

# AUTOBOT!

DC the Don

Skrrt, skrrt

Skrrt off in that, "What the fuck," no biggie  
Man, that autobot, it cost one-fifty  
That money coming in abundance, we got plenty  
Niggas' bodies zipping up, no kidding  
That's why I stay out the way, in my own lane, this shit get tricky (Skrrt, skrrt)

Out of touch, that mean he ain't in touch with me  
Who is this? They keep on blowing my phone up  
Too legit, that mean he ain't gon' fuck with me  
Fuck around, became a boss, no biggie  
I'm a bad boy, ain't talking no Diddy  
That's a .20, you can get slump with it  
Ask your bitch, we out of town, big business  
Why the fuck you asking 'bout what we soakin' in?  
Ask your bitch, we out of town, man, I'm open  
That's your bitch, she going down, and she choking  
She wasn't here when I was broke, so I'm ghosting  
Paranoid, I sleep with one eye open  
Got them diamonds on me in the rain, so I'm soakin' em

Banging on the fuckin' door, they ain't open it  
You should see the type of doors that I'm opening  
That choppa like a PS5, so I'm loading 'em  
Break 'em down and roll some weed and I'm smoking 'em

MAC-11 got a drum, dumb bitch  
Got my semi-auto holding one-fifty  
Had a dream about this shit, one-fifty  
Wake up early, roll a blunt, get jiggy  
With a demon, purple heart and big titties  
Red beam, red pump in the air, we gon' light this motherfucker up (Get busy, light this shit up)  
I don't even notice, you ain't tripping, whatever (Run that shit up)  
Yeah, all this lil' shit overdue, feelin' better than ever  
I pop a X, I take another dosage  
That's why I keep my young niggas closest  
That's why I'm moving around and keep it going  
All these thoughts in my head, I'm scared of overdosing, shit  
But my brain fuckin' with me, I don't understand it  
Fuck it, I'm poppin' a whole 'nother one, 'finna leave out this planet

Woah, woah  
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