

Murder Mitten

BabyTron

(It's a Wayne beat)
(Ooh, it's BlueStrip, baby)
(Elijah, not another one)

When it's skit time, only talk through them codewords
It hit different when you go and do your homework
Dab of Quagen on the leaf so it slow burn
Cameras walk me to the stage like I'm Goldberg
Shooter pop out with a lil' pump like he SmokePurpp
It's a lot of shit that hurt, but I swear bein' broke worse
They'll see you get it out the mud, still'll throw dirt
Like that won't work, hey, hey
When it's time, make sure I'm layin' in a rose gold hearse
Plenty fish up in the sea, I tell a ho go surf
I don't do the so-sos, put it on the floor first
Trigger finger itchy, switchy glitchy make the pole twerk
First day of school fresh
Blood money, but we thumbin' through some blue checks
Slammin' work, but I ain't hit it with a suplex
Unless it fit around your head, go buy a new vest
Hitman like, "Who next?"
You the type to turn to Big Meech around the hoes
Spent six weeks tourin', traveled 'round the globe
Tryna face a whole pound, finna battle with the 'bow
I just copped a new crib, you see that castle down the road?
Bitch, I don't count days, I make days count
If I let you read the book, you'd try to rip a page out
Campin' on they block, eatin' Mortons, that's a steak-out
Allergic to it, 'round the fake, I'ma break out
I'll put you on a side quest, not the main route
You be shy, not me I'm callin' names out
You be scared, not me, I'm blowin' brains out
All I see is SIs, someone throw his chain out
The ARP GSP with the takedowns
All that talk, you said what? Put the pape' down
We can bet, I feel good like I'm James Brown
All that cap talk wouldn't slide at a playground
Ain't no fights, we'll swing through with K rounds
Touchdown, change towns, come up, stay down
Walkin' in the store 3AM with my chains out
Middle of the night, sippin' blood with my fangs out
Might be sunny, it might snow, it might rain out
This the Murder Mitten, wouldn't know unless I came out
Little windows on the 'Rari make it hard to aim out
Gettin' fitted for a grill up in Johnny Dang house
Right now, I got the torch and you can't put the flame out
Try somethin', get horsed, you can't put the gang out
Unless I'm payin' with some hundreds, what's the change 'bout?
High-speed in front of polices, throw them thangs out
I'm just bein' me, ain't take the safe route
I ain't take the lame route, ain't take the gangbang route
Shit, let Tay-K out, them boys faked they route
Side hoes hit the telly, this my main thing house
Paid bail and made it back on my same day out
Free my unky and them boys, let the chain gang out
One, shout out to my son, shit, I paved they route
Shout out to the old-heads, youngins made they drought

When it really goes down, they don't stay, they out
When we slide down, you gon' hear, "Mayday, baow"
Said they married to the game, but ain't say they vows
Wasn't with me from the jump, now they say they proud
Funny how that work, ain't it?
Shit, I'm lookin' in the mirror, it's your turn, ain't it? Huh
Like it's fifty for a verse, ain't it?
Seein' what we doin' and you can't, that's the worst ain't it? Huh
Said you'd have it on the first, it's the third, ain't it?
Swervin' 'round in the whip, that's the curb, ain't it?
Havin' zero motion to your name, that's a curse, ain't it?
You a cornball, shit, that's the term, ain't it?
Out my mind, palms itchin', that's the Percs, ain't it?
Fuck a first-name basis, hoes bird brainin'
All that playin', we'll have you up in church prayin'
Rat-ass bitch, probably fuck around and burn Satan
Throw a rock this way, we gon' worst way him
Fill his circle up with lead like we surveyin'