

# Hypocrite

Babyfxce E

(I ain't gon' lie, you tripped on this bitch, Jay)

Yeah

What up, Jay?

Striker Gang, Striker Boys, all that shit, Walkdown Gang, huh

Jay, we finna do one of them quick ones again

Put the cup inside the fridge, might wanna sip somethin' again

Forty thousand on me, it's a brick up in my pants

Finna fly a bitch out and tell her, "Hit me when you land"

This a cream-soda pop, but this a different color

ARP got a switch too, but it's a different stutter

Each jacket was thirty-five, I got different puffers

We can fuck the bed up, bitch, I got different covers

This car used to be a red color, I'm finna paint it mustard

Bought her somethin', then hit the bitch, you really paid to fuck her

Keep the chops all in one spot, I really hate the clutter

Hit his top before the light turn red, I really hate the buzzer

It's six chops, it's me and Jay, so that's three a piece

Oh, you don't know how to slide your Hellcat? Then let me see your keys

Smoked all my weed, was finna say, "Let me hit your breeze"

I know that shit serious if brodie say, "Let me see your ski"

He know I don't let nobody wear my shit

Snatch a nigga whip like, "Let me see if you was takin' care of your shit"

Swap man love me, I think I should start a membership

Knew you was a bitch, when shit went down, you don't remember shit

Can't nobody trick me out this shit, bro, I'm built for this

Actin' sick so I can get a pint, I wrote a script for this

Don't care 'bout shit when it come to pape', I'll ho a bitch for this

Told my nigga stop sippin' drank, bro, I'm a hypocrite

Get on a nigga ass, then pop out the same day

Russian full-body in my bag, bro, that's the same K

Nonchalant, arguin' with my bitch, I got the same face

Fuck Stewart, we call that bitch the Brennan, bro, that's the same place

It's a baby K, but the bullets shoot the same

Pendant heavy, thought them niggas bulletproofed the chain

Doin' donuts in the rain, double dutchin', me and Jay

Got a misdemeanor, man, it feel like I just beat the case

Texas was a punching bag, I used to beat that state

Your bitch went oh and ten, I used to beat her face

I got a girl and had to chill, I used to sleep with Drac'

I had to cover up my plate, I used to keep some tape