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 Tronči 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)

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