

Next Level

BabyTron

What up, Mark?
(Ayo, Mark A)

In the UFO off moon rock, I might be a Martian
'Gelo and Lamelo, me and D hitting threes in Charlotte
You won't see me out unless you catch me leaving Neiman Marcus
I'll flash a long-sleeve, let me take the sleeve and park it
Coffee cup full of Wock' and pop, this ain't Tim Horton's
Before my face card was hot, I had been scorching
Steak fiend, this the third time this week I hit Morton's
Whip roaring, hopping out 'Iagas, only drip foreign
Track one, step it, track one, swipe it
Road running, shoutout Yachty, think that I'ma one night it
Scat Pack with the wasp, finna buzz by 'em
Where the tester at? I told your ass that these some Hutch diamonds
Woke up, made a dub, you ain't even brush your teeth yet
Hundred rounder just so he don't get the chance to cheat death
If I slide down, it's only gon' be some debris left
12 on the right, dumbass, you gotta swing left
What I learned is backdoors is something you can't leave open
Chopstick, every shot auto, guess I'm free throwing
High as hell 'cause the weed and the drink potent
Bumped into Peezy up in Hutch, he told me, "Keep going"

Hey
Hey

Told my akhi grab his turban, time to firebomb some shit
If you ain't down to die in the ride, then why you hopping in?
MacBook open, blowing 'Woods, finna politic
At Ruth's Chris, heard you still take McDonald's trips
Match your four in his deuce, I just dropped a six
Buffs on, pass some paper towel or some snot gon' drip
Ele' Delle Donne, you shoot a shot, my bitch gon' block your shit
I mean swat your shit, taking off like a rocket ship
Mike Amiris skinny, thirty K, now that's some thigh pads
Hating on the ShittyBoyz, well, you gon' die mad
Mister V12, fuck around and see me fly past
Told the plug I need the whole 'bow, you copping dime bags

What the fuck is going on nowadays?
What up, Hokatiwi?
(It's Hokatiwi)
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, bitch
ShittyBoyz

Down in the A with a stick, feel like Chipper Jones
Score first play, you the type to need a fifth and goal
Bitch got a dub in her Lulus, got her pigeon toed
Sleeve Nash, specialize in pick-and-rolls and give-and-gos
Reach for this chain, get him blew, call him indigo
Spend it while I can, I don't know if I'm living long
Shoutout unky in the kitchen, call him Mister Get-It-Gone
Mama said if you start weak, gotta finish strong
I guess I took the shit and ran with it
Wouldn't start beef, that's the shit that had your mans missing
In the Land Rover going fast, might not land in it

If I miss a shot, I can guarantee that Stan hit it
I'm a living legend, you a poor bum
Why you talking shit? Better make sure them chores done
Scam God, ran it up by my fourth run
Christian Loub's got me sticking out like a sore thumb

(Jose the Plug)
(Primo Beats on the track)
What up, Jose?
What up, Primo?
Hey, hey, hey, yeah, yeah, bitch
Hmm

In the black 'Cat, see me drive by, that's bad luck
Quarter of the Runtz, deuce of Wocky, I can't stand up
These the newest white buffs, you can ask Hutch
Stop flashing ten, I just did that off the last punch
Ksubis full of dog shit, I had to pull my pants up
Stop with the tough role just because your mans cut
Stop with the rich act, flashing all your pop's money
I'll rip a thousand in your face, this ain't no prop money
Let me see that pint, dude, I think your Wock' funny
White Hanes in the Christian Loubies, left the socks bloody
White tee from the liquor store, if you know, you know
He won't even look me in the eyes, he a ho for sure
The way I'm balling 'round this bitch, I think I'm going pro
Before you hop up in the game, you better know the ropes
Riding with the tint 'cause I'm hip to all the jealousy
Living like a king, never could you peasant me
Catching up to me in life, shit, maybe eventually
I'm like a door you gotta pull, it ain't no pressing me

Phew
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm like a door you gotta pull, it ain't no pressing me
Huh, ayy, ShittyBoyz
Dog Shit Militia
Phew, bitch