

Let's Get It!

BabyTron

(Damjonboi)
Shit, Jon-man

Shit, let's get it (Shit)
Cloud of smoke from the 'Woods and the 'Vette spinnin'
Turnt a crumb to a loaf, we be breadwinnin' (Hey)
Voice changer on a ham, I be head splittin' (Hah)
I ain't even use an app, I'm off ten whippets
Taught the dog a new trick, I'm playin' fetch with it (Atta boy)
Cuddy, he ain't got an L's, in the 'Rex whippin'
Red sippin', how my cup look, you think I bled in it (Ah)

.308s like badda-boom, I bet that vest rippin' (Brrt)
I was feelin' out of reach before the jet lifted (Yoom)
Dog food and Hellcats, we ain't pet sittin'
I can sell a body in the hood like I'm Craigslistin' (Yup)
You don't wanna cross that line, you'll be X finished (Blender)
Playin' with our name, I bet we pay respect visits
Layin' with your bitch in y'all bed, havin' sex in it
Course I got the neck with it, pocket change, ten strippin'
Me and Mitch in Birmingham, good Revive visits
When I fly MIA, it's Design District
When we mob NYC, it be SoHo
Melrose when we out west, you should know, bro
Left him stuck, froze, now his fish bowl a snowglobe (Brrt)
Bitch tryna make a movie, junk, pass the GoPro
We ain't even gotta add effects, sip in slow-mo
Only thing I'm dodgin' in this Chally is the po-pos
All this (Shh), could turn the 'burbs to a dope zone (Hey)
Had to break ties, doggy broke the bro code (Corn)
Need to go to urgent care, I'm sick of broke hoes
Tell a bitch, "The truth hurts, it's better if you don't know" (Swear)
Show you that you lil' bro and make you go home
Plug takin' all day, he throwin' off my mojo
Bricks and punches all around, this a dojo
Fill a Solo up with Stily, I'll kill it by my dolo
I can't even pump my gas, they want a photo (Damn)
Pass a yerky to my ese, he go loco (Fuck)
PLR get to kickin' like it's Bolo
I don't need my vision in that deep end, Marco Polo (Nope)
Fuck a strike three, he on his third out
Walkin' out of Berner's with more Cookies than a Girl Scout
Pull up to the function, back in, then I swerve out
It might grow wings and fly away, this the bird house
Shit, I always knew that this is how it'd turn out
I be grindin' nine to five, but I ain't take the work route
I be workin' eight to eight, you think I had a job?
Ganger hoppin' out the tourbus, they thinkin' that's the mob (It's us)
Spinaroonie on a ho, can you dig it? (Can you dig it?)
If I send the load through, can you get it?
Split it? Flip it? Handle the logistics?
Boy, my shooter beat the case, they ain't have accurate ballistics (Nope)

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