

## Cheat Code

Sada Baby

Say my chopper Dee Brown, yeah shoot retarded  
Ayy, Iced out wrist, it was me and  
And-a, and-a, and-a, and-a, ayy

Say my chopper Dee Brown, yeah it shoot retarded  
Who said we couldn't have the pistols in the party, who?  
Iced out wrist, it was me and Mari, ooh  
Caviar, sips of a calamari, ooh  
Chopper AOD, yeah it shoot retarded  
Who said we couldn't have the pistols in the party, who?  
Iced out wrist, it was me and Cutter, ooh  
Monkey bars, banana clips, bitch we in the jungle, ooh

The lil nigga know my name, DT gon' knock him off  
He put his brains on my chain, gotta drop me off  
And pick me right back up so we can spin the block for dog  
The perkys on my jaw, them bitches right my wrongs  
I got a catalog, I don't be mad at all  
Niggas lucky all I threw was water up at Saginaw  
Ayy, they mad 'cause this water on my chest and all  
Bitch I play for Press Virginia how I'm pressin' y'all  
Look like one them competitions how I dress the dog  
Dummies got the straight drop, don't need no fentanyl  
Thirty thousand in the pot and we gon' send em off  
Lil cuz can't read, still gon' get 'em off  
I will, do a Harlem Shake with the draco  
I will, shoot the investigator, get the case closed  
I did, have an eighth tucked in them Wraith doors  
Bentley truck, me and Wild Man with that cake on us  
And we was on Live with it, big four-five with us  
Twenty cars in traffic nigga, gang gang slidin' with us  
I won't run from no beef, I'ma grill it  
Dingaling in her booty cheeks, she gon' feel it  
I still wanna murk shit  
Still wanna rack my AR and hurt shit  
Keeps that bitch by my stomach, hmm  
Squeeze that bitch 'til you bloody, hmm  
Them new perky thangs make a nigga moonwalk  
Uh, them new hollow thangs will make you moon soft  
Remember when I had to get the half of moons off  
Them people jumped behind me, cut the cruise off  
Remember when my uncle told me I could move soft  
Changed his mind, told me nephew get the blues off  
If a nigga run off, knock his shoes off  
We don't take off, bitch we gettin' off  
He want half off, knock that nigga off  
I can't get enough, of that sticky stuff  
Flip my sixty pack, got my chicken up  
Cut that bitch three fast, sold her fifty ones  
Yeah, young ignorant nigga from the bity blood  
Make these hoes get to dancing like a Nitti beat  
You ain't sick pussy nigga, you just sick of me  
Drivin' with my chains on, Skuba Mr T

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