

Rulebreakers

BabyTron

I'ma make the rules and I'ma break the rules
And I'ma break your motherfuckin' face
Come here

Clip full of hollow tips, lead pendant tray
Spinnin' out every block, I'm just in a phase
Switchy on every Glock, nigga, say your grace
Rubber band on every watch
Shit, at the Galleria with the guys
We deep end, nigga, mob ties
All these fuckin' bodies, I need God
All these fuckin' shorties tryna ride
Put a hole in your back, why you surprised?

Chopper pick you up and drop you like a prize
Ho irritatin', now I'm blew like the sky
Why the fuck he noddin'? Dude treat a deuce like a five
I can't waste neither, shit, I treat the juice like my time
I can't lose neither, shit, I treat this kit like my life
Finna do her dirty, shit, I treat this bitch like my Sprite
I don't leave without the buffs, treat the sticks like my pipe
I'm the G.O.A.T. with this bitch, shoot the switch like I'm Mik
e

Why you tryna fight?
Legal money on me, but these fuckers think I'm tryna swipe
You better not try tonight, matter fact, don't try for life
If he playin' with some pape', we on him just like white on ric
e

Me and you be shoppin' differently, you gotta find the price
Man, I wish that I could buy some time
You need to cop a ghostwriter, go and buy some rhymes
Pints or a case, what I look like tryna buy some lines?
'Bows or a few QPs, I ain't buyin' dimes