

Rude As Hell

BabyTron

Shit
Jose the Plug
Ayy, ayy, yeah, I'm back in the booth
Ayy, ayy, ayy
ShittyBoyz

I done blew twenty twenty times before I turned twenty
I'ma shoot his ass off the Wock', he gon' turn mummy
2020 Hellcat, yup, fuck up the curb, dummy
Stomp his ribs in in these Loubs and leave his shirt bloody
Don't forget, you can die with your gun on you
Sleeve Nash, got a trick, I can turn one to two
Be patient, lil' man, when you up, they'll come to you
Ain't gotta spend money, I can put a punch on you
I ain't gotta throw a jab 'cause the Glock'll knock yo ass out
I'll leave his body twitching like that motherfucker lagged out
Four twenty-five Off-White, I got the tags out
Rude as hell, sagging Mike Amiris with my ass out
Rude as hell to the bitch at Saks, "Where the water bottles?"
Stop procrastinating, talking 'bout you'll do 'em all tomorrow
Mm-hmm, yeah, I know that I'ma ball tomorrow
Did you know I could make twenty off fraud tomorrow?
Hood bitch got that WAP, got that drop
This exotic pop, you don't twist, you push to pop
Juggling in my Crocs, yeah, I'm juggling till I stop
For that guap, we'll bust his top, rock the block
Hot-ass kitchen, hair frizzing like it's Rick and Morty
If she ain't putting money on the table, ain't no dick for shorty
Gotta raise my voice every time this lil' bitch ignore me
Told my teacher if it ain't BIN, ain't no history for me
Then I proceeded to up the blue
I can put a hole in yo face, these some fuckin Loubs
Got me feeling like '80s, who the fuck is you?
If he wasn't on that bench with you, he shouldn't dunk with you
Fucked around and scuffed him with the Drac' 'cause he scuffed my shoes
Woke up winning, you wake up and fucking lose
Had her in that huh-huh position, bitch, touch yo shoes
High as hell eating Benihana's, you hear puffs and chews
Fully-auto chop but I keep a little semi
I done shot him in his eye, I'ma call him "lil' Fetty"
I be arguing with my bitch, I know I'm a little petty
I lie cheat and steal, bitch, I feel like lil' Eddie
I got crazy-ass Off-Wizzy looking like I space travel
Doing dirt on the road, no, the street ain't gravel
His heart jumped straight through that FUBU when I aimed at him
Bitch think I'm Boo Boo the Fool, can't throw no pape at her
I got blicky, don't approach me
I been balling off the court, they ain't have to coach me
They talking 'bout they wanna blow me, they don't even know me
I guess it makes sense 'cause she blew me, she ain't know me
We don't flash other people money, boy, this hundred ours
I can't buy a beer but I could up a hundred large
Damn near had to stop drop and roll with these hundred cards
Your grown-ass doing TikToks, this ain't Stomp the Yard
Hmm, guess what? You Chris Brown
I don't need a confirmation, bitch, I'm the shit now
I was hiding from the cameras, gotta take them pics now

They say you what you eat but if I'm eating shrimp, how?
I'll big bro you, I'll have my bitch blow you
Stan got the Drac', feel bad if it's loaded
Should've dropped an Olaf chain 'cause it's frozen
Y'all shouldn't try to hold your mans, bitch, I'm chosen
It's 10:37 PM, I made twenty today
Real-ass question, have you even made money today?
Hotbox like the Milky Way, come jump in the Wraith
How you in a stackdemic? Boy, you running in place
Valent high, he done hopped in the hotbox
She gon' chew me till I bust like some Pop Rocks
Rob Van Dam off the rope, my work top notch
Post in that dirty crop top, she done got blocked

Ha-ha-ha
She done got blocked
Huh, my bitch top notch
Yeah, yeah
I lie, I cheat, and I steal
Viva la raza