

DEEZ NUTS!

BabyTron

Aye

Gang five deep, splash around like the Great Lakes

Why you uppin' funny money? Why you thumbin' fake pape'?

(Helluva made this beat, baby)

Dude that got a CO2 tank, why the fuck you tottin' fake Drac'?

Shoppin' off of olibobble, why you rockin' fake Bape?

K Roll, K Roll, you sippin' fake drank

Oh, okay, I see what's goin' on, boy, you fake-fake

I just made some real pape' with a fake name

Tryna act like BabyTron, like, oh, okay, you fake James

Eatin' off the banks but I'll stop to take a stank break

Amiris with the bandanas, lookin' like I gangbang

What's that one saying?

Sit your five dollar ass down before I make change

No fakin'

201, plug on Telegram, he speak Croatian

Looking for his badge number, heard he givin' infomation

Huh, congrats

Huh

Congrats, congrats, you just played yo' self, hang yo' self

You should take the switch, turn it on and go and spank yo' self

Yappin' like the head huncho, must've went and ranked yo' self

Wrestlin' with the monkey on my back, I'm tryna win the title

Preachin' in the booth, you would've thought these verses in the Bible

You would think she Pocahontas, lil' bitch, she givin' tribal

Zero losses on my record, Scottie Pippen in the finals

BR1 and 2 on wax, come and get a vinyl

Everytime I throw a touchdown that bitch a spiral

Treat these hoes like water bottles how they get recycled

I've been travellin' all week, this my sixth arrival

Bitch head fire, my shoes got blew off

Ridin' with that "fah-fah-fah-", let's have a shoot off

That one shit'll turn your TT into Rudolph

I know you read the shirt, shit, it's hard to cut root off

He was grabbin' on the blick but didn't bust and gave it blue balls

In middle school, I was driftin' salmon to the blue hall

Man, I really hate it when your boo call

'Cause that's the type of shit that really piss my boo off

Street ballin', shit, it's time to cut the rules off

Poured a deuce of that juice, I'm finna snooze off

Talkin' for no reason, I'm just thinkin', "Who's dawg?"

Get him outta here, point him to the door

When it's time for a skit, I'm gon' point him to the floor

Naw! I ain't pointin' at you, bro

The bitches 'round you kinda cute, I'm only pointin' at the hoes

I can't take her 'round a trip, she get annoyin' on the road

That, , 'll destroy a junkie's nose

If your stache matched your height, you would be on Muggsy Bogues

Shit, my pockets paralyzed, but, huh, yeah

Shit, my pockets paralyzed, I walk around with bloody toes

Told you that the Quagen break loose while I had a bloody nose

And elbow, a joke's up, you think I'm smokin' funny bone

Got Haribo flavors with these hoes, I give 'em gummy dough

Chopper knocked the hair up off him, Kobe eight to twenty-four, like, tch

Ain't it twenty-eight to one?

Or like, fifty to six?

Catch him outta town, you'd probably steal some Jimmy with blick

The way the junkies returnin', you'd think the rizzie the mix
Skiied up in Philli', motherfucker thought I was Quan
Motherfucker thought that I was Quammy doin' all this juggin'
Doin' all this goddamn scammin', all this damn hammin'
Asked if it's designer, don't you feel the goddamn fabric?
Bro a demon, shit, he swears to Satan
Why you sellin' pints of green? They only cost a pair of Asics
If you had the sauce like I, you'd probably have to wear an apron
In interrogation with a agent who look like Sarah Palin
Got a thing for them lightskined curly hair with braces
I can't help it, huh
Team player, I ain't selfish
Deez nuts, booga-wooga-wooga