

## Drake & Josh

## BabyTron

Brr (Yeah)  
Brr (Yeah), brr  
Brr (Yeah), brr  
Brr (Yeah), brr  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Good in the Bronx, boy, I'm good where you at?  
Boy, you good with the Josh, boy, I'm good with the Drac'  
Pulled this bitch out my BAPE, you get put in yo' place  
Yeah, ShittyBoyz, Dog Shit Milita, this shit a global takeover, you know what the fuck goin' on man  
You're not makin' this easy, Kyle

Drop an ash on my shirt, high as hell, spillin' soda  
Number one seed every year, Villanova  
Lil' gang caught hats then come with the 'plomas (Ah)  
Purple thigh pads on, Minnesota

Good in the Bronx (Yeah)  
Good where you at? Boy, you good with the Josh  
Boy, I'm good with the Drac' (Brr)  
Pulled this bitch out my BAPE, you get put in yo' place  
Full of dead man, dead man 'Wood, this an eighth  
I just called hangtime  
Three fizzy, three five, I'm a faze mind  
We gon' slide, moonlight to the daytimes  
Splashed up, boy, I'll let some pape' fly  
Shit, yo' lane dry  
Unk in the kitchen, masked up with the K9  
See my mans tryna cross me, all them fake vibes  
Had to stand over dog like AI  
If you got some real pape', go 'head, say, "I"  
(Shit, say, "I")  
(If you got some real pape', then say, "I")  
(Shit, say, "I")  
(If you got some real pape', shit, say, "I")  
Good in the Bronx (Yeah)  
Good where you at? Boy, you good with the Josh  
Boy, I'm good with the Dracs' (Brr)  
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Good in the Bronx (yeah)  
Good where you at? Boy, you good with the Josh  
Boy, I'm good with the Dracs' (Brr)

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(Like, grrah)

Double G60, keep it on my feet  
Keep a double beat, always keep the heat  
I just stack the blue hunnids, I be keeping peace  
Like, grrah  
Never didn't do nothing, cannot chill with me  
On the run to the money, I just gotta eat  
And I feel like I'm Uzi vibing to the beat  
Like, grrah  
Shit, sad, I gotta stop  
These niggas politicin' with no guap  
Like, niggas be mad we almost at the top  
It be the ones who around, that shit, it get you shot  
I still walk with a Crip and pockets full of knots  
And I'm still on the same block, was never hard to find  
Just like Whitney and Bobby  
Keisha and Thomas, just be by my side  
Like, just let me know if you riding, is you on timing like it's do or die  
Like, I wonder why, why these niggas keep cappin' and rappin' inside of thes  
e rhymes?  
Like, I mix the fashion, like Louis, no lavish  
These Dior's got me in my prime  
Like, we spin out, we lookin' for parking, and Tron gon' spark it, we don't  
need a pipe

Good in the Bronx (Yeah)

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Boy, I'm good with the Drac' (Brr)  
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Full of dead man, dead man 'Wood, this an eighth