

Cheat Code 3

BabyTron

Tronic, Tronic, Tronic
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They like, "'Tron, what happened? Shit, we missed the OG"
That 21 run was different, how you let 'em clone you?
Spittin' crack in the booth, I hand-to-hand through ProTools
Dominatin' like I'm Shaq, Phil Jack' in '02
A-Tron barks still, Beanski brother moves on
TYB, Weebay, hoppin' out that tooled up
Kevin Gates ain't on shit, what the fuck is 2 phones?
The way the MPX spit, you would think its tooth gone
Lavender and gray, TRX, it look like Aerodactyl
Fiends tossin' needles anywhere, I wouldn't wear no sandals
Just bought at Costcos, we ain't finna share no samples
Don't try and follow my steps, I'm a rare example
Foot swingin' stick, that's a point, Stan Musial
Commander crackin' head, boy, you just a bamboozle
Where the fuck's your V? You always say your man's usin'
Had to kick him off the team, every play he half-ruined it
Bitch actin' like she won a Oscar, that's just Too Doody
Died for some booty, SMH, that's just coochie
Why she think I woke up with a woodpecker? That's the toolie
We had dumped his body off Splitter Drive, that's the boonies
Cudi slimier than putty, turned to opp-ass capuzzi
Slidin' 'round with my Migos and our hoes Bad and Bougie
I'm sick 'cause mice out here spillin' sauce, Ratatoullie
We a checkmate tonight, it's only right to jack it, Louie
Foon found Boone Binker ridin' Cali with the buggy
The worst thang on the road is when the Navi' get to buggin'
Never ever could I lack, I'm in the Caddy with a hunnid
My lil' woadie in here sleep off three Xannies, Rodney Stuckey
Please stop it with the slim thick if your body pudgy
Dueled up with Andre Drummond, he ain't got no money
No matter what the jury tell, Unki, only God can judge you
Dog\$hit Militia, hit the telegram to cop a puppy
VVs, they on Teletubby, call me Tinky Winky
Turkey bag terrorists, I'm rollin' up some stinky inky
If it ain't about the money, I hear, "Neeny, neeny"
Long list scammin', lil' Chris, I know you see me-me-me
You cannot complete the dub without your teammates
If I had to rate your lifestyle, it's a D-grade (Failure)
You gon' raise your son to be a bitch, D-Wade
Why you pop out rockin' that fit, WTH?
Feel like the Tin Man, I spent a dub on CH
With the Mousetiger, skee and Reezy thuggin' PA
It's the Militia, we might slide a hunnid elates
They keep on gettin' loud, I had to tell my blunt to behave

Hey, bro
Where the fuck the album at, man? Come on
It's been damn near five months, bro, we're waiting
Hey, fuck around and drop it, 7:07 a.m. on some Luka shit, I don't know, bro
Please drop it tomorrow
ShittyBoyz

He spent his last on that denim Tears, I hear his pockets cryin'
Jalen Green, Reese Shepard, you see rockets flyin'

Take nine in the trench coat, but I ain't Columbin'
Lil brodie finna blow up like a bomb inside 'em
It's a dirty game, fuck the rules, they disqualify me
OT for 'bout seven days, I'm on Quanny time
Amiri patch of Scottish, walk-in on my Roddy Piper
All that bein' in the gym first, that's what got him higher
All that gettin' over comfortable, beatin', got him fired
Once upon a time, they had the sauce, that shit got expired
I ain't talkin' 'bout no golf clubs, but we got some drivers
We got some water, got some earth, shit, we got some fire
I leave you in the wind, you get out of Paris
When hams ask to strain, I just say anything that sounds exotic
On Y.O., me, 40, MJ, Fat Feds
The hood bullyin', me gettin' treated like the fat kid (Korn)
When I got a slab, it ain't no baby back ribs
You ain't smokin' fuckin' Zaga Zod, pussy, that's catnip
Blood, fuss, lit in SCO 3, that's a hat trick
Worry 'bout me, you need a pack of Mighty Pats (Man)
Worry 'bout me, you need a stack of ninety ChapSticks

Shitty boys, Dog\$hit Militia
Long Live \$cam, R.I.P. Chris
You hips good? Aye
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