

# Ultimate (feat. BADBADNOTGOOD)

## Denzel Curry

Ronny J, listen up I am the one, don't weigh a ton  
Don't need a gun to get respect up on the street  
Under the sun, the bastard son  
Will pop the Glock to feed himself and family  
By any means, your enemies my enemies  
We wet them up like a canteen  
The yellow tape surrounds the fate Don't have a face so now you late, open the gates  
Great, eliminate like ElimiDate  
Hey, young boy had to penetrate  
Face, young boy done caught a case  
Bang, now his mama living with the pain  
Wait, doctor says he's gonna stay  
Let him get the senzu bean so he regenerate  
Now a nigga harder than the head of the state  
Denzel Curry is the new candidate  
Ultimate, alternate, you are the opposite  
Stop this shit, chop your esophagus  
Bitches be bopping it, bow down and pop it in  
Dropping it in her esophagus  
She get so nasty, in public she classy  
Perhaps she is able to swallow it  
Girl, I can make you a star  
Then I put her ass on Apollo, bitch  
Bitch, I am ultimate, behold my awesomeness  
Narcissist, part time an arsonist  
Ripping through cartilage, I am the hardest, bitch  
Wrap it up, put in sarcophagus  
Dearly departed, it's done when it started  
So now that I'm living so harmonious  
Feeling like Spartacus, Curry the ultimate  
I am the best, there's no politics, bitch, I'm ultimate  
Ultimate, bitch I'm I am the one, don't weigh a ton  
Don't need a gun to get respect up on the street  
Under the sun, the bastard son  
Will pop the Glock to feed himself and family  
By any means, your enemies my enemies We wet them up like a canteen  
The yellow tape surrounds the fate  
Don't have a face so now you late, open the gates Ultimate, infinite, flow is opium  
Open the internet, photosynthesis  
Put up parentheses, temporary  
Very scary if I feel like Dirty Harry  
Just might bust a bitch, never knew my life

But yet the question is, is he fake, is he real  
What the message is, chop a bitch nigga up  
I'ma sever it when I sever shit  
I kill 'em, no Kony, these niggas ain't homies  
Claim you the homie, I turn into Broly  
Dropping melodic, enter the cosmic  
Flow like a prophet, lyrical toxic  
Flow like a foreigner, I'm the torturer  
Out of South Florida, call the coroner  
Killed in the corridor, I'm the overlord  
Rhymes like a sorcerer, I'm an animorph  
Bitch, I'm a beast  
Nigga, you tell me who fucking with me  
K to the I to the N to the G  
Claim you the hottest, but I disagree  
Better learn something and get a degree This for Lord Infamous so R.I.P  
Arrivederci, bitches looking thirsty  
Riding through the dirty, like it's mandatory  
Ending of the story  
I am the one, don't weigh a ton  
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Under the sun, the bastard son  
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Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>