

I Can't Call It

BabyTron

72, ayy, 72

Start that, yeah, from the
Fresh out the gate with it
(Ayy, Envy, make me one)
Fuck

Bitch, it's big 72, I'm feeling rude as hell
Bitch, I got all rude on shoes on, YSL
Boy, you couldn't even fuck with me back in the Pelle Pelle
(Gang up on the nigga, sick he couldn't bail)
(Nigga sipping yellow lean, sick you came snail)
Shit, I'm in Portland, Dame Lillard, left a flame trail
It's a couple niggas I don't fuck with, but they all dead
Bitch, I'm at the set, I'm in the mall shopping for fall shit
They like, "\$cam, what you been on?", I can't call it
Feds say I was sliding in the stores, I don't recall shit
I asked your bitch, do she know some French? I'm in Burberry Brit
I told Tron, "We can't trust shit, we might just send a blitz"

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I don't recall it (Brirt)
Bitch said we fucked once, I don't recall it (Phew)
Said he balled on the team, I don't recall it
Big boss, lil' dog think he out here saucing
I'm the one that taught him
Put him in a coffin, put the nails on it
I can't even trust him, back in school, he tattletaled on me
I just scored on some hidden juice, I'm an Act' zombie
Got that one compartment, if they flick me, I'ma stash Glocky
I got pull from Ann Arbor down to Benton Harbor
This a Futurama '23, we out here bending Chargers (Skrirt)
Fiends arriving at the kennel, but they had a fent' departure
Deep end baby, divin' in, I ain't test the water (Splash)

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They like, "Tron, what you been on?", I can't call it
Bitch, it's the Militia, every pocket full of dog shit
Don't ask how many lines I sipped, I'ma plead the fifth
Don't even try to ride this wave, bet your sink gon' ship
This pint of Act' I got was hard to find, on some Nemo shit
I'm laggin' off the yerky's, couldn't roll, got a pre-roll lit
I'm balling in my jersey on the site, 'bout to free throw it
Caught an opp, feeling good in the hood, I'm finna Debo him
You catch your bitch up in my crib, you know she deepthroating
You catch us with some sticks, they glitch, we be cheat coding

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