

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