

Warm Up - Pat Stay Feat. Kaleb Simmonds lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from Showthelyrics.com check out for more lyrics

“Warm Up”

[Chorus: Kaleb Simmonds]

**My tea's gone cold, I'm wondering why
I got out of bed at all
The morning rain clouds up my window
And I can't see at all
And even if I could, it'd all be gray
But your pictures on my wall
It reminds me, reminds me, reminds me**

[Verse 1: Pat Stay]

**Dear Slim, I wrote you and you still haven't responded
Pat Stay called me out, I got scared and blocked him
I never meant to hurt you, but tonight I'm cleaning out my closet
I keep that little leopard print thong in
Yeah, it's about to get ignorant bro
I turned The Game to a scrimmage, let's give them a show
I'll even let you pick the judges (Right), and let the fans on the internet
vote**

I mean, you used to be a stripper, I'm sure you'll win on the polls, let's go

Man, everyone can see it, now you're shook

This ain't you and 40 Glocc, let's not beat around the bush

Man look, I tried to hype The Game like a mascot

You looking for a white boy? Ooh, you hit the jackpot

I'm not to fool with, usually on some smooth shit

But I get ruthless, play stupid

'Cause I know, you got a ghost writer and I can prove it

And they won't, play you again, The Game's ruined

Say do it, dawg, I will drop names like you in every line of your lame
music

And I don't even make songs, still beat your fucking breaks off

Got you shook to answer like a magic 8 ball

Called you out yesterday, the media's all over it

TMZ posted it, act like you don't notice it

I don't blame you, Cheech & Chong, I'd be smoking shit

Rap tight cobra grip, Game's over with

[Interlude]

Drake: *Pat Stay is definitely one of, if not the best*

Joe Budden: *I don't think you could name ten battle rappers better than*

Pat Stay

Royce Da 5'9: *I can't picture nobody really beating Pat Stay*

Method Man: *Pat Stay is a bad muh'fucker*

[Chorus: Kaleb Simmonds]

My tea's gone cold, I'm wondering why

I got out of bed at all

The morning rain clouds up my window

**And I can't see at all
And even if I could, it'd all be gray
But your pictures on my wall
It reminds me, reminds me, reminds me**

[Verse 2: Pat Stay]

**And oh yeah, this shit ain't for Em, he's his own man
This shit's about you ripping off thousands of your own fans
Up and coming artists you DM with this whole plan
They pay you, you help them blow up, we know the whole scam
Start with a compliment, that's the fish bait
Then tell them you put 'em on some mixtape
Make 'em think it's their big break, the shit's fake
Manipulating artists just starving for a name
What a shame, guess they gotta charge it to The Game
And if y'all didn't know he was doing this, google it
Kids' dreams of pursuing music ruined by one of their biggest
influences
But he ain't new to this shit, that's why he got booted from every crew he
was with and left to the shadow like a lunar eclipse
You turned on everybody who's helped you, deceitful
Either scamming people or biting the hand that feeds you
But hey, what you give is what you get in return
Now you're left in the pile of ashes of all the bridges you burned, word**

[Chorus: Kaleb Simmonds]

**My tea's gone cold, I'm wondering why
I got out of bed at all
The morning rain clouds up my window**

**And I can't see at all
And even if I could, it'd all be gray
But your pictures on my wall
It reminds me, reminds me, reminds me**

Showthelyrics.com