

HeadBop

BabyTron

(Ooh, shit, that's a Danny G beat)
(Don't you know you won the lotto?)
(Damn, JakeSand)

Man, this bitch a head bop, boy, your bitch a head bop
Better drop and play dead, accurate with red dot
I'll turn a lemonade, Minute Maid to red pop
I'm in Gucci out in Boston, five hundred for red socks
Tour time, eleven days, I'm on my tenth stop
Shooter catch two hats a year, he workin' on his tenth top
What's a rest stop?
On the road, pedal pushin' in some deadstocks
How the kitchen full of ice but the 'Rex hot?
Hangin' with a mouse, fuck is you, a desktop?
You know if you miss, it ain't over, it's a next shot
But it ain't no tellin' when
Caught an opp out, I gotta go and visit Hell again
Cutty sit in one spot, all he know is sellin' sin
Lil' brodie got a foreign striker, he gon' bend the Benz
Keep it a hunnid, you can't spend a ten
Flyin' down 8 Mile, thinkin' 'bout them M's on M's
They call me the new Eminem
Playin' with the bag still, you gon' catch a win
Life a movie, I can predict the future except the end
Everything bust on the black six except the lens
Everybody want the mirror tints now
Ever since I threw 'em on, my vision clear as shit now
Get the fuck out unless you wanna hear the blick pop
I know you hear me talkin', I ain't fearin' shit, God
This is uptown, I ain't YN Jay, this ain't CoochieLand
I know you see me pull up TRX, not the Doonie van
Daily on the psilocybin, I'm the shroomie man
Why you rappin' 'bout Sak's Fifth, you shop at Zumiez, man
Switched up from the Amiris, rockin' Gucci pants
I can double up a G, I call that Gucci bands
Lil' brodie hot, fightin' the same shit that Boosie had
Lil' brodie hot, fightin' the same shit that Melly is
We'll sting him in the deep, the ARP a jellyfish
I'ma blame the Casamigos, bitches at the telly lit
Better wear you two shiestys, comin' 'round this fetty brick
Ridin' 'round with heavy shit, you can't tell 'cause the presi' tint
At Kyoto, played out the Yoshi and the Beni' shit
Lil' bitch tryna F me off the Fendi drip
Runnin' off and leave her head red like the Wendy's bitch
Extra grip on my boots, you won't catch me slip
Shit, I'm too balanced
Get money, stack money, I got two habits
That don't include my True habits
At least a deuce every day, I got a juice habit
Couldn't even lie if I tried, I got a truth habit

Shitty Boyz, Dog Shit Militia, long live \$cams