

# Madden Bullets

Babyfxc E

Yeah

(I got SkilliesMadeIt on the 808s)

Nigga, uh

We just gon' walk this bitch down, we ain't even gon' think too hard on this one

(I got Brizz on the beat, he go crazy)

This mic I'm rappin' on cost like eleven thousand

If you my main bitch, I might call you my baby mama, huh

I be talkin', though, don't let that shit go to your head, huh

It's a killswitch on the 'Cat, he thought that bitch was dead

If it's up, don't be on that sneaky shit, bro, tell me how we playin' it

I get on the phone with niggas 'cause I wanna hear just how you sayin' it

I got a brick of blues, I can't even double rubber band it

All these hoes be goin' for real, bro, they be fakin' fancy

We already did that four-door shit, it's time to swap a Chally

Woke up in the 'Raq, then next day, took off straight to Cali

Don't try to press me 'bout no bitches, it's gon' make me madder

She in the front seat in my Scat', like, baby, you the baddest

I'm so high, if I blink, might go to sleep, huh

You might see them guys with that ski, they with me, that's my brother 'nem

I ain't gon' lie, it's hard for me to admit when I be fuckin' up

Doin' donuts with the chop, screamin' they can't fuck with us

I should go buy two tennis chains just to go play double dutch

He don't even know to this day I was ridin' 'round with my brother gun

Huh, I love all my hoes, they all show me love

Told a nigga to flip some of these 'bows, but he kept rollin' up

I might get a Bnb this week just because

Bro keep Glocky with the dick, I think he a stud, huh

I miss goin' on the run, bro, that shit was fun

Snatch off in a striker every time the boys come flick us up

I don't even know you niggas, so tell me how you lit as us

Can't even drink lean in the Hellcat 'cause I might spill a cup

We ain't talk in a couple days, she say I'm changin' on her

Duh, bitch, like what, I'm 'posed to stay the same or somethin'?

Money can't change me, matter fact, bro, I been changin' money

If you knew what the chain cost, you'd probably think I'm crazy or somethin'

I keep fuckin'- uh, uh, wait

I keep fuckin' up, I-

I keep fuckin' up, this my third time tellin' 'em start it back

Stamped rappin' 'bout strikers, we the ones that started that

I can't fuck with her 'cause she be tryna keep her heart attached

Wearin' the Chrome Heart in the summer, I almost caught a heart attack

These is not no Madden bullets, these gon' be a lil' hard to catch

Yes, I'm wearin' a fuckin' belt, they saggin' 'cause my pockets filled

I got a problem treatin' my hoes like we locked for real

Better put your whip in sport, we turn your shit to Crocs for real

Have lil' bro pull up, put holes in it

I was just buyin' arena tickets, now I'm doin' shows in it

I ain't gon' lie, I'm kinda picky, I only fuck with cold bitches

We on your ass since you in my business, shouldn't've stuck your nose in it

I got hoes too, baby, you ain't gotta lie

I ain't gonna force you to do some shit with me, you ain't gotta slide, huh

She keep playin' detective, once you catch me, you gon' cry

Just talked to my PO, he said can't miss another drop

I ain't tryna hear that shit, I'm still out trippin' with the yop

This bitch got fifty miles, them niggas picked it off the lot

I made this money today, that's why this shit up in a knot  
Walked in the mall with 5K 'cause I wasn't really tryna spend a lot

Yeah, yeah

I wasn't really tryna spend a lot

Walked in the mall with 5K

Walked inside the mall with 5K, ain't tryna spend a lot

I don't know why these hoes talkin' crazy like I ain't spin they block

Like I ain't hit they top

I ain't hit they, yeah