

## Final Level

BabyTron

Damn, Jakesand

Hey, you know me, bitch, I'ma flex until I pull a muscle  
You know me, bitch, I'ma flex until I, aye  
You know me, bitch, I'ma flex until I pull a muscle

When it come to whole cars, you know Militia pulled a couple  
Human cheat code, I might come quintuple, double  
Fine shit, pulled up with her best friend, double trouble  
Scammin' or the rappin', either way, I'll punch for punchin'  
Might be Hollywood, but fuck a double, I'll stunt for stuntin'  
Unfuckwithables, boy, I'll runs for runsin'  
Meet me in the VIP section, I'll slug for sluggie  
If I catch a young opp, I'll have lil' cousin, jump 'em  
All he do is stab that not lil' blood just stuck with bunions  
Caught him tryna get some chips and turned the stupid fuck to Funyuns  
Half the time, I'm in the lab, the other half, I'm in the dungeon  
We'll whack yo' brother, scam yo' granny, stab yo' cousin  
Heard you rollin' up some loud, I'm pullin' up to match the ruckus  
Luka Troncic, just take me to the Rucker, I done mastered buckets  
Seen the demons I was fightin', boy?, I had the pastor runnin'  
She got a thousand dollar wig for me to ash my blunt in  
First stop, Selfridges, every time I land in London  
Boy, I'm so independent, I forgot I had a budget  
You won't hear me ask for nothin', started off with trackin' numbers

Wha

Ghetto Beats  
Dog\$hit Militia  
Long live \$cam, R.I.P. Chris  
You hipskits, T-double-HL shit

Hey, fresh off the road, bugs splattered on the windshield  
734, baby, out here dodgin' Pittsfield  
I been on the road since I played the big wheel  
Five mil' just popped up in the bank, it ain't no big deal  
Lil' bro would steal anything, Dyson Daniels  
And I can't get him off the block, guess he Tyson Chandler  
You only got one badge and that's the iron chapter  
Bitch so cold, call the double, I might try to trap her  
We done bust jugs from wilin' pop down to square packed  
We done had any for them jacks on what was Airway  
Shit, your life for this chain, that's a fair trade  
Hunnid dollars, zaga zaga pack it, hit like bear maze  
Jumpin' off the porch, got 'em left on the staircase  
Don't you know the game, that we in it? Ain't no fair play  
She a ten, barefaced, bro, will kill you barefaced  
When I walk in, you feel the aura through the airways  
You say yo BD ain't a ham, yeah, bitch, alright  
If I get Habibi, just a band, yeah, it's your life  
Looked at the Rollie then the mirror, shit, it's showtime  
In the Bay let 'em try somethin', I bet a Bip he die

Nah

My \*\*\*\* Lee, I think he got me  
What the fuck? I think I'm laced, bruh, what the fuck?  
Hmm, nah, hmm, huh, heh

Step on opps like they bugs, you can't shop with my plug  
Double- deuced it in a two liter, guess I dropped a dub  
Stashed a milli' in the floor, I guess it's time to shop for rugs  
I hear savin' all these hoes, he must've came from Gotham, huh?  
Amiri's full of doggy dookie, you would think I got the runs  
Tables turned, it ain't fun when the rabbit got the gun  
Probably think Tron a Genie, he got magic bottled up  
Brodie burnin' everything, he finna magic Johnson some  
You still wouldn't catch a wave down in Santa Monica  
Airy Pop, Wockified, the Havana Zaga stuff  
We done horsed him out his new cups, he a Prada pup  
Fuck the coins out her every time, that's my sonic slut

Nah

Ah, shit, lil' bitch drunk, talkin' 'bout pull up to Love & Tequila  
He done earned so many stripes, I'm thinkin' lil' bloody a Zebra  
I can't get this bitch to fuckin' leave, she must love her a cheater  
2020 shit, I probably ran a hunnid up off features  
Another hunnid off the Calis, 'nother one off beepers  
Another one off PPP, like ain't that half a ticket?  
Let me chill out 'fore they lock me, shit, let's get back to business  
When it come to Michigan, you think of me? Huh  
You think of Meeks, think of T, think of Meech  
He don't practice what he preach, call him Reverend Rinky Dink  
I wouldn't cuff that lil' bitch if she was into kinky things  
Bumfuck Egypt, bitch, I'm out in BFE  
Young Thug did the joggy, this is not no CSG  
Got the bitch in my palms, finna play her, PSP  
Back in the 313, the AP on PST  
I been playin' hoes before they dropped the PS3  
Hit the brick like couture, lock it up like GSP  
T-M-N-T, yo' boss, he a rat  
I slap a flame out 'em, shit, just toss me a rack  
Oversized rule grabbin' tall tees out of sacks  
I can't do no raw comes, all leasin' raps  
I done hit some ghetto shit, but they was all decent racks  
They used to all DND me, I don't call people back, you know

Huh, it's on the flow, that's what you gotta know  
You gotta know if twin rock, then I gotta roll  
Bank account look like a box of donuts, it's a lot of Os  
I know y'all love the old Tron, but don't y'all see a lot of growth?  
Catch you likin' opps pictures, that's gon' get you followed home  
Who ain't feed they bitch? I just pulled up and got swallowed whole  
Bitch a alcoholic and a thief, where the bottle go?  
Pop, pop to her middle part, we don't honor those  
My YN's out of control, they don't follow code  
Million dollars worth of guns, shit, we got walow polls  
Neff ain't got a dollar bill, but he got a kill  
Brodie like to drop him in his pop, he don't pop the pills  
Mmm, mmm, my closet look like StockX  
Bitch prime was seven years ago up in that prom dress  
We had him scared to go to work just like a bomb threat  
Turn the volume down, you know you heard what mom said  
Headass, geek kissin' mid-packs  
Never flew privately, stop sayin' you got jet lag  
I been one ROTY, now I'm in my vet bag  
Ho a big body Benz, hashtag rake that

Ooh, shit, that's a Danny G beat  
I had my shooter hit a Danny Green three  
If you don't got a kill, switch your skatie freebies

Just pour the whole pint, you ever had heebie- jeebies?  
Would've thought you scam, all you do is hang with frauds  
Bitch real petite, but her ass dinged a Moss  
November 27th, I'ma give a thanks to y'all  
We don't want the lil' worker, no, we gon' spank the boss, pause  
Cam thought he got some hard, no, all of them just mothballs  
M523, bitch, I'm teed like a golf ball  
He was him back then, lieutenant lost cause  
Balls to the wall, hit her so hard she called off  
The dog head used to bark, but it froze to death  
Balenciaga sneaks, that's the only time I show the stress  
Boy, you gon' knock yourself out, gimme that soda next  
Save me from Southfield Freeway down to Bouldercrest  
Open-hand smack, you done leave with a closed casket  
I don't go, well, no, this how I vote practice  
Say yay, all I wanna do is go baskets  
Brutality, this lil' ho in here soul snatchin'  
Lil' slut stay outside like a dope addict  
Interstate or all March, it was road madness  
Double 7 past the wood, I'ma roll the Mavericks  
They just flowin' out my brain, I ain't roll to catch 'em  
Boy, your phone wouldn't ring if you was Frodo Baggins  
Ls don't even matter, bronem in the stolo schmackin'  
Ls don't even matter, boy, charge into the game  
Body full of drugs, heart full of pain  
Where that one Tris? Bitch, we pourin' part down the drain  
Why you talkin' stats? Never started a game  
Ryan went on 10, he drove his car to his grave  
I can't love you, bitch, I left my heart at the bank

Mmm-mm-mm-hmmmm, I guess this to find the real shit  
Ooh, sav, killed it

R.I.P. Mari, R.I.P. Chris, y'all lit a flame  
Take a seat up in the bleachers, lil' bro, I'm givin' game  
Why you got your hand out? It ain't a giveaway  
Tryna ride our wave like a cruise, make 'em hit the plane  
More chicken than a farmer, still he made me hit the hay  
He dressed like it's O-18, LOL is givin' laced  
Stag my pape like a giant, catch plays with Lee Mays  
Right wrist pissy, but the left one the shitty face  
Sometimes I wanna get away and go off to a paradise  
But life's short, so I'm gamblin' with it like a paradise  
I'm finna take you to the sky, bae, hope you ain't scared of heights  
Boy, I popped out so clean, you'd think the fit was sterilized  
Huh, shitty boys, this the final level  
He shook our hand before we signed him, shit, he died respectful  
Bust on yo' bitch face, treat her like the bezel  
Tronic, Tronic, Tronic, Tronic