

**AYEE!**

**BabyTron**

(Whew)

Hey, playin' with my pop, you think I'm makin' Kool-Aid (Ayy)

Ayy, all he do is take L's, I'ma call him Mr. Cool J (Hey)

Hey, designer swim trunks on stage, you would've thought it was a pool day (Hey, hey)

Hey, I been drinkin' juice straight, fucked around and caught a toothache (Hey, hey)

Hey, if that bag get put on you, it's your job to meet that due date (Hey, Hey)

Ayy, hoodie reads "Hellstar," but the shoelaces say "Shoelace" (Ayy, ayy)

Ayy, sayin' that the site dead, think you need to find a new base (Hey, hey)

Hey, I ain't worried 'bout the hate, every day, I wake up, do great

Out in traffic, belt equipped, you know that's just the law

Would've thought I'm granny, free as hell is what a whoopin' cost

Cuddy took a loss cookin' raw, but he shook it off

Boy, you know it cost to be the boss, you probably shouldn't talk, this a money convo

Pop out with a drum, eighty incendiaries, twenty hollows

Doggy bone my son, he seen me do it, I bet buddy follow

I ain't worried if the route hot, 'cause this punch Diablo, tuh

You ain't did nothin' with 'em, keep your wise words

Cat badge all up on the side, it make wide turns

Boy, I had a dub before I started growin' sideburns

Shippin' big packs, Titanic, my kit an iceberg

For most people, them be fightin' words, for me, they dyin' words

Heard they said I still ain't got it, shit, it ain't no "I" in hurt

Had a dollar and a dream, now I'm signin' shirts

Shit, you better have the cheese on you tryna buy a verse

The man, the myth, the legend

Unky said he need some grams, the mix, a blender

Need to open up the geek kit, fix my temper

What the fuck's a wintertime grind? Been on it since September

I might pop out with three hundred, R.I.P. Fredo Santana

Block hot as hell, fast whips, Dracos, bandanas

Porsche Panamera, oldheads had they era

Went around the world and seen it, now I'm back to McNamara

Off-White tee with graffiti, it look vandalized

Metal on me, blowin' zotty, lookin' like a samurai

Gold 41 with chocolate face, Ferrero Rocher

Shit, I'm runnin' to the top, you probably stare at the stairs

Let the fifty-rounder off, could probably scare off a bear

Think she that, only a seven when she wearin' some hair

Shoot the 40, watch it bounce around like Harrison Barnes

Think it's foreign off the look, this an American car

Ain't got love for you boys, ain't no sparrin' with y'all

He ain't never hit a shot, would throw a dart in the wall

Huh, I cannot really relate, we be bull's-eyein'

Know that they gon' charge him as a minor, young bull silent

Bullets look like egg rolls, he lucky he had duck sauce

You can learn a thousand lessons off of one loss

(Hey, SBDSM, long live \$cam, ayy)

Hey, playin' with my pop, you think I'm makin' Kool-Aid (Hey)

(Hey, all he do is take L's, I'ma call him Mr. Cool J) (Hey)

Hey, designer swim trunks on stage, you would've thought it was a pool day (Hey, hey)

(Hey, I been drinkin' juice straight, fucked around and caught a toothache)  
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Hey, if that bag get put on you, it's your job to meet that due date (Hey, Hey)  
(Ayy, hoodie reads "Hellstar," but the shoelaces say "Shoelace") (Ayy, ayy)  
Ayy, sayin' that the site dead, think you need to find a new base (Hey, hey)  
(Hey, I ain't worried 'bout the hate, every day, I wake up, do great)  
  
(Every day, I wake up, do great regardless what they say, you know?)