

King Of The Galaxy

BabyTron

High as hell-, fuck
High as hell moon-, uh
(Its Lando, yo bitch know, don't let yo bitch go, nigga)
(Infinity turnt me up)

High as hell moonwalking, Smooth Criminal
Ha-ha-ha, nah, for real, I feel like Mike Jack
So much money in my jeans, bitch, the blues visible
Huh, bitch, we call that shit a "thigh pad"
Rap star, shit, I'm feeling like I'm Polo G
Got a pole on me in a thousand dollar Polo tee
Bro scored, thank God wasn't no more lean
Dropping red in my pop, I don't pour no green

What the fuck is that? (What the fuck?)
Unky in the trap with oranges like a pumpkin patch (Shit)
Up the strap and double back, I'm laying something flat
Getting work out like a gym teacher, it's like jumping jacks

I got two sticks, alright
Two sticks, twenty-one, we'll blow him out
Moose Knuckles, Goose, or the 'Cler when it's snowing out (Shit)
That's some Tris? Better pour it out
Twenty Hellcats when we rolling out
Big dog shit, blues on me, I'm just showing out
Had to blow dawg down, heard that he stole an ounce

Trackhawk too fast, scamming off of two jacks
Caught him out in traffic, left his lil' whip with two flats
Call habibi, he said "he gon' do it with his new strap"
Talking 'bout he fucking with me? That's some true cap

Four of Quagen, finna quench my thirst
Chop futuristic, we'll knock him out the metaverse
Unky finna make the dog fight, he gotta pet it first
Called him "Mordecai" 'cause everything he doing regular
Off a three-five of Space-X, I done left the earth
Caught him at the red light like, "Show me how that pedal work"
Mr. Go Two Hunnid, I done fucked around and wrecked the 'vert

Hunnid ball on me, this ain't nun' major
You ain't got a job but on the 'Gram, you a fucking hater
Twenty-some' coats, I got Moncler bubble flavor
Bubblem Gum Gelato got me flying, bitch, I'm high as hell
Huh, I think I just landed up on Neptune
Pretty bitch with me, she a dime, boy, she fine as hell
She won't talk to you 'less your check blue

Riding 'round in Hellcats and Scat Packs
Had to take my hat off in the booth, 'cause I don't rap cap
Quarter ticket in my backpack, I might flash racks
Send them robbers up into your crib like, "Where that stash at?"

Skrting in the-, yeah, okay
Skrting in the 'Ghini, it's a Urus, finna swerve it
Brody got the soda in the yola, finna stir it
In the booth locked in, I gotta get it perfect

Game winner, I hit it, you be feeling nervous
Tried to stop the shine? Had to go and fix the curtains
Ahki slid down, finna go and hit his turban
All that lying in his songs? Shit, I'm finna turn it

Six foot, seven foot
Jeans Mike Amiri, coat a Goose, I think the sneaks from Europe
Pint of Quagen, ain't no Aunt Jemima when we drinking syrup
I don't need a P to turn up, slide on sober mode
Whoever thought that they was king of rap, you getting overthrown

Two Glock 23's on me, that's a pair of Mikes
He a hothead? Finna go and check his Fahrenheit
Jack Man, finna get ten through the air tonight
If it's up then it's stuck, I hope you ain't scared of heights

Riding round with two Glockes, they both the newest gen'
Up in Neiman's, fanny full of shit, I got some blues to spend
Heard he wanted hit-on-hit then why he out here juking then?
Doggy rocking Bari acting tough, he finna lose some friends

It ain't an L, you learnt a lesson from it
You saying free your mans but you ain't even send him nothing
Spaceship and turn it to a Martian if I press this button
Somerset king, if I'm in Troy, bitch, I'm spending something

Sipping out the baby bottle, toting baby Dracs
Hustle 'round the clock, 365, ain't no lazy days
Need the golden glove, I'm 'round this bitch catching crazy plays
On Collins Ave, I'm MIA like I'm Babyface

Bitch, I feel like Ace Hood, I woke up in the 'Gatti
Had to backhand my lil' cousin, he just spilled some Wocky
Five-star tellys, Zack and Cody, tripping in the lobby
Hunnid overall, you can't really do shit to stop me

If I ever see the Jakes, gon' have to do the race
In here racing to the pape', my footwork Human Race
Woke up, shit, I'm finna face, I damn near blew an eighth
Woke up, finna blow some pape', what you gon' do today?

Bape hoodie on, paid a stack for it (Yeah)
Real source, I ain't never have shortage (No)
Sleeve Nash, I had my mans score it
Steak fiend, finna go and grab Morton's

Talking 'bout the plug? You ain't got a play
Red bottoms on, I'm like, "Ándale"
Already got two, finna drop a chain
If it ain't about blues, I don't wanna hang

Shooter caught an opp, on some loose shit
Bitch, I feel like Young Sosa in the True fit
Unc' in the pharm', walking out with a new script
Counting blue strips in Ruth Chris, on some rude shit

Where the fuck I'm at? I think I'm in the club
I might make it thunderstorm, I'm playing with a dub
Doggy wore that hoodie for a month, throw him in the tub
2016, Tron was active, probably getting plugged

It's only one BabyTron and I'm standing up (I'm right here)
Finally made a ten ball, oh, you active, huh?

Lemme take this 201, I'm finna jam and punch (Yeah)
RIP Kobe, I'ma take the shot, I can't pass it up (I can't)
Back in high school, I would've had you scared to pack a lunch
Flash and the beam, the chop Call Of Duty Pack-A-Punched
Skinny motherfucker but I swear that the glasses buff
King of the whole galaxy, might blow a planet up

Dog Shit Militia, ShittyBoyz
You know what the fuck going on, man
King of the whole galaxy, they can't fuck with me
You know what the fuck going on
ShittyBoyz