

## 2k Server

BabyTron

Getta Beats

Ridin' 'round, two straps with a-  
You would miss me all the time when I ain't- (Yeah)  
Yeah, alright, got it (Yeah), yeah  
Yeah

Sky-blue Lamb', but I'm on the land with it  
That's a Noyard bag, zero bands in it  
If it ain't the dog pound, it's probably land business  
You would think we goin' hyphy, we got mad switches  
Lil' fuzz got one pack of masks with 'em  
He don't even need a pistol, he'll scrap with ya  
Stop talkin' 'bout the bowl cut, that's the past of me  
Eight thousand dollar Chrome pants, yo' bitch' hands in 'em  
Eight thousand dollar bowl bags, we be waxin'  
You would think we sell it for the state, we be taxin'  
Pop spike, fuck around, see me laggin'  
The clerk won't cash in, I think he think we scammed 'em  
I dock the heel hound like some Hot Wheels  
You'll never know how the top feels  
But yo' bitch, shit, I know how her top feels  
Tried to give my bitch Balenci, but she only cop heels  
All these created players, it's like a 2K server  
Put that bankroll down, it's just 2K, burger  
Lil' fuzz out with two K's lurkin'  
If he hit a hat, we gon' get paid for two days workin'  
Bitch say I ain't a reel-it-in type  
But I know, it's the ice and the life I live  
Bro, he ain't sippin' on an ordinary Sprite  
It's either spike with a five or the pie or Trizz  
It's cool to stack the paper, I know, but go make investments  
What type of archetype are you? Go and change the tempo  
Who on God's green Earth made yo' pendant?  
It ain't no elephant around, they be fakin' tension  
I just stay out the way, that's how I deal with fakin'  
I just stay out they face, that's how I deal pain  
Another deal on the way, plus real estate  
You will be never be where we be feelin' safe  
They'll try to fake real then steal  
You gotta watch the back and the sidedoor  
Ballin' like I'm Shaquille O'Neal  
We'll probably have the answer for Ivo  
I know I'm flyin' down the A, but I'ma smoke still  
I just got here from Southfield to Roseville  
Fuzz used the bloodhound, now he smoke pills  
I know I said I left the gang, but I coach still  
That Ferrari truck look nice  
Dicky scrubs on, you will get yo' tush wiped  
Talkin' 'bout you took strike, ain't even took bikes  
It's currently goin' on like, "What it look like?"  
The whip got a BBL, this a wide body  
Bitch burn in hell, why you talkin' 'bout five bodies?  
You lyin', you gotta times that by five  
Unc, fifty nine bud in his mind, this is prime  
I could go vintage, I could go futuristic  
I could go current, but yo' ho the goer  
I could go to Lennox, I could go to Summer Set

I could go to Europe, might just Soho it  
We MIA from Little Haiti down to Brickell  
Yo' bitch a nightcrawler, eatin' pounds of pickles  
I ain't bougie, I split it down the middle  
Yo' bitch ain't bougie, bro 'nem split it down the middle  
The bowl short, who's dipped it in the Skittles?  
I ain't listenin' by chicken if it's litter  
Heard he died in the middle of him liftin' up his pistol  
Bitch cook, she just sittin' on the griddle (Oh)  
You is not the boss, you in the middle of the middle  
I shoot quick, ain't no dribble after dribble (Swish)

SBDSM, 777, SuperTron