

(Jose the Plug)

Ayy

Burnin' up your brother's feet
We turned him to a roach, we gon' need another leaf
My shooter takin' hits like he halfback
TRX was factory, but now it's matte-black
That Cuban that he rockin' goes onto his belly button
Already knowin' that's big bro's, ain't gotta tell me nothin'
Designer headwrap on, you'd think that I'm Egyptian
We make somethin' out of nothin', you would think that we magicians
I'm withdrawing from the bank, I'm withdrawing from the drank
You the type to finally start to run it up, fall on your face
They don't know when I'ma slow down, LBJ
(They don't know when I'ma slow down, LBJ)
Boy, that was 2020, please don't try to sell me Kanyes
Alex Moss, I'm out in NYC like, "Fuck an Eliantte"
When the team on your back, it ain't no room for error
Dog a rookie in that mask, yeah, he new to terror
Jasmine and Aladdin, flyin' with my bitch
I'm an addict, I got habits, need another sip
I need another six, shit, I need another zip
Thought cuddy was done trappin', but he need another brick
You gotta know these hoes ready to play another 'script
Let me hear it's up, shit, it's cool, I see above the rim
Tron an orca, can't relate, these hoes love the shrimp
I can put him in position, but it's up to him to win
How I got a hundred sons?
I still ain't shot the club up, you got a hundred ones
You in the club lookin' dumb, this a honey bun
Bein' broke is a joke, I can't relate, I'm one-of-one with your lil' funny butt
You the type to have your ear on the grapevine
I'm the type to- frrt, frrt, past the state lines
He noddin' off a three of Karo, he noddin' off a three of hit juice, boy, th
at's a fake high
Shit, I'm quick to leave the function, I can't stand a fake vibe
A fan caught me in the elevator, had to say, "Hi"
I ain't worried 'bout the 'Gram, shit, it's stack some pape' time
Brodie tryna dodge the K, now his bag in Trey 5s
You done took twenty-somethin' L's straight, you a Piston
As long as I'm on Earth, at the best, you assistin'
They like, "Tron, you locked in, what the fuck, is you in prison?"
Just in October 2023, I blew a ticket
Feelin' like the fuckin' Matrix, close my eyes, I'm doin' digits
Tryna fit in out of town, I'm strollin' in the newest Civic
Turn that bitch to a snapback, we tryna shoot his fitted
Pull up, everybody- fah, fah, they don't know who done hit him
R.I.P. lil' Mauri
If you say his name, gon' hit your block and throw a pistol party
Bro was seventeen, up a fifty
Play with me, fill my Glock 17 up with sixty

I was underdog, I gotta overdo it
Lieutenant Tron on frontline, but got my soldiers shootin'
I was underdog, I gotta overdo it
(I was underdog, I gotta overdo it)

I be high, high, high, high, high, high, high, high, high
I be high, high, high, high as hell, this ain't no sober music
Dog Shit Militia, bitch, I know you hear the motor barkin'
Akhi pulled up shootin' at the crowd, ain't even know the target

Fah-fah-fah, fah-fah

Prرت

Hey

Hey, hey

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Lieutenant Tron on frontline, but got my soldiers shootin'
I was underdog, I gotta overdo it
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ShittyBoyz, Dog Shit Militia, long live \$cams, you know?