

Madden Bullets

Babyfxce 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