

Monsters & Mobsters

BabyTron

Unky stressed, he'll kill you- hmm
(Ooh, it's BlueStrip, baby) Unky stressed
Huh

Unky stressed, he'll pop your top for a pack of cigs
I don't do it in the booth, but might have bought a cap from Lids
Before the rap, I had to go and run it up off of smacking BINs
.223s to a six pack, they gon' crack his ribs
Ain't no joy on this road, this ain't exit nine
Buffs four thousand, been a while since I exercised
Fit five thousand, I'll leave a bitch mesmerized
Hopped out with that TEC in my tech, left them petrified
Ski mask and Glockies, I'll send them robbers on a mission
Used to be the ramen, now it's only lobster in my kitchen
Late night, I'll send the monsters out to get him
This a boss meeting, I'm with mobsters in the trenches
Four of Wocky, fell asleep and woke up to a new dub
Yeah, I seen you in the club, you should have threw somethin'
Unky on the block with some white, look like some new ones
Truck driver, ride 'round this bitch with a few tons
Three-five, one-seven, need some new lungs
Talking 'bout I'm broke, bitch, is you dumb?
Shooter on a kill streak, might fuck around and nuke somethin'
Spent the whole night counting hundreds, I got blue thumbs
Huh, I be riding thinking
Should I drop the Rollie or hit Hutch and diamond link it?
Trackhawky or I might be riding Demon
Left Somerset, I couldn't find my size in Neiman's
28 Amiri, size 42 Balenciaga
Unky in the kitchen with some- putting fetty on 'em
Think he got that shit from my granny, she be Betty Crock-ing
Huh, and if it's beef, shit, I bet we squash it
I ain't using' hands, I'm using bullets, better use your legs
Fell asleep, I was threw off red (Ooh, it's BlueStrip, baby)
Thought that he was buff, now his Cartis got the blew off lens
Unc' retired thirties, he just in this bitch blew off tens
Fuck, I'll blow a ten, you can't blow a ten
"BabyTron, wanna see the mega?" Come on, throw it then
Trip to Tokyo, I'm 'round this bitch blowing Yen
Plug did you bold than a bitch, you out here blowing stems?
By 2023, I bet you that I'll blow a M
Talking 'bout you up a hundred ball, come on, show it then
SMH, you can't show me ten
Telling fairy tales like, shit, man, you hoed me when?
LMAO, LOL, you a cornball
Let me catch you riding widebody, shoot the doors off
Live in GTA, I hop up in this bitch and floor off
Off a six of Wockiana, we can have a snore off
I been hot since Bobby Shmurda dropped that one song
Blunt strong, I just fucked around and did my lungs wrong
Load up, yup, yup, I'm finna get my punch on
All three on the charm, I couldn't just do one tone
Shit talker, drip walker, I'm the definition
SB, DSM, beef with us ain't the best decision
Even with the lights off, bitch, the necklace glisten
Fully out the sunroof, lil' bro reckless with it
I might push the pedal to the floor, I'm tryna get home

In a two-three, but I'm with shooters, better switch zones
Mike Amiris fucked around and got they Crip on
Slam-dunk champ, fuck around and leave the rim gone
Step back, James Harden, get my swish on
Hit my bitch for six rounds straight and now my strength gone
Face card hotter than a fuck, I can't ride fishbowl
Backdoor season, bitch, I specialize in tiptoes

Hey, Shittyboyz, what up, BlueStrip?
Hey, hey, hey, hey
(Ahahahaha-ahahahahahaha)