
 Like church services.  
 Give you a song?!  
 You don't deserve it  
 So I pivot, I swerve it  
 I have to keep  
 The "you" in this hidden,  
 Like the "U"

In camouflage, when written,  
 Or you in  
 Camouflage, admittin'  
 You're wrong  
 Would be a first,  
 You make me murderous  
 What's certain is,  
 I spell even worse  
 I put "u" in a hearse!  
 Fuck around and show  
 You at your worst  
 I could clap and collapse  
 Your universe  
 But I'd rather stack  
 Up a track  
 with all this crap  
 Than put you in a verse

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