

# Type Shit

BabyTron

I'm the youngest in charge, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch  
Told them I'm the youngest in charge, huh, bitch, look (a-a-a-  
aye Melly, what the fuck is this?)  
Bitch

I'm the youngest in charge  
At the counter, with the clerk, punchin' in cards  
Wanted six figures, now I need a hunnid Ms large  
You can't make the first down, I'm comin' ten yards  
Think you fuckin' with the gang, you coming' fent' bars  
Boy you know you laced  
Talkin' bout you doin' this and that but boy you know you ain't  
He in here cappin', all that hat, that shit ridiculous  
Too much guala in the skinnies, couldn't fit the blick in it (damn, twenty-  
eight skinny)  
5.56 with the green tips, feel like Iayze  
Leavin' out the cleaners fresh to death, feel like Ace  
Za smoke, burnin' in my eyes, feel like mace  
This a V12, but I don't feel like racin'  
Ain't no bitches, dead prezis what I feel like chasin'  
Out in Cali, all these flavors, shit I feel like facin'  
It's some voodoo in our double cups, gang feel like Hatians  
Every sip muddy, five percent wrapped around the whip off mirror tint buffie  
s  
Why the fuck when you get money people get funny  
Them dolla signs'll show their true colors  
2022 ours, tell 'em pick a new summer

(Fuck! Shit!)

Enhanced fake ID, I'm finna fly to Europe  
Granny think it's Kool-  
Aid, but this a pint of syrup (yeah, I done grew up granny, look, alright)  
I'm just tryna get rich, three commas type shit  
Used to walk around broke, three dollas type shit  
I'm just ridin' round dolo, three choppas type shit (oh my god)  
NHLs came round, iced up type shit  
We just piped him down, he was piped up type shit  
Don't mug, you get to live life once type shit  
I was down, but I had to climb up type shit (type shit, damn)  
You internet thuggin', I ain't finna type shit bro  
Adonis, we'll pull up with that baby drac'  
Charged up off a 'yerky, bet' not try shit bro  
In Milwaukee, chargin' Giannis for a pint of Quagy, aye  
They ask how I do it, shit I'm turnt type shit  
No traction in this bitch, I'm finna swerve type shit  
Fuck the US, the hottest on the earth type shit  
Dirty Faygo got me slurrin' all my words like shit  
Come get the bag off  
You a rookie, you can't even try to trash talk me  
Two cups from Dunkin' Donuts, I ain't grab coffee  
I just left the lot, you know I told them bitches Trackhawk me  
Two-forty on the dash type shit  
Pop out with a fifty ball just to flash type shit  
Gangaroonie in the back, they can match type shit  
Supreme coat, off the backpack type shit  
Freestyle type shit, no, I ain't write shit

Type shit  
Type shit  
Amiri jeans, bitch, that type-  
Bet' not try to type shit  
ShittyBoyz