

Beetleborgs

BabyTron

(Bye Kyle)

(Brr) Thinking he nuts? AR do vasectomy (Brr, ah, boom)
Baccarat creeping but I still smell the jealousy
Hunnid percent, you be giving it seventy
Upping my weaponry, searching for enemies (Ayo, Cordae where they at?)
You can hear the Redeye rumble like it's Anthony Johnson
Spent five at Saks, I was casually shopping (Skrrt, skrrt)
Got a sweet tooth for pape', goddamn, think my cavities rotten
Fly as hell, ain't no gravity options
Outer space, in the galaxy watching (Phew)
If you down, make a strategy, plot it
I don't do the Tris shit, I'm happily Wocking

(Tryna ride this wave and get drowned, Category 5)
(Tryna ride this wave and get drowned, Category 5)

Yeah, ayy, tryna ride this wave, no category
Keep this Glock 19, no statutory (Woo)
Call me "Dex", how I stay in the laboratory
Shit, I'd rather get high, watch Rick and Morty
What the gang and the trap, that's negatory
My dick harder than a test, bitch, take it for me
And I really got the juice, get naked for me
And if I can't make you cum, you better fake it for me
Never mind, end of story
I was just talking to my nigga
He be hanging with gorillas in the middle of the winter like Tarzan
Now, I be chilling in the villa with some bitches having thriller
'Cause I'm known to spit the fire like Charmander
How I buy a new Ferrari if a Carvana
Just bought a new crib out in Tarzana
I'm the shit, I'm that nigga, I'm the commander
I'm the shit, lil' nigga, no propaganda

(Brr) He think he big and bad till gangy put some masks and slide down like
some Beetleborgs
Fiends ain't got no diabetes, what you think the needles for?
When I smash the pedal in the 'Hawk, you hear some eagles soar
Yerkys got me booted like a car with a ticket
Blood, sweat, and tears, going hard, start to the finish
Flying 'round iron attached, Tony Stark on the mission
Moon rock in the stout, gon' go to Mars if you hit it
Fuck a money counter, I can add it up like Archimedes
One to one, I see some fake replicas but it's hard to beat me
Mister Pull Up Make It Boom (Boom), try not to start habibi
Think yo bitch a zombie, when I come around she start to eat me

(That bitch start to eat me, huh)
(Start to eat me, what?)
(Bitch, start to eat me)

Yeah, uh, I'm a bastard that Father Time raised alone
But Mother Nature, when they see you doing well for yourself
They love to hate you, I discover paper
Young brother covered the dozen acres
Catch me courtside watching the Clippers, I love the Lakers

Vanity chasing, ego fragile like Anthony Davis
I smoke a blunt and wonder why y'all niggas champion races
I'm handsome and favorite, not to mention my pockets is chubby
Really wish I met my idols, knew that Pac would've loved me
Stop saying lucky, manifest a young god in the rugby
With the Pumas that match, I'm stacking this lucrative cash
Add enough to check for times, I couldn't do good at math
Could be stressing over life but I just choose to relax, motherfucker