

Lizzo, Hot Dish

I got a lot on my chest, so here's my breast reduction
I hear the sounds of gums bumping, they ain't saying nothing
I'm sick and tired of being typecast like Lindsay Lohan
When I'm gonna probably outlast most of these niggas flowing
A cover girl with the mouth of a tommy gun
Blow trees and I will blow you away when I'm on the stage
I guess that's why I got them shivering they're very afraid
I guess that's why my checks thin cause dem hate
They steady instigatin' on what they hate on
I'm the rainbow bridge like a pack of 50 crayons
Cause I ain't got no beef with no body
But those bodies need to realize that this is no hobby
I ain't your hook girl, boo, I'm your feature
And I don't need your attention because of my features
I swear to God I feel like a piece of meat every time I'm walking home or even a block from lake street
Man, give me room the only rapper with a womb that will spit that 16 bars to send you rappers to the ground
Me and my crew we ain't playin' around
Cause ever since we landed we just been the talk of the town
While I talk I remember those who paid the price
I lost my pops man I wish he was alive
I can't let go of the past, he never heard me rap
So I carry his spirit on my back in Minneap
Lizzo in this thing so great, to complement my shape
Nicknamed hot dish complements of the state
I see you hungry niggas
Here you go, some steak
I guess you are what you eat
I guess you're Lizzo taint
Apologies to my mother she thinks that I'm a saint
Apologies to the rappers I dusted out the gate
Yo, I see you munching on my plate
Rip to any beat I meet, see ya

All these hoes wanna suck my (gasp)
But I don't got a (gasp) so I tell them "deal with it"
All these niggas wanna ride my (gasp) but I don't got a (gasp) So I tell them "deal with it"

I peter piper picked a plain pepper and gave it spice
Paprika, eureka, I see ya pow! pow!
My mouth is a gun and the bullets that kaow! kaow!
Are ammo of the knowledge that you don't know
But know now
Sick and tired of these hypocrites
I generations to back me up
Mama Kirkwood and Daddy Jefferson had to deal with it so I'm done
They raped and murdered my ancestors
Hung my great uncle from a tree
So when I look at that maple branch I look in the mirror and say "could be me"
All of these niggas don't know where I'm from
All of these hoes they just wanna have fun
Acting like junkies
Looking like bums
Lower than scum
What's lower scum
What's lower than dumb?
The ignorance displayed by his insolence
He sprayed all the businesses
And laid someone's significant other and mother and brother in the streets
Who said that was OK?
Who said that was cool?

I said it was cool
So what's all the blues, bitch

Take a dip the city's swimming in blood pools