

# 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