

Intro

BabyTron

Getta Beats

Yeah, Getta, ayy

Ayy, finna, ayy (Like I'm El Chapo)

Finna, ayy (Like I'm El Chapo)

I'm finna, ayy (Like I'm El Chapo)

Ayy, ayy

ShittyBoyz

Finna crank the throttle

In the club big lit, I need eight more bottles

Crab legs, boy, this ain't no lobster

Tall-ass chop make him fall like I came with Tacko

AR-15, this bitch came with hollows

Red and white Comme des on, no, I ain't with Waldo

Steakhouse everyday, I heard you came McDonald's

Head fucked up, puff-puff for that anger problem

Zaza, deep breath, yeah, I'm up there

Lil' bitch cold, ain't gon' lie, yeah, I punch hair

Need some PSDs for the chop, it's some nuts there

Out of town, feet up, I'm making money somewhere

Vlone saggy shirt, in my Bari bag

Bitch crucified my fucking buffs, in my Carti bag

I was in the zoo then escaped, in my Marty bag

Old bitch begging for the dick, with her sorry-ass

Huh, RIP

Talking 'bout fighting? Nephew, you can have these slugs

Twelve hundred dollar spike walkers, yeah, I'm splashing blood

Finna turn that lil' Trackhawk to a Lambo truck

Finna text yo bitch "Where you at? What you doing, boo?"

Mean-mugging up at every function, bitch, I'm super rude

Sent him up top, it's so crazy, he went through his roof

"BabyTron, BabyTron", lil' bitch, like, who is you?

Deuce in my Gatorade, Wocky in electrolytes

If I stop and take a lil' puff, boy, I'm catching flight

Triple S, yeah, nine hundred when I step tonight

Boy, it ain't shit left to swipe

Looked up, talked to God, I ain't living right

Live the baller life everyday, you can't live it twice

No GPS, I hit a left and then I hit a right

One through his head, one through his chest, boy, I done hit him twice

Lil' bitch, please shut up and roll my weed now

Gotta take a picture every time I'm fucking seen out

Oh shit, Glock party, bring the beams out

Got her pussy on drip-drop, brought the sleeves out

Huh, lil' bitch, 'cause I'm Sleeve Nash

Hellcat going 120 when I speed pass

That lil'-ass Henny bottle, with her cheap-ass

Mr. Wake-Up-And-Get-To-It, I get free cash

I'll give him seven hundred like I'm

Scrumble Man off a dookie 'Wood, he ain't smack off rellos

Scat Pack like Wiz Khalifa, yeah, it's black and yellow

Stop saying that I'm offbeat if I match the tempo

Lil' bitch, you gotta listen to me

Unc' in a wheelchair, he like, "Bring the kitchen to me"

You up 10K in dubs, that ain't tripping to me

If you ain't a fucking ShittyBoy, you ain't shitting to me

And you can't sit next to me

Promise this a headshot, bitch, fuck yo vest, dummy
Granny said, "What's that? ", fraudulent check money
Why you kissing on that lil' neck? She threw the neck, dummy
Bitcoin, Bitcoin, feel like Temple Run
I'll step with one
Lil' model bitch, stupid head, her shit extra dumb
I'ma call that boy "Nick Cannon", he just met the drum
Huh, yeah, red rum
James tripping in the strip club, told her spread something
I'ma hit his ass with that fryer, watch his eggs jump
I'ma think I'm fucking Big Meech till the feds come
Then I'm El Chapo
Shells knock the meat out his head, this ain't Del Taco
Ask what that lil' bitch doing, can you spell "swallow"?
Ask what's stuffed in the clip, can you spell "hollow"?

Huh, ayy, ayy, ayy
ShittyBoyz
Like I'm El Chapo
Lil' bitch, can you spell "hollow"?
What the fuck?
Like I'm El Chapo