

Remote Control

BabyTron

(Ayo, Mark A)
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Brrt, brrt

The plates West Coast Customs
Mister Earn-It-All, you'll probably ask to hold somethin'
Thousand 101s, thousand beans got the road jumpin' (Shit)
I don't need shit but I want more hundreds (Brrt)
Treat it like a king, you livin' like a peasant
Out here telling on yo' mans? You ain't gon' die respected
Twenty-eight, gettin' bullied, boy, it's time to buy a weapon
I done did the Scat, 'Cat, 'Hawk, 'Vette, I might try a Lexus
What I paid for the juice, can only find in Texas (Ah)
What I paid for the shoes, you tryna save up (Ooh)
Shit, I'm finna get rich, my mind made up
It's 2022, cut it out with the same stuff
Ain't you getting bored? (Ooh)
Got yo' bitch tapping out off the figure four (Brrt)
Finna hit the billboard, Mark hit record
Saks workers call me "Drip Lord" when I'm in the store
Told 'em I was finna blow
Shit, I detonated
Do you see a crease? I only step the latest
Do you see the tee? I'm a rude fuck
My pop flat, I need a new Crush to pour this deuce up (Shit)
You said you gon' do what? (What?)
You seen yo' opps a hundred times, ain't shoot once (Lame)
You rolled a thousand 'Woods, ain't never blew runtz (Lame)
Oh, you on a budget
Stop it with the monkey talk before I take a roll and up it (Brrt)
Shit, we know we all that, Kenan & Kel (Shit)
Doin' fraud, VPN, it ain't leaving a trail (Nope)
Keep it on me, fuck a grave, rather be in a cell
Robbers in yo' crib while you sleep, they ain't ringing the bell

If he don't tighten up, he gon' up in a LooseLeaf
We ain't throwin' hands, I'ma make him use them two teeth
Up seven figures, when you talk you think I lose sleep?
Majin Buu, I'm charging up because my juice pink
Doubled up the deuces, you could label me a four sipper
Shit crazy, my dawg turnt on me like Lord Nibbler
You can't score by yourself like you a poor dribbler
You ain't never spinned in the McLaren, you a Ford whipper
Cream A&W, I turned it into Zoidberg
Grand Wagoneer so big it destroyed curbs
Mask on the hit like I'm out tryna avoid germs
If you don't know Danny G, don't use that "Yoy" word
My lil' bitch keep a weapon like she Amy Wong
One session, hundred captions, I just made a crazy song
Up that ray gun and get him zapped, Brannigan
Yo' plug pulled up from mid off rip, Hamilton

They get it to Hamilton, he gets a clean look and buries it
Yep

Too blowed, got the munchies like I'm Shaggy Rogers
Thinkin' with his dick, set him up with a addy dropper

I ain't cheap but I ran it up in family dollars
Gift God, got that shit on me like a crafty toddler
Slide down, tried to solve this crime? You gon' need Fred Jones
BabyTron, when I come on crank the headphones
Only reason that you got a crib because yo' rent low
(You pay like six hundred a month)
Only reason that you got a whip 'cause you leasin'
Intercept his play, to the crib like I'm Revis
Heart so cold, need a crib out in Phoenix
Road run thirty states, man, the trip is so scenic

Shit, we sent him up, that's how it sounded when he landed
In the deep, try and find me? End up drownin' in Atlantis
But a foolish samurai warrior wielding a magic sword
Stepped forth to oppose him

Up the stick and chop a limb off, Samurai Jack
Five ball the quick way, lil' brodie stacking five jacks
Hitman collecting souls like Demongo
Buying slab 'Woods by the bulk, I won't light a fronto
Putting out some cheese if it's beef, treat it like a taco
If he don't shut his damn mouth, make him bite a hollow, bitch

(Ayo, Mark A)