

Toes

DaBaby

My heart so cold I think I'm done with ice
Say if I leave her she gone die
Well bitch, you done with life
Better not pull up with no knife
'Cause I bring guns to fights
Say you got that sack, I got that sack
But ain't no ones in mine
And my lil' bitch say I'm getting too bougie
I don't even like dubs in mine

What I look like with all them twenties
Know them hoes like how I'm coming
What I look like with all this money?
How I look having all these hoes?
When I crack a smile, white gold
Yeah I'm talking diamonds, froze
Came from the bottom, toes

Yeah, Backend Baby (A hundred)
That's what they pay me a show
It's probably some cap in my rap, by the time this shit drop
They gone pay me some mo'
And I still can go back to the trap
Send a box, pick it up
Make a play at the store
Feelings still hurt from when I saved that hoe

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Nope, too raw
Dope
You know I'm the one of the GOATs
She let me put it in the back of her throat
Walk in the bank with a M in the choke
I'm tryna make a deposit
Let em' try and play with the money
Shawty gon' take off ya noggin'
Long as she want it and pick it I'm buying
I hadn't wrote for a year, I don't try
I get em' wacked, I don't advise em' to try it
Yeah, I'm running shit, I ain't lying
I got a backend for one-twenty-five
I bought a Patek for one-eighty-five
This shit getting easy

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Heartless, don't need a valentine (Forever)
I call em' racks, not bands (Why?)
Ain't no rubberband on mine (At all)
I used to be down, down, down, down waiting on taxes time
Look at me now, now, now, now, they pay me to flex and shine
(I'm up, let's get it)
Big Speaker like a eighteen-inch sub
I'm a hunnid, you a dub
Looking for me, I'm booked up
50 Cent, I'm in the club
Diamonds on my earlobe, Ice on dyke
One-fifty on studs
Rugrat, young nigga got it out the mud

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