

Frankenstein

BabyTron

Wockhardt, hey
Wockhardt got me walking, fuck
Wockhardt got me, yeah, Helly, okay (Whew, huh)
Helluva made this beat, baby

Wockhardt got me walking 'round like I'm Frankenstein
Heard it's thirty phones, OT, finna take a drive
On my way right now, I ain't got a patient side
Triple H your lil' bitch, I'ma break her spine
Triple S when I step, bitch, I'm ten toes
On 7 Mile, 3rd and goal, that's the red zone
Scam star, I can't make pape with a dead phone
You put the cuffs on that bitch? Boy, you dead wrong
7.62s chop his mop, now his dreads gone
I'ma get the throat, you gon' end up in the friend zone
Tryna keep up? Boy, I hope yo legs strong
One man army, had the bike with no pegs, bro
Fendi tee with the face, this ain't Kenzo
You gon' let 'em get through yo skin? You ain't head strong
Get the head from that bitch then I head home
AC in the foreign whip, I won't sweat long
Unky on the block selling girl, it ain't prostitution
Gave my Granny ten bands, she said hallelujah
Fuck love, been done fucked around shot at Cupid
Come down and wet his block, swear it ain't no mop I'm using
Bro and 'em dropping opps, I'm just dropping music
Guarantee he blast off when this rocket booming
Let me catch him down at TX, I'ma chop and screw 'em
If the steak ain't enough, bet the lobster do it
Amiri thigh pads, I got chunky pockets
Banana clip on the K, thought a monkey shot 'em
Which SBs should I rock? I got twenty options
Backpack Boyz, Turtle Pie, every puff be toxic
Walking through the rain storm, Stone Island windbreaker
Hating on the 'Gram? I don't know you, you a big hater
Self-scan, slam dunk, 201 rim breaker
Only way you gon' beat the team is with six players
Hit yo bitch and disappear like I'm Criss Angel
Off-White belt, when I sit down, this bitch tangle
Whole team eating, told the chef we need a big table
I know you sick yo bitch hit the loft, finna get facial
Gold chain on, slamming hoes like I'm Kurt Angle
Looking at a bitch I just met, "You on dirt, ain't you?"
Looking up at doggy in the booth, "You finna perp, ain't you?"
Looking dead in the mirror, "Boy, you turnt, ain't you?"
Star player, I just dropped a four in my Gatorade
.223s hit his 'fro, it became a fade
Road runner, Punch God, bitch, I be state to state
When I talk, they all listen to me like I'm Major Payne
No sense, spent four on the belt and pants
Unky on the block catching bricks like he Elton Brand
And he'll take you to the kitchen where he selling tan
Bro make his own pape, you think that I held his hand?
Up twenty-one on the opps, they getting blew out
Hopped out the coupe, had that lil' bitch like, "Ooh, wow"
I might take a trip to Hawaii, throw a Luau
Punch God, when I walk in, you bow

Shitty charm on my neck, that bitch blew out
I'll send everybody home like it's two outs
So many blues in my roll, I might lose count
Big Rick Owens, scuff 'em once? They get threw out
Scam Man, bitch, I'm paying five for a
Penny pincher like you Mr. Krabs, you a Krabby Patty
Got back home and I ain't even have a navi
Where I'm from, you grab a 'Cat when you catch a Scatty
Bitch want some money? Better ask yo daddy
It's 2021, why the fuck are yo pants so baggy?
Bitch walking in, told the other one to grab her panties
Big pape, type of money that'll make you smack yo granny
Ten toes, stepping in these big bottom Pradas
Hunnid in the clip, fuck around and drop a dollar
Doggy talking 'bout a hunnid? He ain't got a comma
Hella ammo in the clip like I found a llama
Black tinted Hellcat, this is not Wakanda
Burberry plaid button up, had to pop the collar
Ninety-five out, still sliding in a balaclava
I'm a warrior with this .9 but I'm not a dala

I mean, Iguodala, fuck, Shittyboyz