

KKaptain Baseball Bat Boi

Spark Master Tape

Got powder on my face like a pretty bitch (I'm twerkin', mamma!)

She was off pimpin when I whipped this shit

Move packs this loud, my plug on about a thousand watts

I ain't moving out this town, 'til we chased down by about a thousand cops

We creeping, when we up we wilding, dope dealing we breeding violence

Smoking on that plat, find a [?] coca in the flat

We got that Mass Appeal, Master P on massive pills

Massive mills we packing steel, never know how real that mac'll feel

Brrraaap

Listen right, we're looking for a lad that can do his stuff

I've heard you're a bit tasty, no messing around or you'll get a slap

Remember I'm the monkey and you're the cheese grater

I'm in Aruba with Platoon Goon scuba gear, neck tied Yogi Bear

Toking on the Putin, and all my hoes rocking the yoga gear

Over here, killing shit globally like we overstay

I'm popping the xanies to stop the weed from getting lonely

All my ghetto bitches in the projects

P-projects, P-projects, coming

Through coming coming through like-

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I'm in my brother room, shit ain't changed, still the same

Momma think he coming back but Poppa know his son was clapped

Now I'm on the TV playing CDs and DVDs that we used to rock

Bigger brother failed you, I should've stopped, but the devil ride

I'm headed out, head down, eye red, crown gone, shells in a toast

With a clip that look a mile long

It's a shout out to my peoples, holding it down

Heaven must be Hell cause it rain when it clouds

Straight to the game when I aimed at 'em

People wanted to change everything that I wrote a song about

Better bring that armor out, we on that army now

Yeah we squadding like the whole camp playing Arma now

As we camp, set the fire [?]

And the jungle only calls to us [?]

It's why I'll retire

Only when I get shot to death