

## Gospel

DaBaby

This shit right here sound like some gospel  
I lost my daddy the same week that they lost Nipsey  
Ain't got no love left in my heart, my shit be empty  
I'm ready to fire on all my opps, let a nigga tempt me  
And the day I die, I bet Lil Jon going down in history

('Cause I been solo, riding dolo, I been stuntin')  
(No hoe, it's a no go, I don't want you)  
And everybody wondering why he come around and don't say nothing  
('Cause' he be so alone, it's been so long, I can't feel nothing)

Let me pop my shit  
I came from shit, three of us and my mom, she couldn't pay rent  
Two jobs, all alone, she couldn't quit  
We was home alone when we was jits  
That's before I was grown, before I was on  
I ain't have no shoes, I ain't have no clothes  
Let me wear your shoes, let me fuck your bitch  
I ain't have no car, I ain't have no whip  
Wonder why a nigga cover his ears when y'all talk  
'Cause' it ain't nobody that can tell me shit  
I just spent 30K on my daughter birthday  
Everybody had fun, nigga everybody lit  
When a nigga go home, I don't answer my phone  
Everybody wanna leach, everybody want a loan  
Everybody wanna talk, everybody wanna click  
I don't wanna be friends, nigga get off my dick  
I ain't have time to think, I ain't have time to breathe  
I been praying to the Lord, I been talking on my knees  
I been thinking bout my pops, I been thinking bout my opps  
Thinking how I can stop me a nigga when he breathe  
When a nigga play with me, I ain't looking for my phone  
I ain't finna drive away, I ain't looking for my keys  
The fuck these niggas know about me?

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Put yourself in my shoes  
Like I abandoned the race  
And you ran in my place  
Shoes too big but they use hair strands as a lace, and they break  
When it's hot outside, you don't want fans in your face  
When you might want a fan in your face  
When ya man got a heat and a hand on the waist (Band)  
Gotta keep a cool head, niggas got PTSD these days  
Some folks ain't live to see these days  
I be in the lab like Dex, coolin', taking these Dee Dee breaks  
Long, the PD way, I can write a book like TD Jakes

Walking around my city in some house shoes  
Know they always wanted someone they could honk and shout too  
Just gotta remember got a family and a house too  
Don't get caught up with the one that's still function without you

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I'm the only nigga left, homie  
It ain't right how they all went left on me  
Niggas took my heart and they stepped on it  
Lately, I've been hanging by myself, homie  
These fuck niggas make me sick, they got my nauseous  
Paranoid, all this money moving cautious  
Flipping quarters on the corner to a baller  
Run up on Gucci, you gone see the coroner  
Bright carrots in my chest, not pointers  
Paris fashion week fresh like a foreigner  
Nigga tried to rob me now he a goner  
Gucci Mane preach that Gospel to the mourners (Wop)

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