

Milkman

BabyTron

Bitch, ShittyBoyz, Dog Shit Militia
Long live \$cam, long live Chris
This what they want, huh?

When it come to runnin' up a bag, I'm the undisputed champ
I can't imagine stoppin', I was runnin' through the cramps
Stuntin' in that Taycan, ain't even use a ramp
Cut the lights off, put on our chains, we ain't usin' lamps
G-O-A-T, pussy, you's a lamb
I'm the type to drop sixty with a broke shooting hand
If he see the ShittyBoyz out, I bet he poops his pants
One up like T, but the kid was born too advanced
R.I.P. him if he plays
He'll be a wallpaper, he'll be an eighth
He'll be a T-shirt, he'll be a chain
Told my shooter if he want a free verse, leave a stain
It wasn't always like this, three Percs for the pain
But I don't do no 30s, 10s get me through the day
Rolls with umbrellas, this'll get me through the rain
It depends what they find
They might give me two to eight if they look through the Wraith
Punch him with the stick, I guess I'm Glocky Marciano
I'm too high to do that shit today, gon' probably start tomorrow
Procrastinatin', that's what you be sayin'
The number underneath one, that's what you be makin', zero
Wonderin' if I should be the villain or a hero
Pull up old-school bouncin' on 'em like Eddie Guerrero
Out in Cabo San Lucas with heavy dinero
I got a hitman who don't use guns, he deadly with arrows
Ridin' in this big TRX, dodgin' a felony
Presidential Rollie on my wrist, Tronathon Kennedy
Sponsor robbin', you would cop and rock embellished jeans
Shrooms got me time-travellin', stoppin' in the '70s
Brodie doin' taxes and he rockin' with Fidelity
Cut into the plug like, "This exotic that you sellin' me?"
AR-15 singin', chopper got a melody
What type of pop is this? Is it chocolate, is it ebony?
Eyes on the back of my head watchin' for frenemies
Oxygen and pape', I ain't got a lot of necessities
Sauce bandit 'til it's dead, I ain't droppin' the recipe
Would've thought the spot the pet store, coppin' some pedigree
Exaggeratin' everything you say, you the milkman
Seen bridges burnin', whole time was tryna build plans
V-cut got me stuck froze in a pill trance
Diamond boy, courtesy to Johnny, watch the grill dance
Go ahead and start a war, I bet we finish it
Sixty on the Mitten charm, I did this shit for Michigan
Sixty on the Cuban link, I did that shit for me
Eight bully charms, shit, I did that for the team
SBDSM, long live \$cam
Giffy man, I'm the reason all the kids jam
Thirteen shots in the heat, watch the blick bam
Eyes low, Ip Man, if bro miss, tip jam
On my way to Lakeside, passin' Moravian
Zottarooni strong as hell, think they added uranium
They ain't believe in me, now I'm packin' out stadiums
I can see his brains, we hit the back of his cranium

ShittyBoyz

I'm White Boy Rick without the tellin'

You a hamburger, boy, without the lettuce

Gon' still be a legend, that's without the credit

All these hoes buggin' me, I'm finna whip out repellent