

## Astronaut

Babyfxce E

(Rich100, show 'em how you do)  
Yeah  
It's with an X, nigga  
Bitch (Fxce)  
You know what the fuck goin' on  
Yeah, Striker Gang, Striker Boys, all that shit  
Bitch  
Yeah, uh (Yeah)

Rick Owen got me feelin' like an astronaut (Yop)  
Nigga, get your own cup, I don't pass the pop (On God)  
Pulled thirty out, they wonder if it's my stash or not  
Her shit stiff as hell, I wonder if it's her ass or not (It's real?)  
I'ma give a chance for the niggas that ain't have a shot (Come on)  
"What you want a feat?" I just ask, "How many racks you got?"  
"What you wanna see?" is what they asked, I don't have to shop (On Go  
d)  
I'ma think you laced if you ask if I'm strapped or not (Dummy)  
Dumb bitch, that better have been a rhetorical question  
Brought her ass to Flint, but I flew her in from Texas  
Stopped ridin' with the ARP because that bitch was extra  
Pull up like the mailman, make sure he get the message (Message)  
Bitch, if you on your P, you might as well get to steppin'  
Glock made him put his hands up, I think he had a question (Fuck you  
want?)  
Talkin' shit into the mic is really my profession  
I can't find where to put this money, that's really where I'm stressi  
n' (Uh-huh)  
Bruh, my head gone, I just fucked a redbone  
Line a nigga up just in the front just like some shelltoes (Frtrt)  
Put some Fabuloso on the stove to get the smell gone  
Tried to get a purse, but she'd rather have some nails on  
Keep on squeezin' out the gun 'til the shells gone (Fap, fap)  
It's gon' be worse when you get out, so what you tell for?  
This Hellcat not mine, but you can tell, though  
Pull up on the left side and you might see the window broke (It's gon  
e)  
Road rage'll get you popped, I don't do window smoke (Bitch)  
I just bought another switch like my Nintendo broke  
Nigga, if we ain't pulled up yet, then you ain't send no lo'  
Got off tour and laid up with a bag, I ain't miss you hoes (Fuck them  
hoes)  
This ain't no Kel-Tec, but I can make a pistol fold (Bitch)  
I lost eight thousand, man, I kinda miss that road (Huh)  
Flashin' money around all the bitches, but I ain't trickin', though  
Hittin' missionary, can pull out 'cause I got hip control  
I still get in mode, this rap shit ain't change nothin'  
Hit this one girl, then found out we got the same cousin  
Stop tryna put your jewelry on me, bro, my chain comin'  
And when that drop, y'all gon' probably put y'all shit up  
Bro just got a pack and he ain't even do no sit-ups (Damn)  
.44 Bulldog, this'll make you put your pit up

They think I just signed, naw, pussy bitch, I been up  
Seen him out in traffic, he probably should've had his tint up