Tutorial

BabyTron

Hey

Beat the game while you stuck on the tutorial (Heh), ayy
Every day, I'm tryna wake up and be more, my unky servin' orioles
They don't want war, we'll turn 'em to memorials (Brrt)
Ram a ho soon as I touch down, Torry Holt
Fuck a twenty-one blowout, we up like forty-O
Random hoes dick suckin', point 'em to the glory hole
Every time these bitches feel my presence, they in horny mode
Orgy mode, made in style like I'm Fordio
In the bed with two yellowbones, that's an Oreo
Pop so dirty, had to take it to the dry cleaners'
Fightin' off Z's, what I poured up, it fight fevers
Couldn't play the coupe, seven hoes in my five-seater
One eye open, trust none, I'm a light sleeper
I like the way she suck it, I don't think we fuckin'
Should I layup, dunk it? This an easy bucket (Kobe)
What I upped on the 'Gram'd make Stevie wonder
B30s, three Perc 10s match the CV runners
We ain't get the memo, mixin' purple with the red in the green room (Ah)
Fuck it, where the yellow at?
Two quick shots out the Drakey to his whip, it sound like bing, boom
Next time, put a helmet on instead a hat
I can serve water to a fish, air to a human (Yop)
If you ain't gang, I could care less what you doin'
Him and him twins, 'cause they both sharin' my influence
Got your bitch grabbin' ankles while her hair gettin' ruined (Woah)
In the booth sippin' Quag', pour it out like my soul
Would've thought it pushed him first, brodie beatin' up the road
Bitches throwin' pussy at me, I ain't think about a ho
Hall-of-fame sipper, accoladin', dreamin' 'bout some pros
Opps scary, see us out, they like uh-oh
Slidin' in the Scooby van, they like ruh-roh
Doctor double back, fuck an uno, I need one more
Emptied out the Stily, got me noddin' like a custo
She can't get a thing but ding-a-ling
Cuddy, he headtapped 'em on the porch, ain't even see the Ring
Now he on the run, four attachments on the gun
Spillin' drank in deadstock, it's red stains on the 1s
Fuck the plain promethazine, gon' spit it out just like Tajiri
Sneaks, socks, shirt, jeans all Mike Amiri (Drip, drop)
Is you gon' ball or sit and chat?
Young Tron had asked to see that ball and I'd give it back (Fuck 'em)
You gotta trust the process
I treat a dime bitch like an object (Swear)
Raw six to the face, I ain't nod yet
Broke-ass bitch ain't look good since that prom dress
Pull up to your job and have akhi make a bomb threat
Tryna catch the i8, I'ma make the cops wreck
She made a mess off that neck, had to swap Techs
Long live $cam, SBDSM (Michigan Meech)

Beat the game while you stuck on the tutorial, ayy
Every day, I'm tryna wake up and be more, my unky servin' orioles
They don't want war, we'll turn 'em to memorials

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!