

Hawk Tuah

BabyTron

Nyah, nyah
(ShittyBoyz)

Your ho hit me with that hawk tuah (Hawk tuah)
This white boy don't miss, you would swear you saw Luka
Maison Mihara's or the Ricky's, I don't walk Puma
Lock your lips and throw the keys unless you tryna talk mula
It's impossible for me to love, might need a heart replacement
My bitch keep on asking me for Van Cleef and Carti' bracelets
Thousand somethin' shots, you would think we came from army bases
You would think my shooter work for Maaco, all the cars he painted
It's so much more to talk about than killing opps
Like how I just dropped a four and then killed my pop
R.I.P., I popped a RP and killed her twat
Finally went and got a lil' gun, you a killer now?
Huh? You need to kill it, dude
Plug said he out of za, he just killed my mood
I be damned to go out here and buy Gorilla Glue
You a chimp, you'll never know how us gorillas move
If ballin' was a crime, I'd get lethal injection
You are not a demon IRL, I got evil detection
Blew it every time he made it, ain't make a single investment
Fiend tryna get high, don't care if his needle infected
Billionaire studios, this ain't no Boys Club
Actin' like he totin' fully, wouldn't shoot a toy gun
Cuddy had a brick to get off every time his 'Droid rung
Cough two holes in 'em, what I smoke destroys lungs
Turn right back around, like why this store full of Kenzo?
Bust on your bitch face like a Coke full of Mentos
Why you even sippin' drank, got a Coke full of yellow?
Barely fans in the crowd, doggy show full of echoes
I be high as hell forgettin', so my notes full of memos
Too friendly to be mine, that lil' ho full of "Hello"'s
I can't have no bitch that be sayin' hey to everyone
All the hoes eaters nowadays, ain't no ride-or-dies
When it's time to go and get back, you gon' slide or cry?
Light 'em up and give him wings, somethin' like a firefly
If you ain't all ears while I talk, turn to Iron Mike
Talkin' 'bout I'm ass? I got word, ratio
Tryna do everything I do, call him baby bro
Got fellatio from your ho, she just ate me whole
Ballin' in my ones, MJ back in '84
Crazy, I might hear myself, turnin' on the radio
Bitches playin' roles, you would think that life HBO
Brodie ridin' 'round hot as hell like his AC broke
Saw the TRX, now the fans tryna chase me home
Flyer than Peter Pan, but I'll probably never land
Reachin' in my bag, Pearl Jam, get a severed hand
Six figures for the nautilus with the leather band
You could play a game of chess on these Louis checkered pants
You down to ten dollars tryna win a scratch-off
P-U-A had you up, like how it get to that, dog?
Accurate with F&N, can knock a pimple patch off
Every whip with modded, never rode in simple Trackhawks
Gang tappin' heads, it ain't duck, duck, goose

Brrt (Ha)

Had your ho vacuum up the whole crib and I got sucked up too
Your baby face like Ray, I hit the puff-puff, oop
You can't hit this