

McLovin

BabyTron

Ayy, ShittyBoyz, Dog Shit Militia
Phew

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