

# Outbreak (feat. Quadecca)

[Josh A](#)

As a result of the outbreak, your city or entire region might be endangered by a lethal a-

[Josh A:]

Dead or Alive I'll be one of the best

No sleep vibe I don't get no rest

You come for the tribe we come for your head

No revive' it'll be no test

Been underrated' underpaid and I still do tours

I still do more than half of the people you track and adore

And all of my music is real

But yeah they want the head shots' hollow points and red dots

Murder everything

No shame in the game they'll even make the dead walk

Bitch, I'm not a rap god

Only makes tracks that I snap on

All my life been stepped on

But not anymore I got red dots and head shots

Yeah, just hit up Quadecca sent him this beat

Now there's no stopping us' breaking the scene

Word to my brothers and word to my team

Yea you know we're boutta eat  
Every new album feels like the best  
Every new outlet I outpace the rest  
You cannot compare it'll be sudden death  
If I die then  
It's about to be a outbreak  
We outpace all the fakes  
They seeking salvation for the trash they're making  
So get in formation  
Never sell my soul  
Love for the game but I really wanna go  
I'm sick of this  
Death to all the fakes, there's about to be a outbreak

[Quadeca:]

Yuh, oh oh yuh oh  
Everybody wanna be friends, uh  
When I break out it's a outbreak, uh  
I live my life like a highlight reel  
Had to take out every single outtake, uh  
Everybody wanna act fake now, they get faked out when they really try to out-fake  
They gon' post a picture on the gram like the man  
Open up the comments all they gonna see is clown face, bitch  
I'll be coming from the heart, coming for your part  
Running in the dark in the red like an oven when it starts (woo!)

Kill the whole darkness  
Too much drive made me carsick  
I was starvin' a bar then I hit a bargain (woah!)  
You a Simpson like Marge is, you really garbage  
This shit a roller coaster and I took the fuckin' harness  
Every goal I aim at bitch I hit a fuckin' target  
Hold up, I'm off the charts when I'm chartin'  
I'm ultra strong like I'm Charmin  
I just met a bitch she like "oh you're super charming"  
Cryin' to their mom when I rap like they Cartman  
Keep you with a pencil I ain't even gotta sharpen  
Okay, that's true please listen  
I've been in sax you can call me Lisa Simpson  
Everybody claimin' that they gotta see the vision  
But they're lying to your face I just block 'em and I'm dippin' (woo)

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>