

## Kai Cenat / Old Days

BabyTron

Whew  
Huh, hey  
Granny think that I'm an angel, I-

Granny think that I'm an angel, I was born with horns  
I be ballin' on these young boys, you niggas corns  
How ironic that I'm drippin', came from in the storm  
You can tell he ain't a shooter, just look at his form  
You can tell he go to school, probably in his dorm  
Me and Tron in MIA swervin' in a foregin  
Big body on Collins Ave, come and hear her roar  
This bitch ain't even tryna shake no ass, kick her out, she borin'

(Gang)  
I'm with Tron in the booth goin' back to back  
Niggas cappin' in they raps, goin' hat for hat  
I be smokin' out the bowl, let's go pack for pack  
Pull it out and up yo' roll, let's go rack for rack  
Bustdown rollie avalanche, just like Kai Cenat  
Only hit the bitch one time, I won't call her back  
Get the head and then I cut the strings, I can't get attached  
Only right it's me, Certy and Pat, we chillin' in the trap  
So many racks, why my pockets fat, they can't get no chill  
Baby see my cuban now she tryna fuck, this bitch a gold digger  
Palm Angels Moncler collab, watch the coat glitter  
It's gon' be a hot summer, it's gon' be a cold winter  
(On Gang)  
(Yeah, yeah)  
(Whew, whew)

Don't bring yo' ho to my show, you might get yo' bitch hit  
Million dollar deals on the table, I'm a rich kid  
My nigga tryna put that brrt on a nigga biscuit  
Don't try to go against the guys, boy, you don't wanna risk it  
I know if I miss the shot, Tyler got the tip in  
Better duck, better get low, my shooter split wigs  
Catch you walkin' out the door, we don't wanna hit cribs  
A million dollar shit, check it off off my wishlist

Ayy, SBDSM  
Long live the scam  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Skee

Now they see Luh Tyler at the top, they like "No way"  
Pocket full of guap, it ain't nothin' like the old days  
Niggas see us, we be fresher than a bitch like its Colgate  
It just ain't 'cause we rich, give a fuck 'bout what a ho say  
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Get a look at them bands in my safe, you might pass out  
Pull up to the party and we back in, we don't back out  
Young nigga, I'ma bring them racks in, I'm a cash cow  
I don't like when niggas get to actin' funny like they class clowns

Take a nigga bitch then treat her like a blunt, she get passed 'round  
Niggas cappin' out here pullin' stunts, sit yo' ass down  
Talkin' 'bout money, nigga, know I got a bunch, bring them racks out  
Many niggas, they be fake and all they like to do is cap now  
All these niggas do is cap, man, go and get ya hat  
Pull up in that coupe like Batman, nigga, it's all black  
She a eater just like Pacman, nigga, that's a gnat  
I'ma get up in them racks and nigga that's a fact  
Nigga, I'ma get up, chase that dough, do that on the daily  
Bitch my name ain't Captain-Save-A-Ho, I can't do no savin'  
Man I heard they tryna book me for a show, man, they gotta pay me  
Everyday we chasin' money on the road, niggas really lazy

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Give a fuck 'bout what a ho think  
Lil' bitch all up on my woody, call her Bo Peep  
Grind equals no sleep (Grind equals no sleep)  
Final drive down six, fuck around and go deep  
Rockstar lifestyle, viewer discretion advised  
Had to blow the whistle, doggy knew not to step on the line  
When it's said and done, bet I was super ahead of my time  
You gon' feel the vibe flip when them shooters steppin' inside  
I can't miss a flight, nah, I do 'em a step at a time  
Catch me coolin' off a deuce, like dude, that's a regular high  
Baby bottles 'round like I'm a pops, we just measurin' lines  
Knew I was the one, I brought it back any regular time  
Me and Luh Tyler from the mitten down to Florida  
All this gold got me feelin' godly, givin' out a Nora  
White boy, Kyle Herder, catch me scorin' out in Georgia  
Eyes low, still'll whip them fans out like Kimora  
Out explorin', got my Apple Maps open like I'm Dora  
Ended up in Spain, I'm out here spendin' Euros in Zamora  
Lil' bitch ain't got no morals, pulled up on me, gave me oral  
Cuddy off too many drugs right now, he think that he immortal  
I done overdid the shrooms, think I'm sinkin' through a portal  
Slidin' in the ghost, I guess the activity paranormal  
Why they hatin' on us? Got it out the mud like some ogres  
Heard they still nappin' on me, wake 'em up like some Folgers  
You can try and fuck me over, DSM, I'm with some soldiers  
Streets chilly than a bitch but my holdin' set was colder  
Star player, catch a body, bet I'm still gon' sell some posters  
Up and down, up and down, life really a roller coaster  
Get a bitch, remote control 'er  
You ain't sell no tickets, now you a promoter  
Sittin' on the rim from when we had us no exposure  
Off an oxycodone, boy, my shooter low composure  
Do a driveby, blow the motor  
Blowin' zotty, I can't stop because the sherrifs know the odor  
All that actin' like the plug, boy, cut it out, I know the grower  
Life gon' try to stop you at the rim, but I'm gon' throw up floaters  
Is that kid gon' hit the bucket when the team up on his shoulders?

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