

Ayy, ShittyBoyz, Dog Shit Militia  
Pheew

Chasing paper, used to be the ice cream truck  
I'll do a double R, that's just a light three bucks  
If she don't pay for the dick, might get a light three pumps  
You twisting up some little logs, we rolling like tree trunks  
All it takes is a lil' Tris' and boy this white tee fucked  
Yeah, I'm punching, still McLoving, I got ID's tucked  
Lemme turn the VPN on and IP crunch  
Lil' dog small as hell but got a IT jumper  
Usually I pour in pop but this a ice tea sumn  
Huh, if I said it twice it might mean sumn  
Me and Kane blowing dookies, look like Chinese cousins  
Lil' Fuzz ain't finna get a jersey, he might fight three summer  
s  
If I'm dozing off this drink then I might be wondering  
Up out that Spectre thing and the Cullinan  
That- (Pltt) hitting everything, like even on yo' cousins 'nem  
Shot a shot at yo' bitch, it's safe to say I love the neck  
If I step out bet my brother step  
I told that bitch if she come, she better come correct  
Cut the talk, I'd rather cut a check  
Five D' versus five hoes, look like we running rec'  
How the fuck do it feel to be stuck in debt?  
Hell yeah I'm still alive but bitch I'm puffing death  
Walking through the function, hoes getting rubber neck  
Overdid the shrooms, I cannot tell what Fuzz 'nem said  
We reeled 'em in with a bitch, that shit butter bread  
He think he fucking with Militia? He off double Fent'  
I'm sipping on a cup of rent  
In the clouds I'm blowing out, they got a skunky scent