

Blankman

BabyTron

Bitch

(Bally B on the beat)

Digging Cookie out the- yeah

Digging Cookie out the 'bow, I don't smoke out zips
Hopping out the 'Vette, fifty on me on some show out shit
Deadstock man, wear 'em once, I'm known to throw out kicks
Up twenty-one on the opps on some blowout shit
Oh, he nappy-headed? .223s get his 'fro picked
Last shot, Jordan, on my GOAT shit
Four figure play, I do my dance when the phones ship
Warning to the wave riders, you'll get your boat flipped
Designer trench coat, mixing potion, I'm Professor Snape
Stop talking 'bout the punches, heard you featherweight
Got it out the mud, a strategist, bitch, I'm forever straight
Live my dream now, remember used to pray for better days
In my bag like some Better Made
Cut into the lil' freaky bitch like, "Give me head or skate"
BabyTron, I come first like the letter A
Streets a game of chess, you gon' lose tryna checker play
Still scamming, I been in this Nike Tech for days
Still Tron Madden, still out of town setting plays
In Blue Flame, bitch, I'm mister make the weather change
Flying 'round in traffic, looking for a Scat to race
Back when we was underdogs, we made a lot of brackets break
Wake up and get to this shit the active way
All these posts on the 'Gram, I hope you wore a cap today
Doggie hating in the comments, I just know his shoes dirty
Pocket full of blue hundreds, 'script full of blue thirties
Road runner, I done drove from Oregon to New Jersey
Young as hell balling, damn near need a Duke jersey
Slide down the opp block, look like a nuke hit it
Supreme bust my fucking head, three hundred for two fitteds
SBDSM, it's obvious the crew shitting
Lost some spikes, fuck around, I need some new Christians
Lost some cheese sliding dumps, I got a new vendor
Bitch ask a question, N-O my favorite two letters
Wocky purchase, call Ron 'cause he the juice checker
Diors out the box, I'm a B22 stepper
Threw the nuts on this bitch, it got a new gender
Stand in Track 2s, are you crazy? We don't do Sketchers
Oh, it's snow falling? Bitch, it's Goose weather
Thousand dollar coats, thousand dollar cups, we living fancy
Fake ID in T-Mobile, bitch, I'm Mister Camby
Face card hot as hell, I had to tint the Chally
Opps soft as hell from the city down to Ypsilanti
If I'm lying, bitch, I'm flying, I'm still ten toes
I just scored six, catch me dancing in the end zone
Wii stick with the switch, this not Nintendo
Thirteen slips on the drip, this not a Kenzo
Hundred fresh cards, Damon Wayans, I'm the blank man
Leaving Chase, I just did my "I just bust the bank" dance
I just got the head from your bitch with the face cam
Black and blue Amiri jeans, I'm chilling off the Space Jam
On my laptop, yeah, I'm still pushing years through
The Cookie came from Cali' and the bed too
Leaving Revive, Palm Angels did the sweatsuit

Five star hotel, heard you fucked up at Red Roof