

Outer Space Pickleball

BLP KOSHER

Long live Jew Shiesty, long live Charmane (Fuelz got that heat)
They gon' have to call 911 after this pickleball game (Simon? Is that Simon?)

ShittyBoyz, Dog\$hit Militia (That's Simon)
Long live \$cam, R.I.P. Chris

Blood on the money, but the pape' Crip
K put a hole in your shoes, call it K-Swiss
Peel a top back, on some JFK shit
Dead on arrival, we don't do no ETAs, jit
Catch a body way before GTA 6
Glock in my belt, we ain't on no BTA shit
In a bad headspace, gettin' head in a spaceship
Ayy, Dreidelman, watch me shape-shift

Dang, I'm gettin' rich for sure, the whip game mean in this bitch, but I'ma shift the boat

I say, "The GOAT licked my penis," how she givin' throat
Me and Tron playin' pickleball when we in the yo
Chain do the Cat Daddy while my wrist hit the folks
Zero rules in the field we in, we'll blitz the coach
Had to keep your titi off the trap, she gon' sniff the load
Cudi flippin' bows, sippin' O's, and he hittin' dough
I don't bump yay 'cause the fent', they put it in the coke
Hit the one-way, jumped the fence, and put it in the 'yot
If you Rubio, me and BLP pick and roll
How the fuck my Florida plug playin' in the snow?
Get up close like a porn shot, now his ass gonzo
Hit the opp, blunt out my nose like I'm Kid Pronto
Perkys callin', bright future, I don't know Pluto
I went from canned sardines, now I'm eatin' Crudos

Ayy, why you tryna be like us? Just be you, bro
When I'm wrestlin' with my G's, you should think sumo
Good ping, shot of off one-four-three-two-0
How we fit thirty weapons in the three two-doors?
When you a champion, it's only right you rock gold
Bullets with the blue tips, you better stop, drop, roll
Started off Sierra Mist, but you would think to pop coke
OT in the BnB, can't go out like I'm Pop Smoke
You can call me Tron Gotti, turn 'em into John Doe
No mask, Cudi whip the fatty in that pot, throwed
Hell nah, that ain't no pot roast
If I throw that hoodie on, you fucked like you dropped soap
The bell just rang, you better jot notes
Lil' brodie hit the self scan like Luke Rockhold
Lookin' like a Tin Man, even the socks chrome
Literally a heart pumpin', somethin' I ain't got, ho

Opp hoes? Uh-uh, we 'bout to rock shows
Booted up, I'm off a ten screet, but I don't pop those
Now I'm at the Birds Street with a flock of hoes
Antelope Drac' with the drum, we play the bongos
I-I used to find opps before they dropped los
Swung my racket into outer space, no Venus Williams
He got hit up in his leg tryna pop hoes
Chopper ate 'em up, not a damn chance, Neen Williams

Ayy, Tron, we'll finish him

Across the US, Broward County up to Michigan
I ain't have a listener, now they just listenin'
I ain't have a single VS, now they glistenin'
Them boys figulating, I don't speak fig Latin
He a honey baked ham, I caught 'em with the pigs chattin'
The day I met Tron, I knew I'd never quit rappin'
In my prime, in my mode, bitch, I'm in my zone

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