

XXX

BabyTron

(Enrgy made this one)

Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah, you better hit the ground
Tasmanian Devil, I hit her with the spin around
Cuddy taking hit after hit, he just might win Triple Crown
Shoes untied, off the shrooms, still won't trip about a ho
You got shrimp up in you, bro
You got wimp up in you, bro
Birdie with a thirty, don't you see it stickin' out my coat?
It's a button in my Goose, I'll flick it to that mode
Brodie dropped a Yacht Master off of shipping out them loads
Last time you had a twenty, Trump was giving out them loans
Testers hittin' like they Creed, junkies sniff 'em like cologne
We gon' sip it, we gon' pour, I ain't pickin' up the phone
When I was broke, they ain't let my calls ring
Before I come down and get a bucket, tie my drawstrings
Out here aimin' at the sky, who you shootin' towards?
Out here cuffin' nats and writin' statements, where's yo' uniform?
Tell a bitch she can't get anything except a unicorn
XXX with yo' ho, we in here doin' porn
Shit, I made it through the storm, I give props to God
Triple-double every game, I'm like Oscar Rob'
Slide down, tap the trigger once, it's like fah-fah-fah
Lil' brodie glued his nuts on, he want a mobster job
(Yum) That's a lobster chomp
It's a boogie-woogie night, we posted where the monsters mob
This shit louder than a concert, let me put my 'Wood out
Boy, you the type to eat a glizzy miles from a cookout
Lil' brodie ride the scooter through the hood, he paid to look out
I told him make it here before them if he see the hook out
Pull up to the spot, still pain, Quag', Wocky, Tris
We got that, we got this, we got yeah, we got nah
This bitch hotter than H-E-double-hockey-sticks
Scammin' flippin' scripts, found a yerk in the floppy disc

(Okay, Enrgy) (Enrgy made this one)

Lil' brodie tryna dodge, crime in the deep
He'll put you on MLive, 9 in his jeans
If it's RIP me, I died in my sleep
'Cause the opps ain't on shit, boy, we slicin' the beef
Head hit the top of the server, shit, I'm high as can be
Treat a Visa like a windshield, boy, I'm wipin' it clean
Everybody covered up they ears, I'm just lightin' my weed
In the jungle like I'm Tarzan, find a vine then I swing
Get the drop 5:59, we gon' slide by six
Would've thought I had carpal tunnel, how I ice my wrist
Why yo' bitch just like my pics? I think she tryna bite my dick
I need a tuxedo for my brain, how I mind my biz
If I hear a snake hissin', I'ma let that Drac' rattle
Cuddy, he got E's, he got P's like he play Scrabble
Like the last day of school, we could have a pape' battle
Shooter put him in a cemetery but he ain't Hackle
Ninety days in the Lab, I can teach you how to rap
Ninety nights on the road, I can teach you how to stack
Ninety days on the stove, unc' can teach you how to trap
I wasn't born in the nineties, I'm a 2000's baby
Set the timer, tryna break a record countin' eighty

Plug just shipped the load, you smoke over-the-counter eighthies
Never stopped the grind, we putting extra hours lately

ShittyBoyz, Dog \$hit Milita
Long live \$cams