

## Cheat Code 2

BabyTron

Dog Shit Militia, up some pape, yeah  
Dog Shit Militia, up pape and we  
Dog Shit Militia, I can up the stick or up some pape  
Yeah  
Ha-ha, yeah  
Helluva made this beat, baby  
Ha-ha, yeah

Dog Shit Militia, I can up the stick or up some pape  
If I hit a ramp in the 'Cat, can damn near jump a lake  
I put my pain in this Wild Rum, that's why I stuffed the eighth  
I'll leave yo dukes' paycheck and and I'm still underage  
I spent tuition on a Hutch chain and I dropped out of college  
Riding 'round with gang, chop tucked in case we got a problem  
Scam star, don't ask me 'bout no pots 'cause I am not around 'em  
Same person you would pass it to can't get a lob up out me  
Hardbodied, ten toes, bitch, I'm solid to the grave  
I fucked up the trust with my girl but promised I'll change  
Brodie don't smoke, he got a baby bottle for the pain  
Was rookie of the year two years ago then polished up my game  
European sneakers, pull up shooting shit like Türkoğlu  
The engine barking like a hellhound when I'm skrrting through  
Bro'll pull up shooting shells out, off the turtle juice  
The hoes can't peep the cap but I can see the perp in you  
Feel like Bret Hart, hit the lil' bitch with a leglocker  
You won't see a crease when I step, nah, these the dead stockers  
Told my bitch we eating Eddie V's, like, fuck some Red Lobster  
Jule tripping out the sun roof, that's my headshotter  
7.62s twist his 'fro up, these some dreadlockers  
Drawls fancy than a bitch, four hundred on some red boxers  
Titi fake some back pain and then it's to the next doctor  
Ain't never sold a drug so it's shout-out to them check droppers

First of all, a couple of things. Number one, Luka's the truth. Luka's the t  
ruth. Luka's the best. I'm gon' say it on national television, Luka's the be  
st white boy I've seen since Larry Bird. This brother is something special

Huh, yeah  
If I catch you in that droptop, you gon' get yo top dropped  
It's backdoor season, you ain't even hear that knock-knock  
Wock' fizzle in the sixty forty like some Pop Rocks  
Send him sixty then we send him forty, left the block hot  
On the dark web punching like I'm Oscar De La Hoya  
Got my bitch at the brib, throwing lobster in the boil  
Better know what seed you plant before you drop it in the soil  
Blowing zaza, foreign whip, it take exotic oil  
Stop saying that you sip lean, you nodding off on one  
I ain't got no storage in my phone, I cropped him with my gun  
Before EDD, ain't never seen y'all pop out with a dub  
Nine months later, none of y'all can pop out with a slug  
Unc' said if he ain't in the kitchen then his wrist broke  
Sixth grade, had the Chuck Taylors, now it's Rick Owens  
Bitch, I'm sick of all this fucking playing, put yo lips on it  
Yeah, Punch God, every one hitting, think my fists swollen  
Good on the seven, ask Rixh and Hect  
Born broke but I'ma be rich to death  
Hundred dollar three five, bitch, I take rich-ass breaths

Christian Loubies hit for fourteen, I take rich-ass steps  
Huh, this a rich-ass life  
Self-scan hit for 5K, this a rich-ass swipe  
Off-White Virgil Jordan 1s, these some rich-ass Nikes  
If we catch dawg in left field, get his bitch-ass right  
Lando got like thirty on his neck, on some light shit  
He asked where the plug was, I told him, "By the light switch"  
Bitch, I got the ups, I could dunk if I was 5'6"  
Hop on that fucking MacBook then overnight shift  
Smoking Gary Payton, put my lungs in the fucking glove  
One up top, riding 'round, lil' bitch, I'm one of one  
Heard you got a glitch, I got one, let's go run for run  
Out of town on that one, got my duffy stuffed

Yeah, bitch  
Ha-ha, I'm a real life cheat code  
Huh, MVP season  
Luka Trončić shit, you know what the fuck going on  
They can't fuck with me  
Could drop thirty on any night  
Triple double type shit  
Ayy, ayy, ShittyBoyz (313 Mafia)